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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

PETER SCHNEIDAS
REVEALS WHY HE IS AUSTRALIA'S MOST NOTORIOUS PRISONER

HOW TO BREAK THE BANK: A COMPULSIVE GUIDE FOR GAMBLERS

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
JOHN LAWS
RADIO'S MILLION DOLLAR MAN

MAKING OF AN OZ PORN MOVIE: IT'S HARDER THAN YOU THINK

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHS: SNOW, SNORT AND SEX

SWEET SHEREE
THE TOAST OF PERTH

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PLAYBILL

Maybe it's cold outside but we've turned the heat full on with this month's explosive Australian PLAYBOY. Steamy pictorials, sizzling features, a red-hot centrefold and flaming good yarns. So who needs an electric blanket, anyway?

Your emotions are sure to flare when you dip into *A Solitary Man,* a searingly honest account of life behind bars by **Peter Schneidas,** Australia's most notorious prisoner. Since migrating to Australia at the age of eight, Schneidas has spent most of his life in corrective institutions. He graduated to the prison system after being found guilty of a series of cheque frauds and in 1979 he was convicted of the killing of a prison guard in the observation section of Sydney's Long Bay Jail. In 1983 he underwent a 57-day hunger strike as a protest against four years of solitary confinement. In August last year he married a former schoolteacher; Jossy Schneidas is now working to assist her husband who is in the Special Care Unit of Long Bay and has become involved in the unit's re-education program which permits him to pursue his interests in writing and computers. **Alan Ewart** has provided the gripping artwork for Schneidas's remarkable story which will be concluded in next month's issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

Our Playboy Interview this month takes us into the private world of John Laws, undisputed talk-back king of Sydney broadcasting and the world's highest paid radio announcer. Senior contributing editor **Neil Jameson** quizzes Laws on his early career and his fiery verbal encounters with his listeners.

There may be big money in broadcasting, but **Mick St James** has discovered that making a pornographic movie is one way not to get rich quick. His frank and funny account, *Hard Times,* probes the, er, ins and outs of putting together a porno sizzler.

You need a bit of spare cash to contemplate a skiing holiday in Vail, Colorado, but **Rob Luck** tells us it's a million-dollar experience. His entertaining article, *Rocky Mountain Highs,* reveals what really goes on when the skis come off. Oh, better be warned that not everyone goes to Vail purely for the skiing and some of the snow you'll come across won't be on the slopes. **Tom Gala** has provided the powerful artwork for Luck's racy tale.

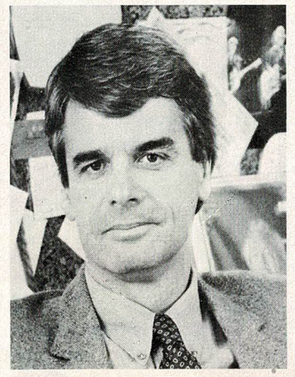
Our regular columns are sparkling this month with a bevy of witty writers. In our Women page, **Elisabeth King** ponders the very different attitudes of males and females toward morning sex. He may be ready to rage at half past six. She's more likely to want to spend an extra 10 minutes on a, er, blow-wave job. In our Men page, **Asa Baber** laments that the media are guilty of turning men into mice. And on the sports front, writer **Dan Jenkins** muses on the arrogance of the current crop of tennis professionals.

And, ah, the winning women we have for you. From Perth comes Sheree Allbeury. This sweet young thing is enough to tempt any young man to go west. **Peter Carrette**'s photographs of Sheree are guaranteed to put you in a state of excitement.

Playmate Of The Month Andrea Engel is a lady who has more than her fair share of right angles. Check out her measurements and we reckon you'll never feel the same way about maths again. And we mustn't forget gorgeous Hope-Marie Carlton. We've titled her pictorial *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* because she's confided to us that she's really just interested in having a good time. Check out **Richard Fegley**'s photos of Hope-Marie and you'll be darned glad she feels that way.

We guarantee you a roaring good time with this month's Aussie PLAYBOY. Just be warned. . . don't hold your copy anywhere near an open fire. We can't be held responsible for the fireworks.

SCHNEIDAS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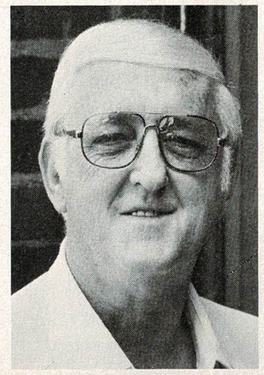
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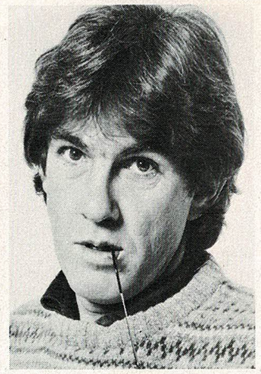
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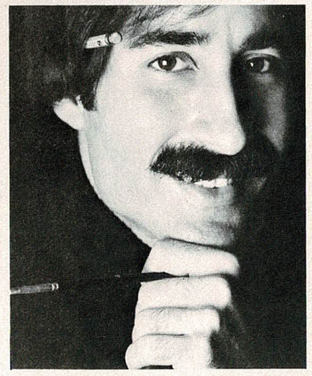
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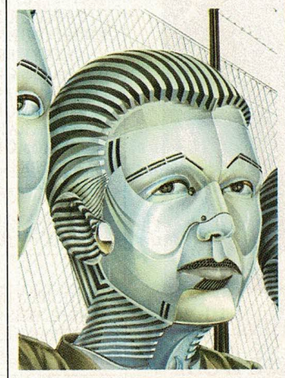

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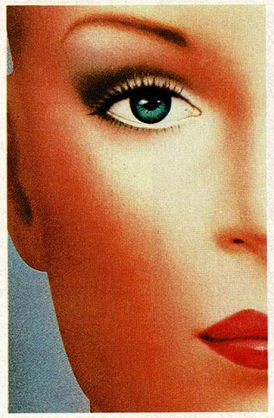

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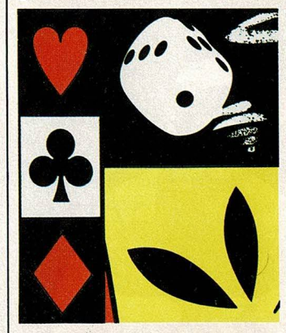

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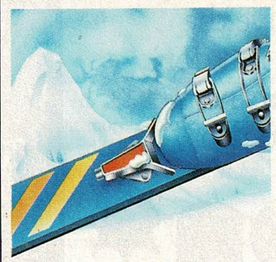

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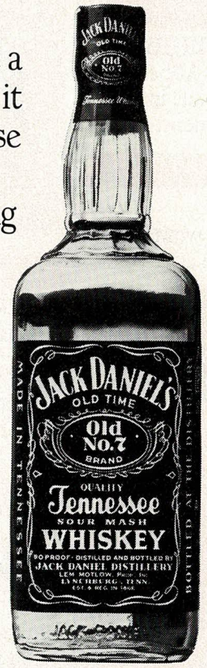
BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

BLAINEY BACKLASH

Professor Geoffrey Blainey, in the Playboy Interview which appeared in your February issue, said: "Our (Australia's) record for taking in refugees is miles ahead of Thailand, Malaysia, The Philippines, Indonesia and China."

Australia's action in receiving Indo-Chinese refugees into this country is praiseworthy but Professor Blainey is most unfair when, without knowing the facts, he knocks down The Philippines. My country was among the first to volunteer to establish an Indo-Chinese Refugee Processing Centre. This commitment was made at the Refugees and Displaced Persons International Conference held in Geneva in July 1980.

We volunteered despite the fact that we are a developing country; since that time, The Philippines has provided a temporary home for more than 120,000 Indo-Chinese refugees at The Philippines Refugee Processing Centre in Morong. This centre has helped reduce the congestion in the refugee camps in other South-East Asian countries.

Professor Blainey may be interested to learn that The Philippines has received citations from the UN High Commissioner for Refugees for "special contributions to the cause of humanitarian assistance for refugees".

N.G. Valderrama,
Consul General for
The Philippines,
Sydney, NSW.

I wish to congratulate you on the Blainey interview in February Australian PLAYBOY. Hopefully, your readers will now be aware that the professor is neither ignorant of the dilemma facing Asian immigration nor is he a "racist" in any shape or form.

It's unfortunate that our federal government doesn't heed the views of this man. Who better to tell us where we are going than a man who knows everything about where we have come from?

Greg Woodrow,
Coorparoo, Qld.

THE AWFUL TRUTH

It is refreshing to realise that a magazine such as Australian PLAYBOY is still willing to take up cudgels on behalf of classic underdogs such as those ordinary people who find themselves in jail accused of serious crimes for which they must wait months, or even years, before being brought to trial (*Justice Denied,* April 1985).

Of course, many of them are subsequently found guilty, but I am horrified to learn that those found to be innocent of any crime are not automatically compensated as handsomely as possible. I find this almost as shocking as the fact that, just like any banana republic, this democracy of ours literally keeps prisoners in jail without trial for extended periods.

Already we tacitly condone a system whereby, apart from the actual punishment of imprisonment, prisoners are brutalised and often raped by other prisoners and even warders. All credit to Diane Armstrong, therefore, for exposing the awful truth that we even do it *before* they're found guilty.

Arthur Maxworth,
Jervis Bay, NSW.

SAY CHEESE!

My congratulations on your continued success in achieving what I see as the aims of a top modern men's magazine: objectives ranging from titillation (without grossness) to countless other forms of entertainment and a valuable information service. And all with an unmistakable Oz accent.

My only criticism is to have your beautiful girls smiling a bit more! To me, the allure of a female smile adds about 200 percent to the erotic enticement of an otherwise superb girl's body.

C. Ryan,
Nunawading, Vic.

How do you rate Catrina who appeared in our June issue? We reckon she's got plenty to smile about — Ed.

WOMEN'S AD-LIB

I'm writing to say how much I enjoy and support the articles in Australian PLAYBOY, especially Susan Kurosawa's Women columns. I had almost given up hope of ever understanding women until I began reading her columns.

I wish there were more women like her in the world. Maybe then there wouldn't be so many hassles for us men!

Tony Mills,
Stanthorpe, Qld.

I just want to say that I've never been bothered reading a women's page of any magazine in my whole life until I discovered Australian PLAYBOY's Women column.

At last I'm beginning to work out how women *really* think!

Fred Borkich,
Noble Park, Vic.

THE PANTS TEARER

The brief article by Rob Luck back in November 1984 on the De Tomaso Pantera was long on hype and short on fact. Given that the car has a Ford motor, gearbox and, I suspect, diff, I would expect much the same performance as one would get from a Cobra which has the same motor, similar drive train and comparable weight. For $75,000, it seems that one is paying a lot to sit uncomfortably in a cockpit surrounded by outdated instruments of a not very exciting car.

There are plenty of driveways that would allow me to reach 60km/h in my 3.3 Ford so I am not impressed by such vagueness. Give me figures I can bite on.

Neville Lowe,
St. Marys, NSW.

Rob Luck replies: Here's your automotive lunch, Neville. The "Pants Tearer" is more speed for the bucks than you might have guessed. At 280km/h top speed, it is one of the world's fastest, up with Lambo Countach and Ferrari Boxer for around one-third the price. It also accelerates like a blur, and gets around a race circuit almost as fast as any road-going GT ever built. It's lighter and more powerful than the Australian-built Falcon Cobra you mentioned. It will take about half the distance to reach the same speed (60km/h) as your car. It has a ZF gearbox — not a Ford.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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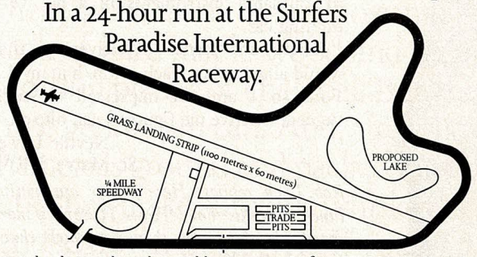

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We hope you find favour with the beauty shot of our car on these pages.

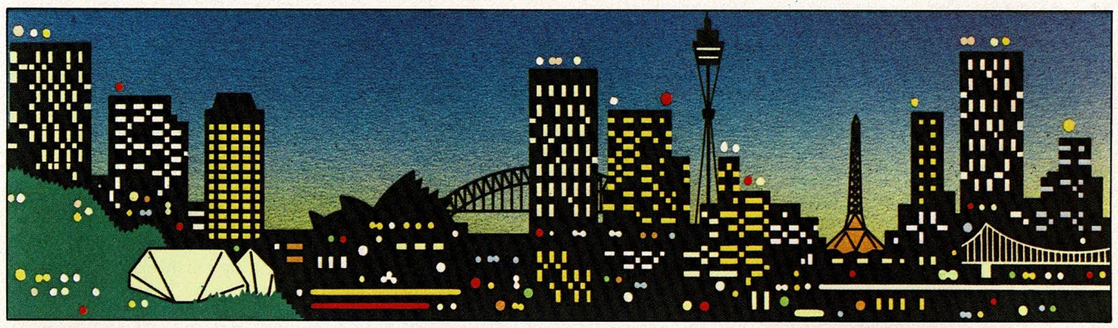
But perhaps you are the type of person who is more impressed by the car's appearance in the record books? Either way, a test drive is yours for the asking.

THE VOLVO 360 GLT.

HOLDER OF 36 NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SPEED AND ENDURANCE RECORDS.

VOL 2107

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SICK JOKE #1

A chap we know flew from Melbourne to the United States recently but had indulged himself a bit too much in the pre-flight celebrations. He managed to hold down the rubber chicken dinner, plastic trifle and polystyrene cheese and crackers for only a few minutes before he felt the unmistakable ripple of an almighty hurl coming on. He scrabbled frantically at the pouch of the seat in front of him, yanked out the air sickness bag and emptied his stomach into it. His relief was only momentary. He realised with horror that the former contents of his stomach were now all over his lap. Some sadistic swine had cut off the bottom of the air sickness paper bag.

So be warned... some joker is flying around the world cutting the bottoms off air sickness bags and next time you'd better look before you laugh.

SICK JOKE #2

As we all know, throwing up in public is the height of bad manners. In most civilised countries, that is. In Australia it is a favorite form of public entertainment, a convivial sport among adolescents and a matter for scientific comparison between serious drinkers.

The following example of the art of public chucking is hereby offered as a candidate for The Great Australian Chunder Hall Of Fame. It happened in a Brisbane pub. A gang of youths were obviously having a Saturday morning hair of the dog following a big Friday night when suddenly one of the guys leapt upright, eyes bulging, one hand clamped firmly over his mouth, the other, white-knuckled on the edge of the table. He fought valiantly for a few seconds against the monster within which struggled vigorously for release while all his mates around the table ducked, awaiting the outcome of the conflict with considerable interest.

The youth kept his hand stubbornly clamped against his mouth but the force which possessed him eventually won. Two titanic jets of vomit shot out of each nostril. For a fleeting moment the young man resembled a dragon hosing down the local terrain. When he had finished, the table erupted into wild applause while the star of the show weaved off to the dunny, no doubt seeking to ease his burning sinuses with cold water. There... see if any of you can top that for sheer style and originality.

OFFICE BLUES

In case you hadn't noticed, a new dark age of wowserism appears to be sweeping the land. The latest example is a survey of government employees in NSW by the Director of Equal Opportunity in Public Employment. The survey allegedly concerns itself with the issue of sexual harassment in the workplace but some of the questions stray a bit too close to the area of moral censorship for our taste. For instance, workers are asked if anyone they work with "displays magazines or pictures of a sexual nature which you find offensive?" Perhaps it means reading Australian PLAYBOY at your desk during your lunch-break will soon be illegal in NSW.

Wonder how many blokes will complain about all those women's magazines which discuss matters of an extremely sensitive sexual nature? Any bets that most of the whingeing comes from the office dragons whose major complaint is that they don't measure up to the girls in the magazine?

BIRTH NOTICE

Spotted: a road sign in Victoria which reads: TO SWAMPY WOODS AND OLD MARLEY. Some wag has added: THE GIFT OF A SON.

A LAW WITH TEETH

Police in the Italian city of Milan raided some sex shops recently and confiscated large quantities of edible underwear. The evidence, however, has confronted magistrates with a sticky legal dilemma. It seems 150 pairs of bras and briefs made of sugar, underpants in vanilla and chocolate flavors, and brassieres flavored with plum and rum had legal experts wondering if charges should relate to violations of food or clothing laws. Seems the edible undies may actually be in breach of Italian laws about additives in food.

Sort of leaves a nasty taste in your mouth, doesn't it?

PEACED OFF

Peace activists in America don't muck around. Four of them were just jailed for terms of up to 18 years after mounting an attack on a silo housing a nuclear-armed Minuteman 2 missile. It seems the peace protesters, who included a couple of clergymen, attacked the missile silo with jackhammers and sledgehammers before they were arrested. The missile, it seems, didn't notice.

NUCLEAR SNACK

We knew it all along... Vegemite may yet save the world. The Australian Academy of Science's Committee for the Environment has concluded a study into what effects nuclear war in the northern hemisphere would have on the southern hemisphere. First up, the committee found that nuclear war in the northern hemisphere would be a bad thing. It would be a bad thing because the southern hemisphere would be affected. But you already worked that out, right? See how easy it is to be a scientist?

Anyway, the boffins went a stage further and concluded that the after-effects of nuclear war in the northern hemisphere would produce fall-out. Still with us? This fall-out would affect our veggies. And not in a good way. So... if nuclear war breaks out in the northern hemisphere, you must be careful not to eat any veggies grown in Australia because the fall-out would rob them of essential vitamins.

The solution, according to those intellectual giants, is to eat plenty of yeast extract instead. And as everybody knows, yeast extract is what Vegemite is made of. So, as soon as you hear the 20-minute warning that Russian nuclear missiles have been launched, make sure you rush out and buy plenty of Vegemite. And keep it in the fridge, naturally, and you can worry about finding the fridge later.

BOOZE

Beware wine-discounting wars. You could get stuck with Vin de Chien Mort.

If you give anyone from the wine trade the slightest elbow-room at a bar, he will immediately launch into a near-tearful diatribe about the evils of discounting.

According to him, it's like some vile social disease which is not only destroying the fabric of the industry but giving it a bad case of hairy palms.

Mind you, no one in the industry is going to be the first to stop this odious practice, which has been with us for more than a decade now. And as there are no signs of imminent death, anyone who likes wine can keep on buying with a clear conscience. After all, if the silly bastards are determined to kill themselves, it's no affair of yours or mine.

There are, however, certain traps in playing the discount game. To use the old adage: let the buyer beware.

Wine is dumped on the open market for many different reasons. At the cheap end of the scale (the flagon and cask trade) it is mainly because many of the companies have an awful lot of the stuff. They also flog it off cheap because they hope that a cask wine buyer will like their product, remember the brand name, and stick with it throughout the rest of his life (hopefully at the more expensive end in later years).

But it has got to be admitted that some bulk wine can be bloody awful and that it's being discounted before it eats its way out of the cardboard box. So, while in theory there really is no reason why anyone should ever pay the full price for flagon or cask wine (because at least one brand is going to be discounted every week in the year), it really is best to pick a brand that you like and continue to buy it whether it's marked down or not.

As a personal choice I stick to the Orlando Coolabah range; the claret and the riesling being the pick of the bunch. As the Coolabah range is marked down (in my area at least) about once every six weeks, the occasional extra dollar in between doesn't worry me.

The point is you know for certain that your faithful quaffing wine (some people call it washing wine, but that's unkind) is going to be discounted with monotonous regularity until the company goes into receivership about 100 years down the track. There's no need to panic buy.

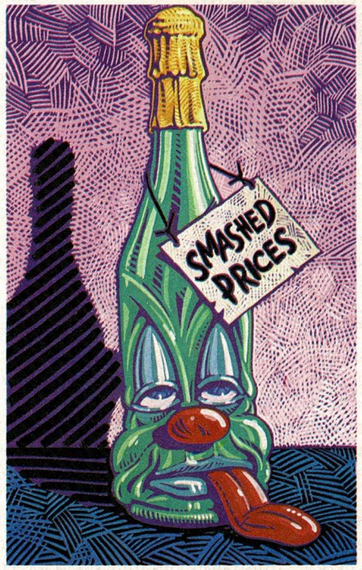
Bargain hunting for bottled wine is a different game entirely. Quite often some very good wine is unloaded in a hurry by a particular company because, according to some grey and anonymous accountant hiding behind the woodwork, it is carrying too much stock or it's going through a liquidity crisis (the liquid in this case being of the folding-paper variety), or because he's had a row with his wife, a bad breakfast, or discovered that a drug rehabilitation centre is being located next door to his $250,000 house.

Accountants are like that. They can ruin a company by 9.15am simply because the bacon was burnt.

On the other hand, a winemaker may wake up one fine morning and, on walking through his winery, suddenly discover a whole lot of dead dogs floating around in his vats.

His instinct is to drain the revolting stuff into the nearest river. The company's instinct is to bottle it and flog it fast. The company wins every time.

The dead dog business is, of course, a fairy story. To my knowledge, not even a single dead dog has been found floating in any Australian company's wine vat. However, percipient readers will understand the moral of my fable.



A third reason for discounting is simple bloody-mindedness. Company A sees company B doing very good business with a regional red or white wine at a standard price. Company A gets very annoyed, so it proceeds to market an almost identical product of premium quality at an enormous discount. Company A virtually bankrupts itself in the process, but company B is then forced to cut its price which virtually sends it bankrupt too.

Both companies finish up the proverbial creek without a paddle, but both agree it's been bloody good fun while their executives drink imported champagne together at an expense account lunch. Both promise to never do it again. Both do.

The fourth and final reason for discounting has nothing to do with the wine companies and everything to do with the retail trade. A large retail chain wants to get rid of a lot of garden hose or assorted socks or crummy imitation antique furniture. It doesn't really matter what the item is. So it puts on a weekly booze sale. This gets the drunkard of the family in and the remainder of the tribe buy up the gunge. This method of discounting is both dotty and erratic. One week you can be offered sparkling kerosene, the next, Rouge Homme.

If all this sounds confusing, it's meant to be.

On the consumer side of things, wine discounting has become such big-volume business these days that, apart from regular advertisements run by the companies, many city newspapers run weekly "bargain bottle guides". A five-minute scan of one of those columns will tell you exactly who is offering what.

Now, having targeted my hit store of the week, what I do is this. I ring up and ask how long the special offer lasts. Then I go along and buy a single bottle even if I have to pay full price. Many outlets offer specials only on dozen lots. I take the bottle home and see if I like it and also try to work out whether or not it can be cellared for more than a few months. Then, and only then, do I go back and bulk buy.

Because of personal preferences I look for wines from the Coonawarra and McLaren Vale areas of South Australia, plus a few Rutherglen (Victoria) offerings. And if I ever saw anything from the Margaret River area of Western Australia, I'd snap it up untasted.

To my chagrin the prince of red wines, Penfold's Grange, has been discounted but a single time. It was in 1978 I believe. I don't know why the company discounted it. Perhaps it was an off year, but I have the feeling that it was an accountant's burnt-bacon morning.

In any event it passed me by, because I was stone broke at the time and simply couldn't afford it. I still weep when I think about it.

In other words, the discounting game is for betting people. You've got to take a punt. But it's *better* than punting because you can't talk to the damned horse before the start of a race.

At least you can have a conversation with a bottle of wine before putting your money on the nose!

— RICHARD BECKETT

How to save face.

The Partage skin care range.
Containing scientifically proven ingredients like Collagen and Elastin. Lightly scented.
Rich and nourishing. For all the treatment and protection you need – Partage Skin Care.
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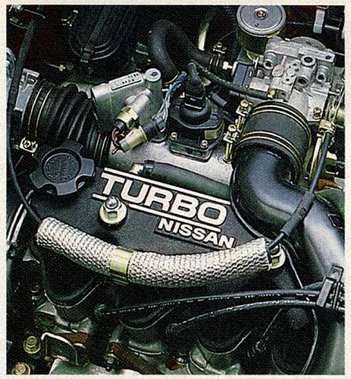
After Shave • Face Saving Moisturiser • Close Shave Formula • Superior Cleansing Bar

FAB 2035

The Nissan Turbo Team

It's no accident that Nissan leads the way with factory turbo-charged vehicles in Australia.

Nissan has long been testing, racing and developing highly efficient turbo-charged engines. Today, Nissan's turbo expertise is evidenced by a wide range of turbo cars and trucks to suit every need. Nissan now leads the world in both turbo technology and sales.



What is turbo charging?

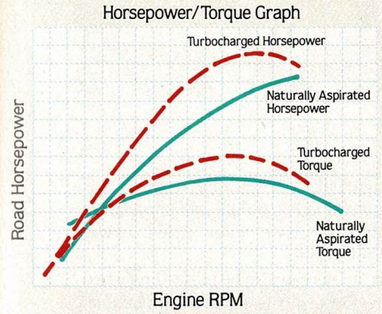
Put simply turbo charging is probably the most efficient and powerful way to run an engine. A turbo-charged vehicle literally uses exhaust gases that would normally be discarded by a conventional engine to drive a turbo-charger – resulting in more power and torque.

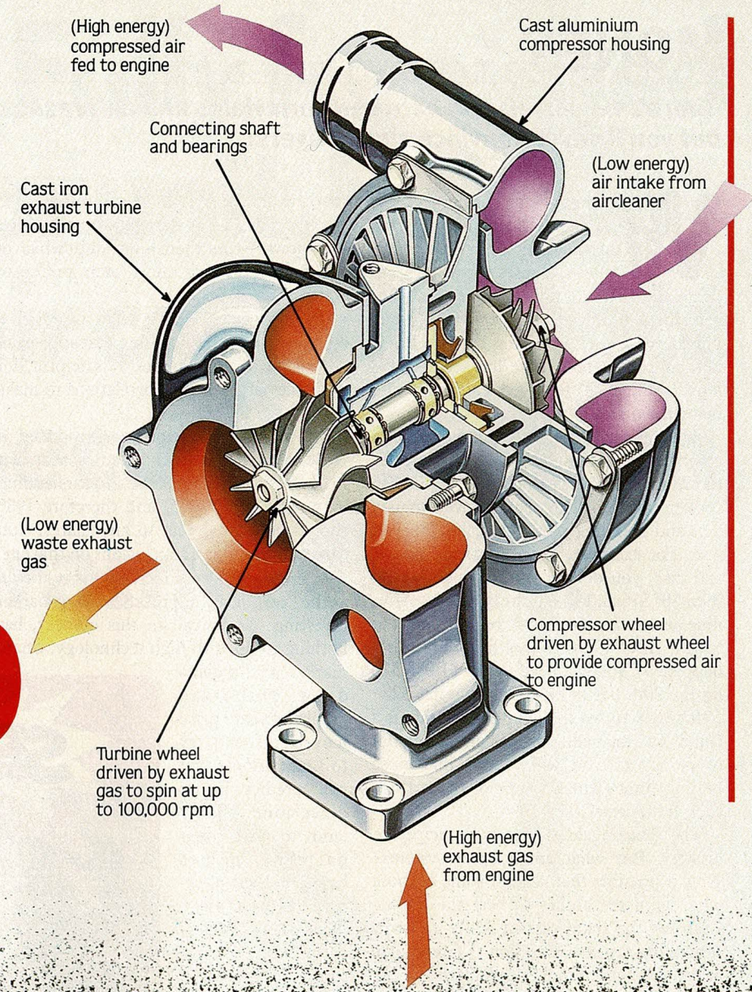
What about fuel efficiency?

To ensure optimum engine efficiency Nissan employ the most sophisticated computer fuel injection system from Japan, the Electronic Concentrated Engine Control System or ECCS. This not only ensures accurate fuel injection and engine tune, it also has a built in self-diagnosis program which, should there be a malfunction, assists in detecting the problem area.

Nissan today offers turbo-charged vehicles for all types of drivers from the exciting Pulsar EXA to the 5-door turbo Pulsar ET, the turbo Patrols for off-roading or the turbo Cabstars to carry your load.

Why not experience turbo charging for yourself at your Nissan dealer soon.




(High energy) compressed air fed to engine
Cast aluminium compressor housing
Connecting shaft and bearings
(Low energy) air intake from aircleaner
Cast iron exhaust turbine housing
(Low energy) waste exhaust gas
Compressor wheel driven by exhaust wheel to provide compressed air to engine
Turbine wheel driven by exhaust gas to spin at up to 100,000 rpm
(High energy) exhaust gas from engine

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MONEY

There's no correlation between corn yields and air crashes but you'll never convince sharebuyers!

When it comes to money, fear and greed are the only two human emotions that count. Fear causes investors to panic and markets to crash; greed is what gets them to speculate in the first place. Greed can even convince otherwise level-headed people that there are secret "systems" which, if followed carefully, will make them rich.

Systems are particularly common among gamblers. The most primitive is known as the Martingale. It is commonly applied to roulette and involves making even money bets and doubling your stake each time you lose. For example, if you wager $2 on red and lose, you double your next bet to $4, then $8, $16 and so on until you win. After nine losses, the Martingale requires a bet of $1024. After 19 losses (not likely but it has happened), you will need to win $1,048,576 on the 20th bet to be ahead by a net $2.

It's easy to see that all it really takes is a run of bad luck and you will either run out of money or you will exceed the house betting limit (which is one of the reasons such limits exist).

The Martingale is clearly a recipe for disaster. But what about other systems? Isn't it possible that at least some of those who claim the ability to beat the horses, Lotto or the share market really *do* know something the rest of us don't? Greed, like hope, springs eternal, particularly in the share market.

Share market systems are generally called "strategies" to distinguish them from the systems used by gamblers. In reality, the two are very similar and both work about as well. Although many different strategies exist, all share a common goal. They take share price movements, which are determined by many complicated factors, and make them simple.

Sometimes, as in the case of astrological predictions, this is accomplished by pure fraud. More often, however, the secret is to discover previously unnoticed correlations.

For example, several careful observers (Australian PLAYBOY readers no doubt) have noticed that in decades when the share market boomed (the 1920s and 1960s, for instance) women's hemlines were worn considerably above the knee ("Easy women, easy money," explains American financial writer Andrew Tobias). In bad times, such as the 1930s, hemlines slipped back down. From these observations has come a share market investment strategy: when hemlines go up, buy shares; when they go down, it's time to sell.

Hemlines, of course, are not the only things to go up and down with the share market. Share prices also respond to interest rates — as one goes up the other goes down — but there is no doubt which of the two indicators most men prefer to watch.

As you can see, all it takes to devise a strategy is to find something that appears to correlate with share prices. It is helpful, but not necessary, for the correlations to make some sense.

I recently heard a speaker introduced as Australia's leading financial adviser say that markets almost always rise in years ending with a 5 (1965, 1975) and therefore 1985 should be a good year to buy shares. You can draw your own conclusions on that one.

Correlations also underlie what is known as the "technical" approach to share market investing. Technical, in this context, has nothing to do with high technology. Share market technicians draw elaborate graphs of share price movements and try to find patterns that will predict future directions. They tend to give their patterns names based on their physical appearance (head-and-shoulders formations, tombstone tops, wedges). They firmly believe that the reappearance of a particular pattern is a signal that whatever happened to share prices before is about to happen again. Sometimes they are right.

The problem with relying on correlations to devise investment strategies is that just because two variables are correlated, it doesn't mean they are causally related. Observed correlations can always be the result of chance.

There are any number of variables that can be measured and correlated with share prices.

You'll find that most will have no relationship but a few will be correlated purely by luck.

A statistician once demonstrated the role of chance in producing significant correlations by going through statistical yearbooks and comparing everything with everything else.

He found, among other things, a substantial correlation between annual corn yields and airline passenger deaths. This correlation doesn't mean that pilots were blinded by all those yellow fields. It was simply fortuitous.

Correlations can also be misleading when they are the result of some third variable. For example, there is a strong (negative) relationship between the amount of time you will have to wait for the next train and the number of people you will find on the platform when you enter the station: the more people waiting, the sooner the train will arrive.

Even though the relationship is substantial, you would not expect to be able to hurry the train along by arriving at the station with 100 friends. This is obviously because you realise that a third, causal variable (the time since the last train) is responsible for the correlation.

Because correlations can result purely by chance and because a third variable may be responsible for observed relationships, investment strategies based purely on correlations can lead to incorrect decisions. But at least such strategies are easy to implement; some sound reasonable but are actually almost impossible to use.

An example of the almost unusable variety comes from a recent article in *The Sydney Morning Herald*. Its author suggested, not unreasonably, that investors estimate a share's "true investment value" and if the share is selling for less than this, buy it.

But here is the catch. How do you know a share's "true investment value"? An expert quoted in the article was not much help. He stated, "You know a stock is cheap just like you know a fish is cheap." Try applying that strategy.

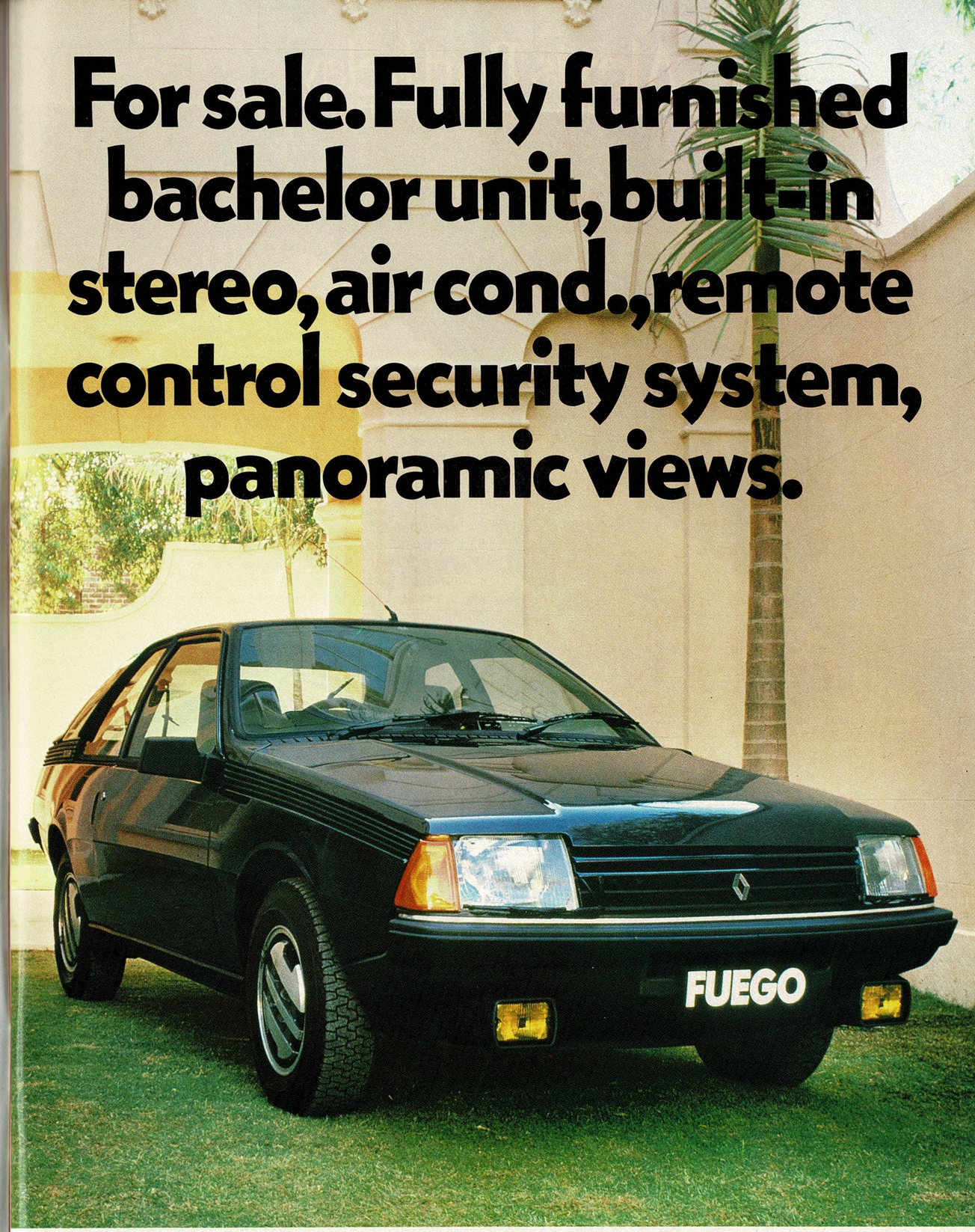
The same article went on to say, "Sharebrokers agree that the way to succeed is to buy within 10 percent of a share's lowest price and sell within 10 percent of top."

In other words, buy low, sell high.

Now, if you ask me, *that* sounds like the best strategy of all.

— SETH GREGORY

For sale. Fully furnished bachelor unit, built-in stereo, air cond., remote control security system, panoramic views.



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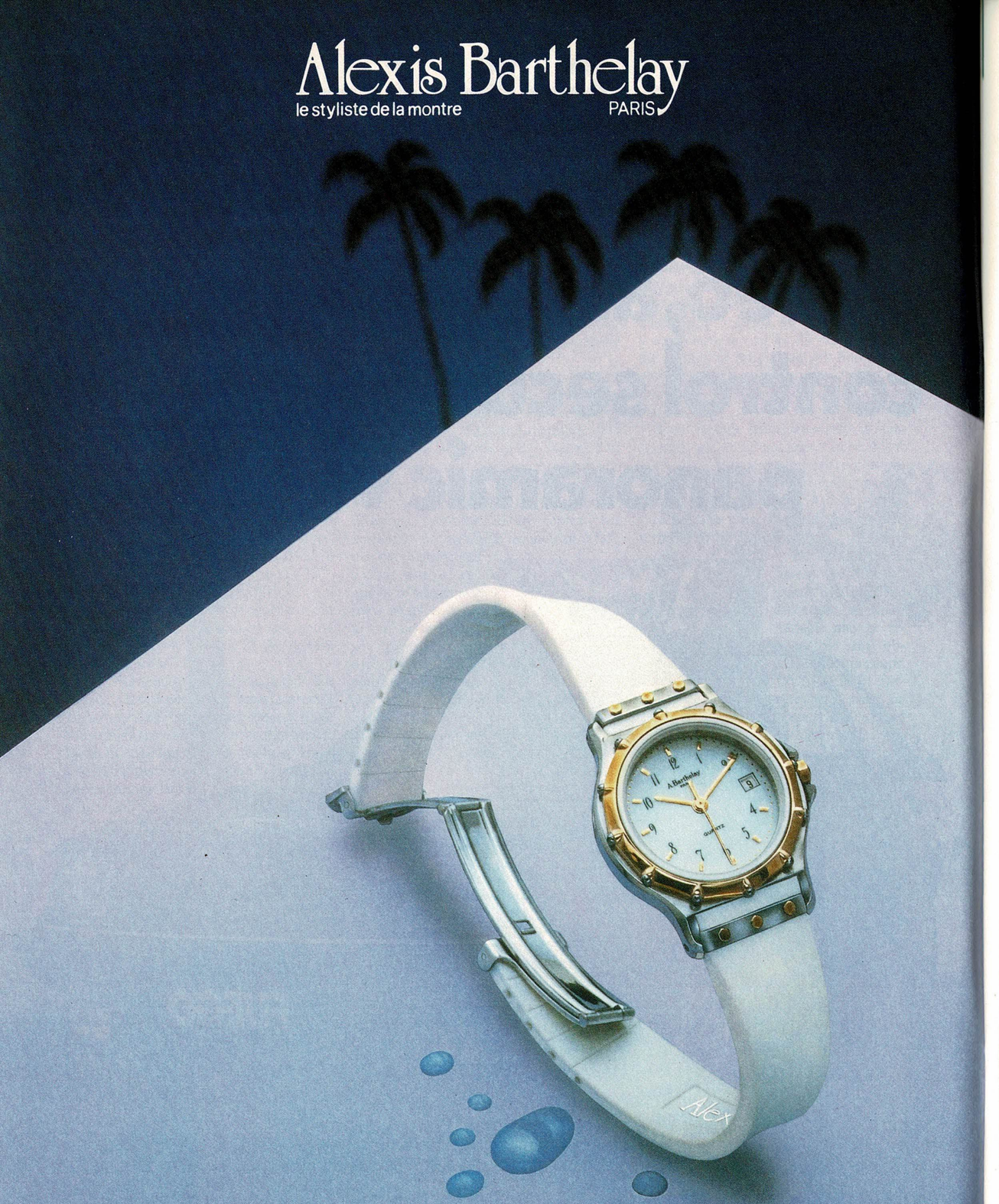


SYDNEY: J. Farren-Price, Percy Marks, Denis James, Robert Clerc, Perri Jewellers, Musson Jewellers — Chatswood, Michal — Double Bay, Davlyn Design — Strathfield. BRISBANE: Watches International, Xennox, McKinneys — Indooroopilly, Picadilly Watchmaker, Stones. PERTH: Rosendorff Diamond Jewellers, Hellas Handicrafts. ADELAIDE: Congdons Time Centre, Vocvodich. HOBART: Precision Jewellers. CANBERRA: Precious Jewellers. MELBOURNE: Panache, Theodore.

MEN

You saw what they did to Mozart in Amadeus? In movies, books, and on TV, men are being made into mice.

They're taking away our role models. In movies, books and television shows, men are being trivialised and the message is this: You guys are mostly dumb, frivolous, awkward and mouselike.

And if you don't agree with that, you're sexist.

Have you seen *Amadeus?* That's the film about the gifted but infantile composer who giggled like an idiot and then died of indigestion.

Great vision of Mozart? The way you always thought of him? A bloke you could really look up to?

Peter Shaffer called his screenplay for *Amadeus*, "A fantasia based on fact." He says, "It is *not* a screen biography of Mozart, and was never intended to be." That disclaimer doesn't do it. Most people viewing *Amadeus* think they are seeing the real Mozart, and as they leave the theatre, they have to be wondering how such an imbecile could produce such a good soundtrack.

The Mozart I know was a man of infinite variety and great strength. He was also vigorous and direct and his music was a concrete and vivid reflection of his energy, talent and perception.

Take one day from Mozart's life. He wrote to his wife about his schedule: he rose at 5am, took a long walk, treated himself to some cutlets ("*che gusto*!"), played two rounds of billiards, sent for black coffee, smoked "a splendid pipe of tobacco", quickly orchestrated the third movement of the *Clarinet Concerto*, dined on "a delicious slice of sturgeon and other delicacies", and then, since he had "a rather voracious appetite", he sent his valet back for seconds.

This is the same Mozart who was bled of two to three quarts during the last 12 days of his life, yet still had the strength to stand up and rehearse his *Requiem* 10 hours before he died.

Not a giggling, bawling jerk, in other words, but a man who led a varied and difficult life and who met his many challenges bravely.

What I want to know is why didn't we see *that* Mozart?

The fast answer is simple: he wouldn't sell.

The handle, the gimmick, the trick these days is to make a mockery of any male whose life goes beyond the narrow range of cop or cowboy. *Amadeus* is the perfect vehicle for the 1980s — the greatest composer of all time wasn't a man, he was a mouse.

It's the message this culture seems to want to hear.

Meanwhile, of course, Diane Keaton, Sally Field and Sissy Spacek have been busy playing cinematic superwomen, none of whom giggles inanely or loses self-control at a moment's notice. Women, we're being told, have their shit together. Men never have. Not even the best and most creative of them.

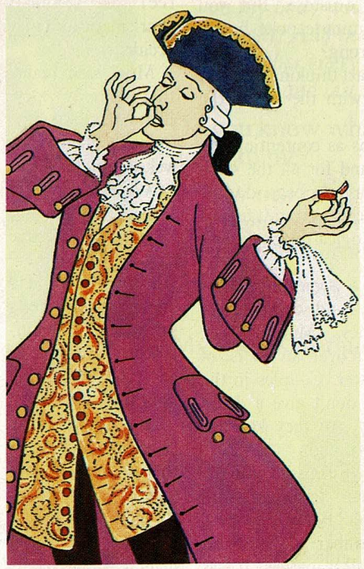
Men are disappearing, nowhere more obviously than in contemporary fiction. Find a novel that is not a spy or detective story and you're likely to find a feminist tract.

Women form the bulk of today's literary consumers, we're told. And why shouldn't they? The standard novel of the '70s and '80s describes a brave but lonely woman who inevitably discovers that there's life after men. Or should that read "after mice"?

Example: "He was still handsome... but the beauty had something desiccated about it, like a dried flower... He was a slim, proud-looking man, more delicately built than his sister.

"He should have been a girl and she the boy... His eyes were the same deep brown as hers, but they did not flash and penetrate as hers did..."

That is a description of Julian DeVane, the most prominent male in Gail Godwin's latest novel, *The Finishing School*.



Julian, poor mouse, will go on to kill himself at the end of the book, but who's surprised? It's obvious he won't be able to hack it.

Here's how he plays the piano: "His eyes were almost clouded and he touched the keys with a slight restraint; he looked as though he had sent himself into some other realm and had to be careful not to be swallowed up by it... Several times Julian hummed aloud, or emitted abrupt, guttural sounds as he played."

Well, at least he doesn't giggle. When the next editor you meet laments the fact that men are not buying novels the way they used to, you might ask why they should. So they can watch themselves be annihilated? Or you might ask that editor what it's like to be male and walk into a bookstore these days. Usually you're greeted with shelves of feminist fiction, and then you turn around to face the special section on women's issues.

It's a double whammy, and it proves that publishing's matriarchy is alive and well. Men sense that and stay away.

What's going on? Why the cultural matriarchy? It has to do with money, among other things.

The feminist audience is the largest, the most identifiable, and the one most clearly on the ascendancy. Women now constitute a significant portion of the workforce, and their search for role models has been given top billing.

Turn on your television set and you'll see what I mean.

A leading television critic wrote recently about male roles in the TV wasteland: "Something has happened to the TV man. Some things have been surgically removed from him: brains and spine and morals and scruples...

"Men are the old women on TV. Ornamental. Subservient. Dull-witted. And most often, very good-looking."

The writer goes on to cite examples of dumb guys we're all supposed to laugh at: Ted Danson and Nicholas Colasanto in *Cheers*, Tom Poston in *Newhart*, Pierce Brosnan in *Remington Steele*, John Forsythe in *Dynasty*, Michael Crawford in *Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em* and Garry McDonald in *Mother And Son;* the list goes on endlessly.

The trivialisation of the male is a conscious manipulation of our contemporary psyche to create and then please a market.

The money people doing this have no real understanding of who we men are. This is damned serious business: a population without viable role models is a population in disorder.

It's about time for some new bumper-stickers.

I suggest MOZART WAS A MAN, NOT A MOUSE. Honk if you agree.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

The early bird is the one who scores? Don't be alarmed if she has other ideas about a dawn raid.

The dawn breaks and you're feeling hot to trot. That sheet-raising, BHP steel erection feels like calling at least one shot. With testosterone raging, you go in search of a bit of sexual satisfaction only to find that the object of your desire is more interested in the big yawn than the big O.

You're not even going to get a blow on the skin flute, let alone lay some pipe. She mutters something about cold showers and yet another morning "session" is cancelled through lack of two party interest.

Everyone under the age of 40 has been brought up to believe that feeling horny is the natural state of the species at all times. Unfortunately, sex under the media spotlight is the stuff of titillation, not probing (no pun intended) analysis. Most articles would have you believe that everyone is screwing themselves comatose. But you can't even get a two minute poke before breakfast, so what's wrong?

It isn't difficult to start thinking that you are sharing your bed with the last of the Frigidaires.

Morning sex remains as contentious an issue as it ever was, and for all the same reasons. In spite of mass propaganda, the inner workings of the male and female biological and psychological clocks aren't always in synch.

In general, men like a dawn raid for mainly physical reasons and women don't for psychological ones. Morning sex between new or undercover lovers is, of course, a different matter. Couples in the first throes of passion don't give a damn what time of day it is. All they know is enough is, well, never enough.

What man hasn't been dismissed with the literally deflating retort, "It's only a full bladder, you bloody fool." For certain men, the dawn-stiffened member is merely an outward reply to the call of nature. It's as inevitable as breathing, and they ignore the alarm cock unless their partner responds to its crow. For other men, the morning erection is like reveille, a wake-up call to action. Having sex is like drinking a glass of Staminade — a zappy tonic, a jolt of alertness, an instant energy input via output.

With their sexual needs satisfied first thing, many men feel super-charged about dealing with the physical and mental challenges of their jobs. In fact, an American survey has revealed that high achievers are most attracted to morning sex because it comes at the time when their energies and hormone levels are highest.

Not all women pass on morning sex. For many, dawn's early light imparts a dream-like quality, producing a state of sensual half-sleep and bearing them along on a tide of sexual excitement that has been ebbing and flowing all night. REM (Rapid Eye Movement) wet dreams middle-cut both ways.

For others, it presents a return to the "when men were men" days. There's no fiddling around, the erection is there, ready to give one the business.

Okay, so what about the no-gos? Believe it or not, many women (exempt those who have had a really frightening wake-up experience) try to hide themselves under the bedclothes because they feel uncomfortable about their early morning appearance, not because a man's attentions are unwelcome. They still think that they are alluring only in full war paint and regalia. Without the protective armor, they feel as sexually charismatic as a road accident.

Most men realise that nobody looks like a PLAYBOY centrefold when they wake up, even a PLAYBOY centrefold. Hell, who looks like Christopher Reeve first thing either? It's time everybody knew that morning sex is a more spontaneous gesture, not an event requiring hours of preparation.

It's relatively easy to persuade a woman that a few hairs out of place isn't going to fill you with revulsion or prompt instant droop, compared with allaying fears of, ahem, body odor.

I've never forgotten one of the first jokes my brother ever told me. "Did you hear the one about the blind man passing the fish shop? Morning, ladies." I didn't get it at age nine, he thought it was screamingly funny and still does. I've been getting it for years, the joke I mean, and it still produces a nervous grimace.

Breathes there a woman so confident that she has never had a moment's worry that her lover might suddenly wrinkle his nose in disgust? The memories of last night's sexual abandon often linger on. It's easier for a woman to feign indifference than to get out of bed and give herself a wash before returning to an "impromptu" roll in the hay. By the time all the motions have been gone through, there might not be anything to come back to anyway.

I've always wished that I had been born a man. Not for the usual reasons of power, strength and golden opportunities, but because men have so little grooming to do in the morning.

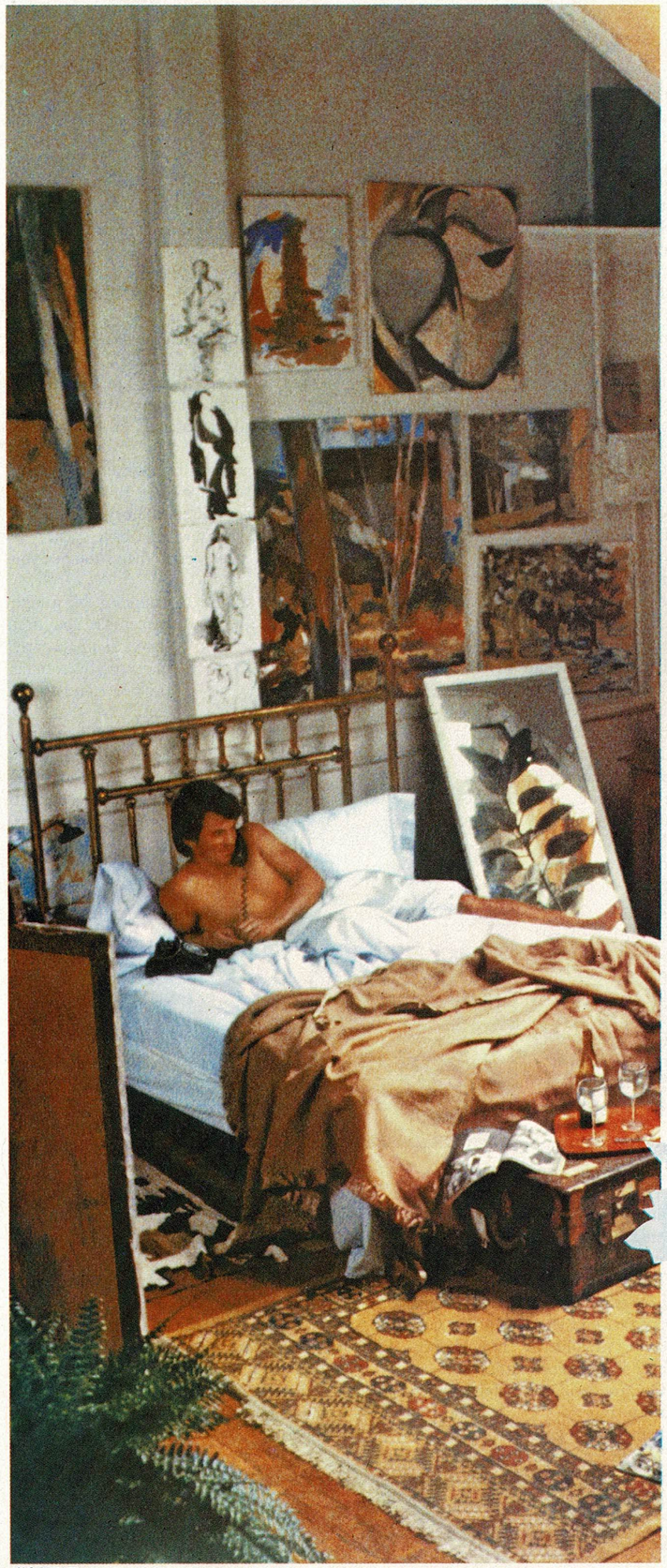
I don't think I'm the only woman guilty of presenting a monolithic back reverberating with waves of anti-passion. When you've got to go through the basic motions *and* blow-dry your hair *and* apply your make-up before pulling together a presentable image, even a three-minute quickie is that much too long.

Personally I don't mind quickies, not all the time, of course, but as regular indulgences. In my book, a quick cup of coffee can be just as sustaining as a three-course meal. The man who must dash to catch the train isn't going to go through a whole chapter of *The Joy Of Sex*, and there's the rub. Sexual efficiency — the technical term for the speed and accuracy with which the male animal can place his sperm in a female — leaves a lot of women cold.

Morning sex often carries overtones of the old wanking in the vagina syndrome. Short must be sweet.

How to break through the barriers? Weekend mornings are a good training ground. Merely being able to loll about in bed, to watch the sun and others things come up, to know that there will be coffee, croissants and the newspapers "afterwards". Slow pacing and long strokes are crucial. Byzantine indolence is the key. If you can't convert a woman this way, quit breathing and give the oxygen to a man who can use it.

It seems to me that the early mornings have become a time to jog, swim or engage in pre-work tennis games. Get outta here. Morning sex is the best way to work out, both physically and psychologically. I even know a couple who make a point of early to bed, early to rise, setting the alarm clock and slipping juicily into the day. G-spot on! — ELISABETH KING



Hello?

You snore.

And you steal the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne.

What on earth are you going to do with it … give it to that secret lover you've got stashed away in Perth?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you … and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.

Paco Rabanne
An after-shave for men
What is remembered is up to you

paco rabanne
PARIS

ALG/BF/5457

SPORT

What those whingeing tennis brats need is a kick up the arse from a front-row forward.

Despite efforts on the part of the Anti-Warm Beer League and the Society for the Prevention of Toenails in Pork Pies, it's good they went ahead with Wimbledon again. We need that one tournament, Wimbledon — ah, the grass courts, the strawberries and cream, the flowered hats, the ivy-covered linesmen — to remind us of what tennis was like, at its best, before it died.

Not that the death of tennis preys on my mind like something important — like, oh, I don't know, a meat pie, maybe — but thoughts of Wimbledon did start me wondering about when it was that tennis actually died.

Recreational tennis died, of course, when so many middle-aged people started trying to chase lobs — and died.

As for spectator tennis, I remember it almost died a number of years back when there was nobody around but introspective Australians. Then it suddenly gained new life because of something called open tennis, that thing which said it was okay for "amateur" tennis stars to accept money above the table.

But open tennis was a good idea that backfired. While it removed the amateur sham from the sport, it's done nothing since, as far as I can tell, but make billionaires out of rude children, moody defectors, and a lot of guys with hair that looks like bats have slept in it. All in all, then, I am forced to conclude that the professional boom that once saved tennis has, in fact, killed it for good — with a big assist from the silly shirt.

Yes, the shirt. Show me a man who wears one of those shirts with a skimpy little lay-down collar and scroochy little short sleeves that tug at the armpits, and I'll either show you a tennis finalist or some guy rearranging baskets of ferns in a nursery.

I can live with the shirt. Poor taste is the backbone of our economy. But what about the repetitious results that now ravage the earth?

Who among us isn't glazed over these days when we read in the sports pages that four guys named Yommick or Igor, all in different parts of the world, from Tokyo to Brisbane, all in their silly little shirts, have each won $300 million in some kind of non-event that sounds like a Lucas-Spielberg film, *Volvo And The Nabiscos*?

And John McEnroe's never even there, probably because Tatum O'Neal decided that she wanted to stay home and watch the music channel.

My head swims with the thought that, in this one life, I may have seen tennis progress from Lew Hoad and Evonne Goolagong to Farrah Fawcett becoming John McEnroe's mother-in-law.

But back to money, the $300 million that Yommick or Igor wins every week. Nobody has ever been able to explain to me where all of this money comes from, or why whoever has it wants to give it to a bunch of athletes who go to a city largely to be arrogant, uncommunicative and insulting. They are all these things to the promoters who raise money for them, the officials who want their pictures taken with them, the fans who adore them, and a press that makes them famous.

For those who haven't figured out why tennis stars are arrogant, uncommunicative and insulting, I'm happy to offer some theories:

THEORY ONE: The tennis player is arrogant because he mistakenly believes he excels in a rich man's sport. The blazers and ties at the cocktail parties have him fooled. If the tennis player had a brain that extended beyond his next exhibition match ("exo") fee, he would know that yachting, thoroughbred racing, golf, buying countries, collapsing banks, electing politicians — these are the games of the rich. Tennis is a middle-class sport.

THEORY TWO: The tennis player is uncommunicative because, basically — and I don't really mean to generalise — but, well, he's stupid.

THEORY THREE: The tennis player is insulting because, in all probability, the whining little shit has never had his arse kicked by a front-row prop forward.

I'll skip over some of the other things that have contributed to the death of tennis, like headbands, and short pants on Commies, and cut straight to the clincher. The clincher is the Tennis Interview.

"Congratulations on winning the championship, Igor.

"It must be a great feeling."

"Yes, to feel the winning is much better than to feel the losingness that comes from the loss of not winning."

"You had a good bit of support out there today."

"Yes, I said this to myself and this is what I told myself I must do. This was my goal."

"You seemed to look at your coach before the tough points."

"Yes, I must give credit to my coach. Also, my dietitian, my doctor, my chef and my pilot."

"Was today's match the toughest you've ever had?"

"Yes, but such things are relative. In tennis, much can sometimes depend on the line calls and the lateness of the courtesy cars."

"You were down by two sets."

"Yes, the press will say that, but in my mind, it was a different story, and this is only for me to say when I have spoke."

"It was your serve that brought you back."

"Yes, it was in my mind to hit a high percentage of first serves and take away his serve by coming back low and to his feet."

"Doesn't everybody try to do that?"

"Yes, but the mental aspect must come into play as well as the mind."

"In your book, you say the key to good tennis is keeping the ball on the other side of the net."

"Yes, the book is $15.95 and on sale everywhere."

"How will you celebrate this victory?"

"Yes, Vitas and I have an exo in Montreal. After that, I go to my villa in France, then to my chalet in Switzerland. If there is time before my exo tour of Japan, I will buy six cars, three yachts and a diamond mine."

"Are you going to play at next year's Wimbledon?"

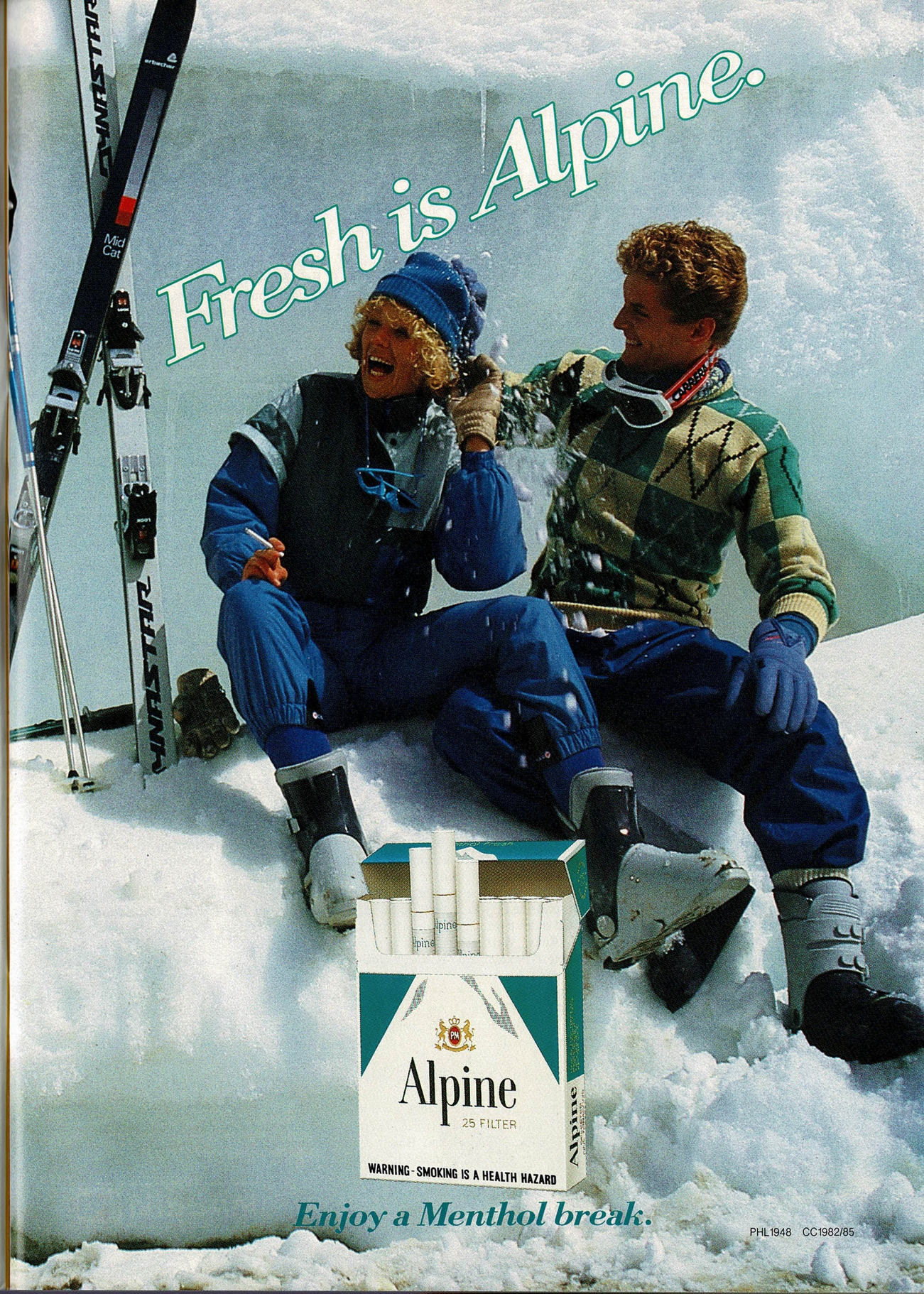
"Yes, this is something we are discussing, but so far they have not agreed to change the dates to accommodate my schedule. It is sad for me to say, but it really does appear that some people have no consideration for the competitor."

"I only have one more question, Igor."

"Yes...?"

"How well do all you silly buggers think you could play without ball boys?"

— DAN JENKINS



SHOWBIZ

Kasdan revives the Western, Cimino attempts a comeback and Mad Max goes beyond Thunderdome.

SADDLE SORES: Rumblings from the set of *Silverado*, **Lawrence Kasdan's** homage to the classic Western, seem to indicate that the writer/director of *The Big Chill* has another blockbuster up his sleeve. Obsessive secrecy has surrounded the project from its inception, but *Silverado* reunites several members of the *Chill* cast (**Kevin Kline, Jeff Goldblum** and **Kevin Kostner**), along with **John Cleese** (yes, John Cleese!) and Oscar-winner **Linda Hunt,** and the word is that it's a *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*-style action adventure with a touch of comedy, set in the 1830s and shot in Santa Fe. Let's hope Kasdan's decision to supervise his own documentary on *The Making Of Silverado* isn't another example of Hollywood's premature hype machine — such self-confidence can be disturbing.

●

NO MSG PLEASE: New York's Chinatown is the setting for *Year Of The Dragon*, a **Dino De Laurentiis** production noteworthy for the fact that it marks the first directorial effort of **Michael** (*Deerhunter*) **Cimino** since his disastrous *Heaven's Gate*, the most expensive flop in movie history. Billed as an urban thriller, *Dragon* opens during a Chinese New Year celebration. As the fireworks crackle, two rival Chinese street gangs start slugging it out and, when the smoke clears, the corpse of an 85-year-old Chinese patriarch is found in a nearby coffee shop. Some time later, a duo of Chinese gang members open fire with sub-machine-guns inside a luxurious China-town restaurant. Are these two events related? Are they acts of terrorism or simply a gangland vendetta? The task of solving the mystery falls into the lap of the New York Police Department's most decorated captain, Stanley White (**Mickey Rourke**). He is joined in the investigation of the murders by Tracey Tzu, a TV news reporter of Asian descent (played by model **Ariane** making her film debut). Together they uncover a sinister conspiracy to control heroin trafficking by a seemingly upstand-ing Chinese businessman.

●

MORE TEEN SCI-FI FANTASY: Oh dear! Another wacky teenager has got his paws on some sophisticated technology. In *Back To The Future* (co-produced by the ubiquitous **Steven Spielberg**), *Taxi*'s **Christopher Lloyd** plays a mad scientist who's developed a method of tampering with time. Who should get his hands on the contraption but Marty McFly (played by *Family Ties*' **Michael J. Fox**), a high school senior who can't live without his Sony Walkman. So what happens? Marty is transported to 1955, to a world without rock'n'roll, let alone Sony Walkmans, and who does he meet? Two '50s teenagers who will one day become his parents (lighter echoes of *The Terminator*!). The implic-ations of this premise are intriguing (what if Marty interferes with his parents' meeting, for instance?) and with Spielberg involved we can be sure the possibilities will be exploited to the limit. *War Games* and *My Science Project* seem to have started a definite trend.

●

SHORT-CHANGED: The latest offering from the NSW Film Corporation is a $1.25m treatment of the delicate subject of race relations, titled, rather enigmatically, *Short Changed*. From an idea co-scripted by Aboriginal playwright **Bob Merritt**, author of the world-famous *Cakeman*, it deals with the problems of a mixed family after Stuart, a young black, in a mood of outraged pride leaves his white wife and baby and drops out of sight for several years. He returns to see his young son, with no real intention of causing trouble, but when white society joins shoulders to deny him access he decides to fight for his rights — and ends up with more than he bargained for! **Ross Matthews** (*Heatwave, Fast Talking*) is producing, and **George Ogilvie** will make his debut as a feature film director, having gone from strength to strength in TV mini-series such as *The Dismissal* and *Bodyline*, culminating in a co-directorial credit on the latest *Mad Max*.

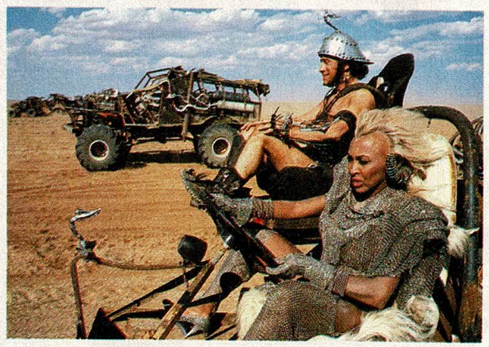
●

REELING AND ROCKING: **Twisted Sister** is planning to make a film and it won't just be concert footage. "It's going to be a scripted comedy with a plot," says twisted brother **Dee Snider**... **Jagger** and **Bowie** at a theatre near you? Mick insists it's really going to happen but, he says, "It won't be like the **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** film, *Some Like It Hot*, even though David **Mel Gibson** as a superstar, it has been decided to release the third instalment in this country as *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*. Where will it all end? *Thunderdome* has already merited one of the ultimate accolades, a doco of *The Making Of*... variety!

●

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOYS: **Little Richard**, whose life story will soon be on film, says if he could choose the person to play him, he'd pick **Michael Jackson**. Says Richard: "He's a real guy, he's a man who loves God and he loves his mother. The only difference between me and Michael is that I was gay and he's not." Ah, but could Michael sing *Tutti Frutti*?

Other movies on the boards about rockers include *The Jackie Wilson Story, Electric God* (about **Jimi Hendrix**) and one for the girls, a TV movie, *The Janis Joplin Story*, based on **Myra Friedman's** book, *Buried Alive*.



Angry Anderson and Tina Turner as you've never seen them before in scenes from the latest Mad Max movie.

HIGHWAY PATROL

Patrol's new suspension tames the highway as well as the bush.

Even the most serious 4 Wheel Driver would tell you he spends more than half his time on the highway. Now, Patrol's on-road ride is even better with improvements in springing, shock absorbers, wheel travel and caster angle. You get a smoother, more comfortable ride on the highway. Plus Patrol's legendary driveability off the beaten track is also improved.

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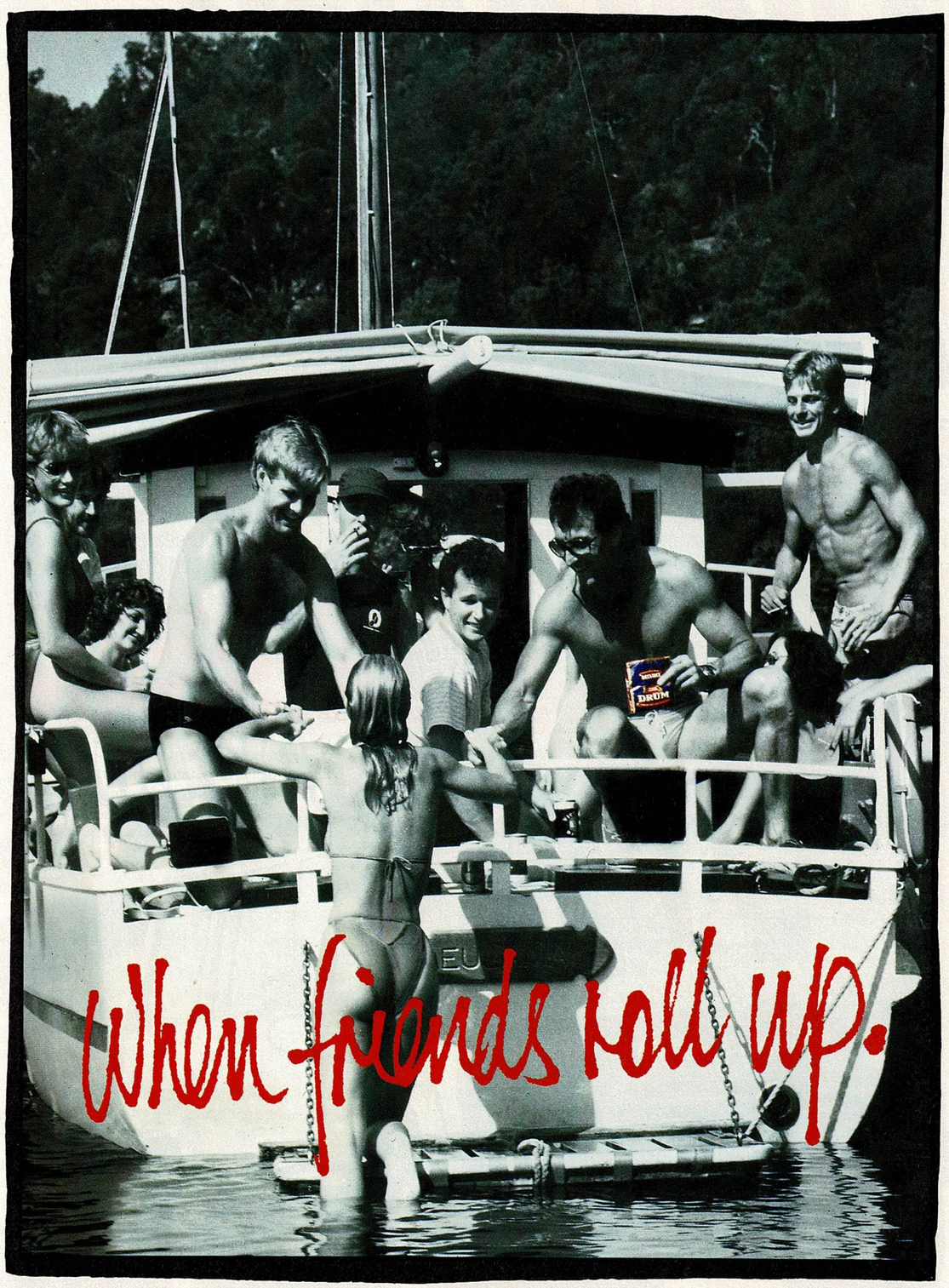


PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN LAWS

A candid conversation with the world's highest paid radio announcer on the perks of stardom, the power of talk-back broadcasting, and the search for privacy.

The world's highest paid radio star was clearing rocks from his paddock. In sleeveless shirt, torn jeans and worn R.M. Williams boots, John Laws looked like a man who spent most of his life on the land rather than behind the golden microphone.

Working his show property in the beautiful Yarramalong Valley north of Sydney, buying Angus breeding stock and enjoying the company of country people: this is Laws's idea of a sabbatical before launching into the next lucrative phase of his career.

After 31 years in radio, the man who, by virtue of his voice, can pull more advertising dollars than anyone else, was changing saddle. Again. Laws had quit 2UE because he was "stale, had had enough and wanted a break". He was also sick. A month later he was still doing the round of specialists, each peering down his throat in an attempt to identify the trouble that threatened to pull the plug on radio's richest voice.

So, under a vow of silence, Laws went bush to farm and rest the source of his wealth. Then he was back in a flood of cash — $5 million, if you believe the speculation. That's what 2GB offered and Laws agreed to a five-year contract.

The single solution to how one broadcaster can command such a salary rests in two words: advertising revenue. When Laws opens a mike, up go the ratings and in flood the advertising bucks.

His listener appeal is legendary. What Laws will do for a station such as 2GB is not just pull his loyal listeners aboard, but spill some over into the station's other timeslots, thereby improving its overall ratings.

It's a formula that's worked wherever he has worked. It's made him the king and, by media standards, it's made him enviably rich.

When Laws recklessly suggested that a powerful building society was in trouble, the stampede to withdraw savings was so great that the society hit the panic button. Neville Wran stepped in and nipped the scare in the bud and Laws was duly censured. But the exercise, if nothing else, at least indicated how much sway the man holds in middle Australia.

Laws has never been one to deal in small change. Long before talk-back arrived to offer him the chance to "kick down doors", Laws was busy rejecting those things in life he found weren't to his liking. School went first, followed by elements of a city lifestyle he found distasteful.

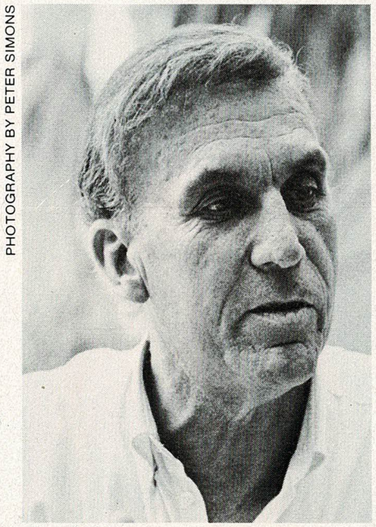
Then, courtesy of Legacy, there followed a country apprenticeship, jackarooing, his first job on radio, and eventually a return to the big city and the prospect of fame and fast money in broadcasting.

If it appeared during the '50s and '60s that the former school dropout and motor sport wild boy would settle in for an easy ride toward wealth and convention, then the impression was a false one.

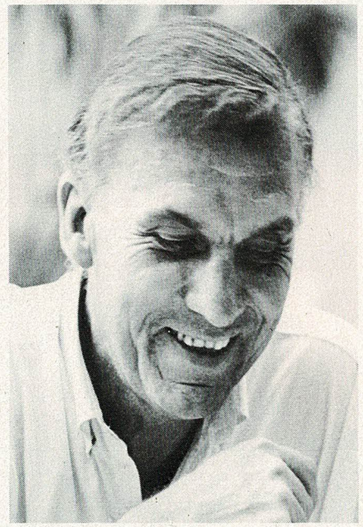
Riding his own brand of maverick, right-wing philosophy, Laws bounced from one station to another, losing a marriage but meeting his metier on the way: talk-back radio arrived in Australia and discovered John Laws.

A recurrence of the polio he had contracted as a boy came and went and his health copped a hiding from the fast lifestyle he led. But it didn't matter, for Laws was in his element. It opened up to him an eager, commercial world and

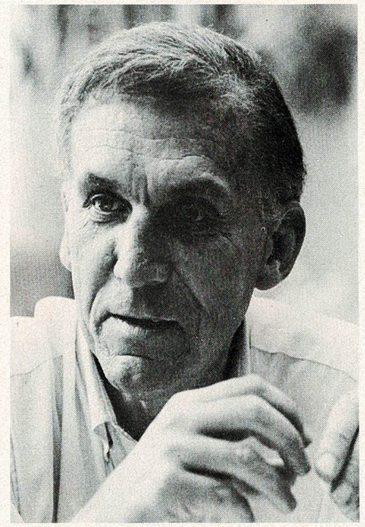
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER SIMONS



"Some Labor politicians. . . are so coarse and common that they cannot allow anyone to excel. And that's the thinking they are starting to apply to Hawke."



"Take Derryn Hinch — I've never been able to understand why he refers to me as The Pock-Marked Prince Of Pain. I've had acne, but I wouldn't say I'm pock-marked."



"Imagination needs to be exercised in the same manner that arms, legs and the rest of the body need to be exercised. Radio gives the imagination the chance. . ."

changed the pecking order of radio stardom.

From the time Laws established himself in morning talk-back he entered the public domain larger than any radio star since Jack Davey. Opinionated, abrasive, short-tempered, mushy and intolerant of fools, Laws collected enemies along with ratings points. By way of contrast, his rare compassion, retentive memory and his feel for what constituted entertainment cemented loyalties and drew grudging admiration from all sectors of the industry.

There were costs, of course. His second marriage failed and his career had to be accommodated along with the nine kids, heart attack, migraines, surgery, collection of exotic cars and two farms.

And there were his enemies. Most hated him for his style: Rod McKuen poetry, cliche'd country and western music, high-heeled riding boots and the sob-story slushiness of talk-back do have limited appeal. For Laws, it worked — even Bob Hawke cried on his show!

Others simply despised the way he flogged his soul at the altar of commercialism. Each year Laws makes a limited number of TV ads, pours hundreds of commercials over the radio, acts as an ad consultant, writes columns and is paid ridiculously well by Channel Ten for "being there when they want me".

After three decades of hard living and harder selling, you wonder how much of that pimply faced, string-bean Legacy kid who first cracked it on country radio is left.

In an attempt to discover just that, Australian PLAYBOY sent senior contributing editor ***Neil Jameson*** *to interview the self-styled King of Radio at his Yarramalong hideaway. John Laws, OBE, CBE, and winner of the 1984 Grand Pater (radio's gold Logie), quit clearing rocks from his paddock and over a few beers and Jim Beams talked about his world.*

Says Jameson: "The career and its commercialism have probably distorted him more than he would ever admit but, despite that, the intellect and clear-mindedness that made it all possible are still as bright as ever. He has a reputation for coolness, cruelty, compassion and honesty — a weird mix. Fortunately, at close quarters, the latter two were most evident."

PLAYBOY: What sort of radio star uses the line, "Hello, world, this is John Laws"?

LAWS: I can't even remember the first time I used it, but I suppose it must have been about 1957.

PLAYBOY: Was it originally used as a flip line?

LAWS: Yes. And ever since, I've been castigated for having the temerity to say, "Hello, world." But my mind is on a different plane because I'm really referring to my own world.

PLAYBOY: The non-visual world of radio?

LAWS: In a sense you are sitting in a padded cell talking to the outside world. In fact, many people in broadcasting *should* be in padded cells. You feel like you're in this cell and you sense that when the microphone opens, all the world opens to you. I don't believe I'm talking to the entire world but rather the world of people who listen to me.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised, in this high-tech visual era, that radio still holds such a fascination?

LAWS: No, because the imagination needs to be exercised, in the same manner that arms, legs and the rest of the body need to be exercised. Radio gives the imagination the chance to be exercised and that doesn't happen too much anymore. Book reading is a bit passe. I remember when the radio serials used to run, I'd sit and listen to *First Light Fraser* and *Dossier On Dimitrios*, which were probably a whole lot of bullshit, but I used to create this tremendous picture in my mind. Television deletes the necessity for using the mind. I can't believe that people who consider they have any intelligence at all can sit and watch such mindless bullshit.

PLAYBOY: What does your Network Ten contract require of you?

LAWS: To be there when they want me. I enjoy the quality documentaries and I watch cricket on TV but I refuse to watch most of the other stuff. So, that's why radio excels. Because I'm listening to people I can't see, I can conjure up all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel we've lost our sense of that give-and-take?

LAWS: We're all a bit preoccupied with our own greatness in the city. We're all too busy to see what the other fella is doing. Too busy trying to upstage the next person.

PLAYBOY: On the way in I noticed a Ned Kelly sculpture made from pieces of what looked like farm machinery. Does that say a little about John Laws?

LAWS: Yep. It's a little piece of Australiana I found in South Australia. It was done by a fella called Skipper. Kym Bonython, who is a mate of mine, got it for me.

I'd rather think, had we had one, that a Robin Hood would say more about me than Ned Kelly. I've never held anyone up to my own advantage; only if I think they could help somebody else. It's laughable that one of our great national heroes was a larrikin and a lout. Had they had motor bikes in his day he would have led a bikie gang. He's our hero. Not Mark Oliphant nor Robert Helpmann.

I can remember when Joan Sutherland came back to Australia after some considerable absence, the newspapers gave her a *dreadful* working-over. There she is, the greatest singer in the world and she happens to be Australian. She comes home and they give her shit! That's why so many people piss off, because the eleventh commandment in Australia says, "Thou shalt not excel."

PLAYBOY: You started on a Bendigo radio station on the recommendation of a friend and found that it came easily to you. When did you discover you were good on radio?

LAWS: It came easily to me then, but I've never ever thought I was good at it. I must say this, although people never believe me, I've never said to myself, "I'm very good at what I'm doing." I've always said, "I'm very confident I can do it well." And I enjoy doing it. Love it. I never stop to think whether I'm good or bad. I'm quite sure when Vivian Richards hooks one to the boundary he doesn't think, "Shit, I'm good." He thinks, "Shit, that felt good!"

PLAYBOY: Is the fact that you're paid extraordinary sums of money certifiable proof of your ability?

LAWS: No. I don't think that necessarily applies. I knew I was good when I was in Townsville, where I went after leaving Bendigo, because I'd do commercials and everybody would run to the shop and buy the stuff. I'd say, "Gee, isn't that fantastic?" rather than, "Aren't I fantastic?" The people would tell me I was a good salesman which was great because I *need* to know that I'm good.

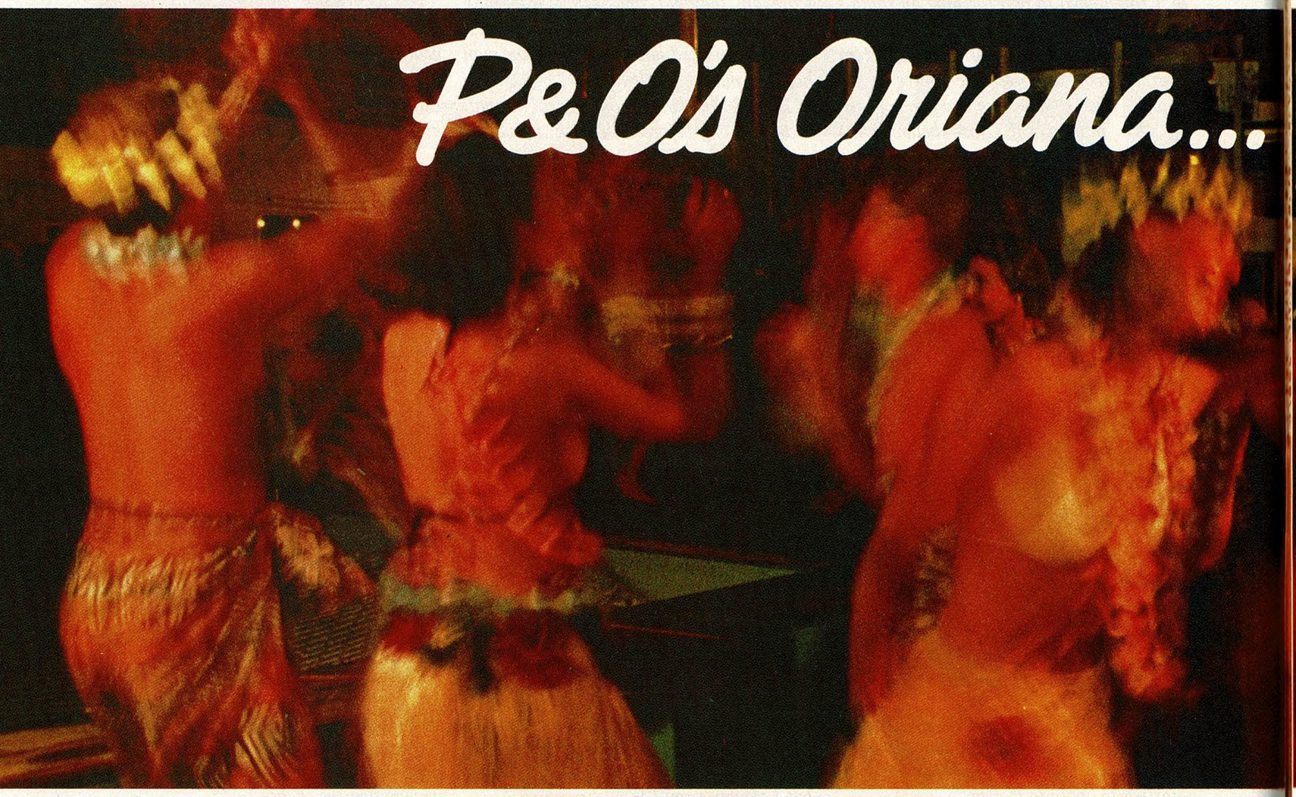
PLAYBOY: Did you model your delivery on anyone else?

LAWS: No. You see, when I started there was Jack Davey and a bloke called Alan Toohey. All the rest were ABC announcers, very formal. There was really very little to copy.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave Bendigo for Townsville?

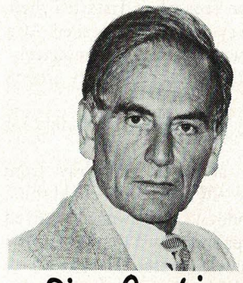
LAWS: It was about as far away from Bendigo as the AWA Network could think of. I owed money... In Townsville I lived with a Dutch painter, not a Rembrandt but a guy who painted houses. He was a nice man who had just come to Australia with a six-year-old child and they were desperately trying to establish themselves in a new country. I felt so sorry for them. To get on with his work he needed an extension ladder so I went and bought one. The only problem was, I didn't have any money. I realised I had to leave town because I couldn't pay for the ladder. I went and saw Jack Banney, the old bloke who ran the radio station, and told him I had to leave town. He came to the railway station to see me off on the midnight train so nobody else would notice my departure. He had tears rolling down his face and he handed me a parcel wrapped in newspaper and said, "This is for your trip." It was a bottle of Penfold's Railway Port. So I sat on the train from Townsville to Brisbane and got pissed out of my mind. I never did get to pay for that ladder, but I believe the painter did all right.

PLAYBOY: It was soon after that you made

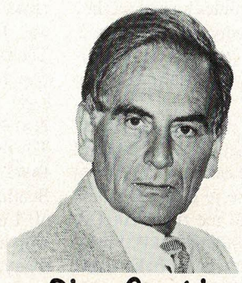


The sooner you see your travel agent for your copy of 'The Way Out' brochure, the sooner you can be on board and raging.
Ogilvy MPO 4196 PB L (R)

Berths start at about $80 per night.
Ogilvy MPO 4196 PB R (R)



Pierre Cardin
Fashion Designer.



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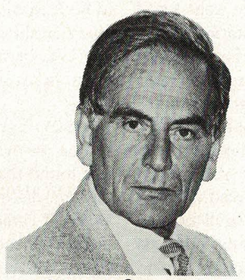
Entrepreneur.



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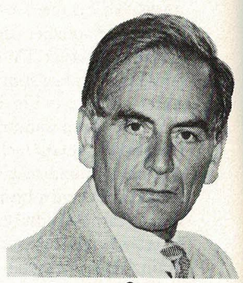
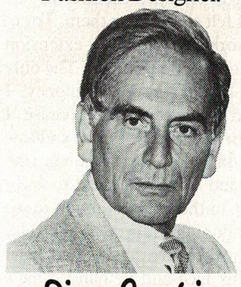
Automobile Designer.



Pierre Cardin
Painter.



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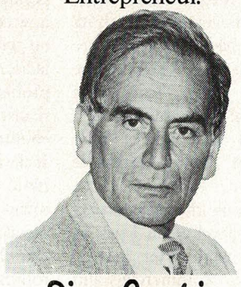

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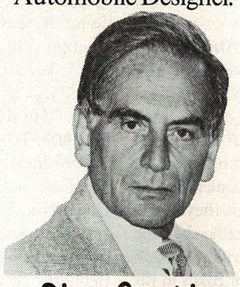

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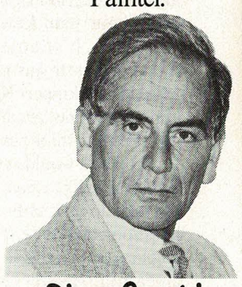
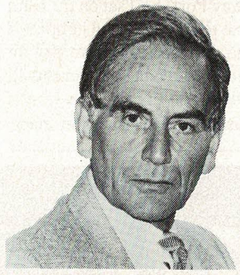
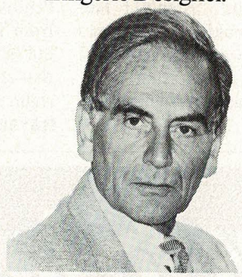


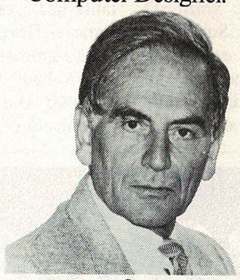
Pierre Cardin
Engineer.



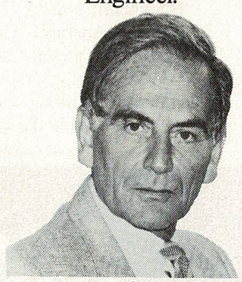
Pierre Cardin
Glass Designer.



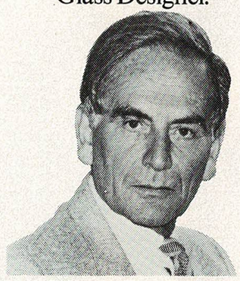
Pierre Cardin
Furniture Designer.



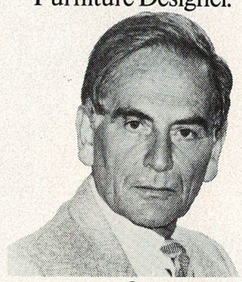
Pierre Cardin
Carpet Designer.



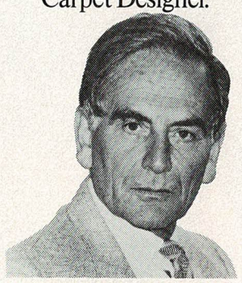
Pierre Cardin
Musician.



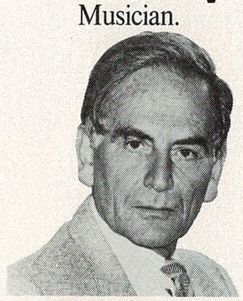
Pierre Cardin
Antique Collector.



Pierre Cardin
Jewellery Designer.

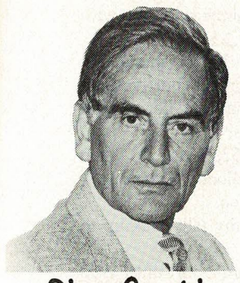


Pierre Cardin
Bathroom Designer.

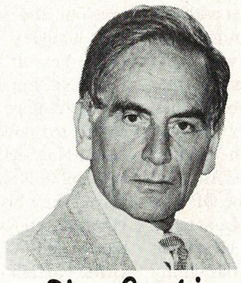


Pierre Cardin
Confectioner.

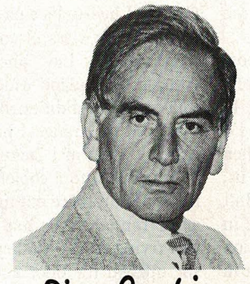
AND TO THINK HIS WANTED HIM TO B



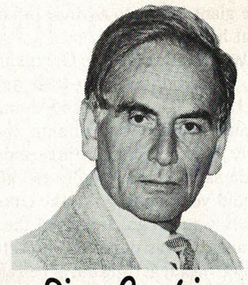
Pierre Cardin
Architect.



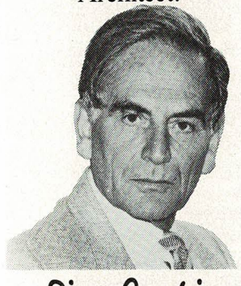
Pierre Cardin
Aircraft Designer.



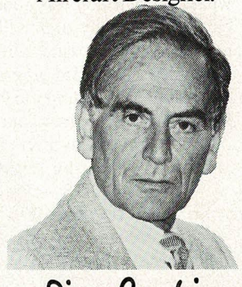
Pierre Cardin
Theatrical Impresario.



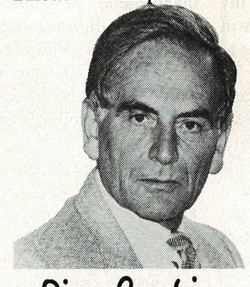
Pierre Cardin
Restaurateur.



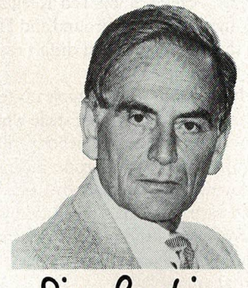
Pierre Cardin
Jeweller.



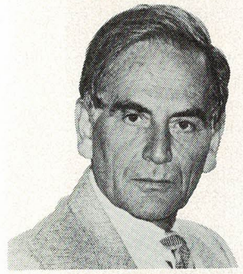
Pierre Cardin
Alarm Clock Designer.



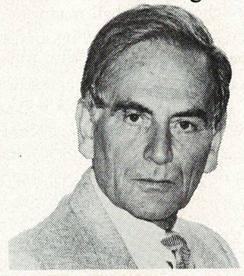
Pierre Cardin
Patron of the Arts.



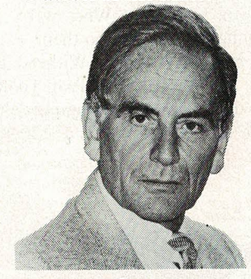
Pierre Cardin
Gourmet Chef.



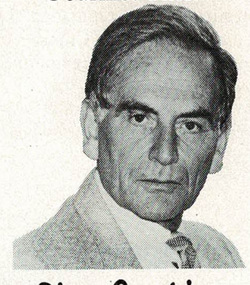
Pierre Cardin
Tie Designer.



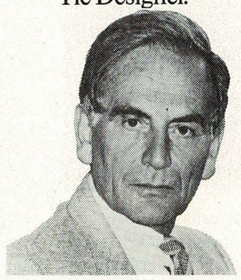
Pierre Cardin
Watch Designer.



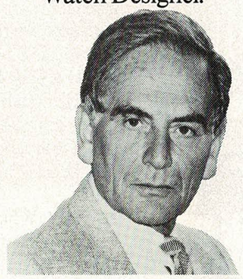
Pierre Cardin
Textile Designer.



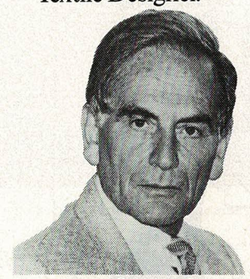
Pierre Cardin
Ceramics Designer.



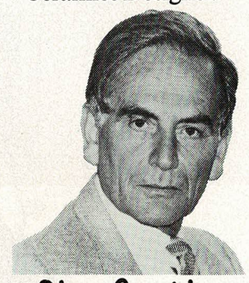
Pierre Cardin
Puppeteer.



Pierre Cardin
Hi Fi Designer.



Pierre Cardin
Footwear Designer.



Pierre Cardin
Curtain Designer.

MOTHER ALWAYS ECOME A DOCTOR.

the giant leap into Sydney radio. How did that happen?

LAWS: I was working in Orange and the boss — Alan Riddley, who used to be a great footballer — recommended me to 2UE. Alan's brother was running 2UE and I'd only been in Orange three months when Alan said, "Look, you're too good for us, would you like to go to the city?" I didn't really want to go. I enjoyed the climate in Orange. I was doing the breakfast session which meant getting out of bed about five in the morning. I had an MG with no hood, I had no clothes and about 40 girls. I was *happy*. A fella called Ted Keegan made my car the fastest MG around and I used to win all the hill climbs. So I didn't really want to go to Sydney.

It was like when I took up tennis a few years ago and got to the stage where I could play quite well and somebody said, "Enter a comp." Or when I rode motor bikes for enjoyment and somebody said, "Ride in a road race." When Alan Riddley said, "Go to Sydney," I thought, "Fuck that, because now it has become professional, it won't be fun anymore."

PLAYBOY: Before you made a conscious decision to be rebellious, you must have already created a reputation. After all, you had an entourage of Orange's finest young women in tow and were running around in a hot MG.

LAWS: My mother had to see that I did everything properly so when I went to Orange I had to be a paying guest with one of the better class Orange matrons by the name of Mrs Lay. She was a very strict Church of England widow and my mother told her that I didn't drink or smoke. When I arrived in Orange I had a very bad cold because I'd just moved from tropical Townsville into a cooler climate. Anyway, the fellas up there got me into the OP rum and I fronted at Mrs Lay's place about ten. I was trying to get the key in the lock when she opened the door and I fell flat on my face. She had no idea I was drunk, she thought I was sick. So she sent for the doctor who, of course, knew what was wrong but didn't let on to Mrs Lay.

PLAYBOY: How different was that 21-year-old who moved from Orange to Sydney from the guy who emerged some years later as the most valuable product in Australian radio?

LAWS: It's hard to reflect, but very shy, I guess. I'm still shy.

PLAYBOY: Were you intimidated by the challenge?

LAWS: My only worry was that it might start owning me, but I wasn't the slightest bit worried about failing. It never crossed my mind.

PLAYBOY: Who were the hot shots of Sydney radio then?

LAWS: Tony Withers, Bob Rogers arrived shortly after, Alan Toohey, plus a whole lot of people doing quiz shows.

PLAYBOY: You'd enjoyed a few years of freedom; did you go home and live with your family?

LAWS: Yes, I lived with my mother at Lindfield, but I got married shortly after.

PLAYBOY: Was it during that period you contracted poliomyelitis?

LAWS: No, that was '62, after I'd been working in Newcastle. Bloody Newcastle: I played up a bit there, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you do any talk-back up to that period?

LAWS: No, talk-back didn't start until 1963 or '64. I stayed at 2UE for a while, then 2SM offered me a hundred quid a week which was a lot of money for those days. I really didn't like 2SM so I went back to Newcastle where I worked for 2KO and recorded programs which were sent all over the country to 90 stations. Then I came back to Sydney and discovered I had polio. It came as a very nasty shock and knocked me down for seven months, but my employer — 2GB — stuck by me.

PLAYBOY: What state were you in when you came out of hospital?

LAWS: I had a bad limp and a buggered right arm. Took up tenpin bowling to get it right. Worked it out with Brian Henderson and Col Joye. Hendo had a special four-pound ball made for me and within a year I was bowling a 16-pound ball.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to introduce John Laws to talk-back radio?

LAWS: A man called Alan Faulkner who was the manager of 2UE at the time. I used to do it in the evening, five to seven, I think. It rated its arse off. Unbelievable! I liked it because I've always enjoyed talking to people.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy breaking down the walls of your little padded cell?

LAWS: Yes. Over the years it gave me the chance to form some great friendships with listeners.

PLAYBOY: At that stage, were you the only one on 2UE who did talk-back?

LAWS: A man called Ormsby Wilkins did it too. He was one of the great exponents of intelligent radio, maybe the greatest. He had a marvellous mind, a sense of humor and he was an excellent exponent of the craft.

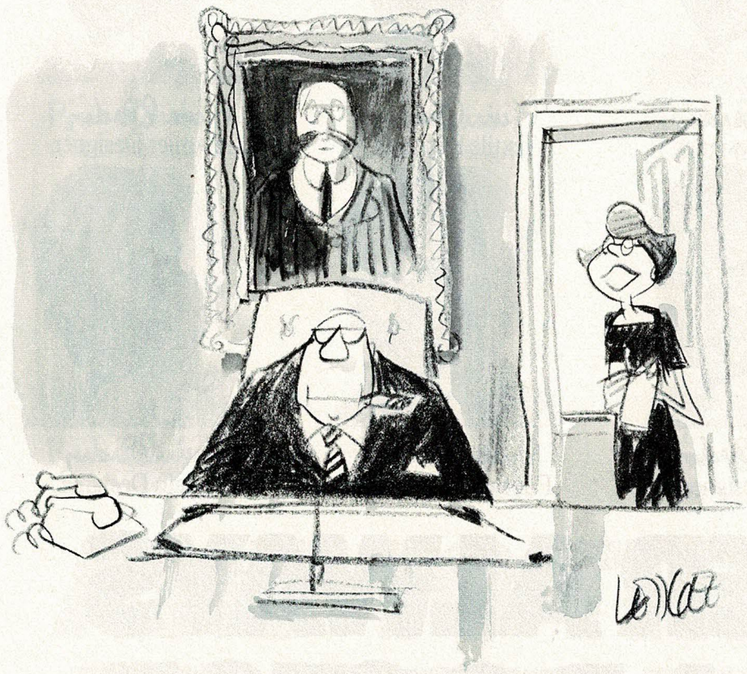
PLAYBOY: What sort of calls did you get when you first started in talk-back?

LAWS: They were probably funnier in those days because it was a novelty and novelties tend to affect the lighter side of human nature. These days people believe they can use it as some sort of weapon, and that's healthy too because it gives people who wouldn't normally have the opportunity the means to express themselves.

PLAYBOY: What sort of town was Sydney during the early '60s? Was it wild?

LAWS: Oh shit, yes! It was really a wild town.

PLAYBOY: My idea of the early '60s recalls the wild showbiz sprees which often ended with some radio identity letting off a firearm in a public place, being thrown in jail for



"It's two o'clock, Mr Petersen, time to contemplate the meaning of life."

What wears skirts, gets a "10" for body shape, performs when the question's asked and teases the hell out of other BMW Owners?

This vehicle was a normal production BMW and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

Let's be brutally frank. Many BMW's look fairly conservative. But that doesn't apply once Bob Jane has waved his magic wand over them.
T-Marts throughout Australia now stock world famous BBS alloy wheels, aerodynamic accessories and suspension kits for all BMW 3, 5, 7 and E30 series.
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The wheels are high-strength alloy, each individually x-rayed before it leaves the West German factory.
So now you can have a Bee-Em that looks as good as it goes. You little teaser!

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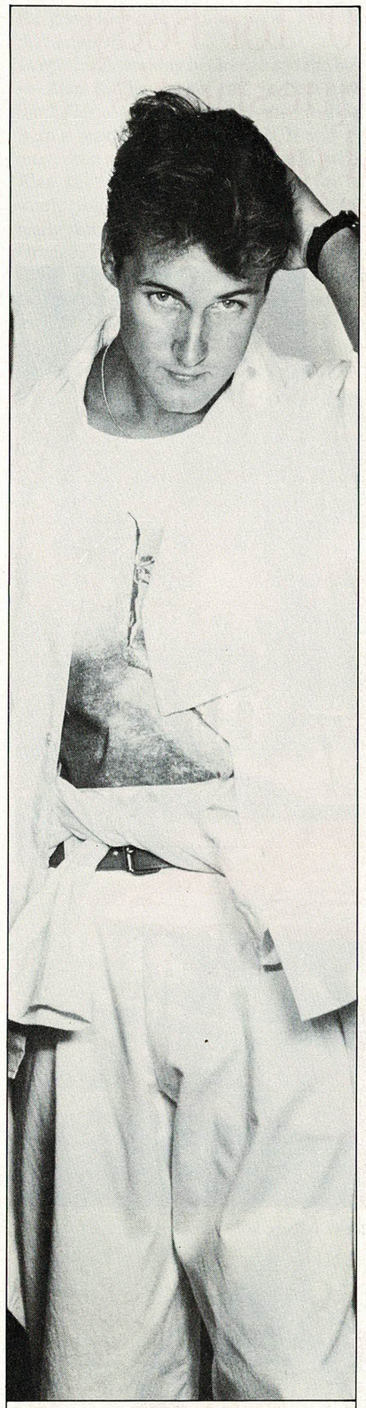
Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (A.C.T.), Turin Motors (A.C.T.), Diffen T-Marts (W.A.) and Car Shine (VIC). BJ207



PLOT

AUSTRALIA

being drunk and disorderly, crashing his sports car or thumping a society matron. It all seemed a lot wilder than the sombre '50s.

LAWS: Not as far as I was concerned because I'd been wild all my life.

PLAYBOY: How does contemporary Sydney compare with the kind of town it was in the early '60s?

LAWS: It was probably more fun in the early '60s. It was in many ways more sophisticated. There are some marvellous people today purveying culture but there are some dolts who choose to pose and pretend to be involved with art. There aren't too many genuine ones.

You go along to the opening night of the ballet at the Opera House and although you might be wearing a black tie and your partner is dressed accordingly, you're surrounded by these idiots wearing jeans and smoking funny cigarettes. What the fuck is it all about? All the people on the stage are beating their heads against a brick wall to produce that sort of art and I feel it's a mark of respect to them to get dressed for the occasion. That's where it's changed. There is not so much respect between people.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy all the first-night functions?

LAWS: I don't go to showbusiness ones or rock concerts. I don't go to opening nights of movies but I subscribe and pay for my tickets at the ballet and a few other events. I'm not a big one for the freebies.

PLAYBOY: What part of your fame have you most regretted?

LAWS: Oh, I regret the effect my career has had on my children. There are always teachers with certain inadequacies and my kids have been asked questions and then had a teacher say: "Now, we'll hear an answer from the son of the Mortein Man." That's really highly intelligent stuff. When you spend three thousand dollars a term to send your kids to school, you expect something better.

It is not to their advantage that they're my children. They tend to grow up in the shadow of being my children. Long term, I trust that they will all make a far greater mark on the world than I have. Schoolteachers are funny people and they seem to get some bent satisfaction in letting your son know that they know you did something on television, or in a newspaper column. "Let's hear from the famous Mr Laws's son." It has all cemented the thoughts I had about school when I was a boy.

PLAYBOY: Did talk-back radio give you the chance to push the "countrified" philosophy you'd picked up in your rural travels?

LAWS: Yes, it did. I didn't jump on it as an opportunity but I did see it as a chance to get it across to the listeners.

PLAYBOY: Did you sense it tapped a chord with many of those people trapped by their urban lifestyles?

LAWS: Yeah. Just a few months ago I'd put in a whole lot of clover on that hillside. We had a marvellous spring and the clover was up to your crotch. I couldn't put the cattle in because they were bloating on it. Well, I was talking on the air about it and a few old bushies phoned up and said what they used to do about this. It was when I was going through my late boredom period with 2UE and suddenly I found myself having a good time on air with these bushies. So I said, "Look, we'll have to stop this. We're talking about bloating cattle and old remedies and what I'm doing at the weekend and I've neglected all the other people out there listening." Well, the phone went *mad*. People rang and said, "Keep talking about it, we love to hear it." And that really surprised me.

PLAYBOY: Were they genuinely interested in bloated cattle or seeing a side of John Laws they normally don't encounter?

LAWS: Probably a combination of both.

PLAYBOY: Have your on-going health problems been more of a worry because of the threat they posed to your career?

LAWS: Yes. You win a few, lose a few.

PLAYBOY: What did your old private school pals say when you formed this alliance with urban mums and truck drivers?

LAWS: I still get it at parties and functions: "How ever do you put up with those awful people?"

The answer is that those people aren't awful or different. They're just more concerned with the real day-to-day issues that affect their lives.

PLAYBOY: Does it upset you that people fail to understand each other?

LAWS: Yes. Take Derryn Hinch — I've never been able to understand why he refers to me as The Pock-Marked Prince Of Pain. I've had acne, sure, but I wouldn't say I'm pock-marked. And I've never made a big thing out of personal pain or illness. It's beyond me why he treats people like that. Where does he get the ego, because he's not that good?

I encountered him at the Pater Awards and as usual he had to make a point out of not wearing a tie to what was obviously a black-tie affair with the Prime Minister as guest of honor. Hinch went out of his way to give me a bad time but, fortunately, it didn't work.

It causes me to think that when we're in the same business and we're two cities apart and he's still obsessed by me all these miles away, he has some sort of problem.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Derryn Hinch, you do vote?

LAWS: Of course I vote. If you needed to attract a bit of attention by not voting, you'd fart in a crowded bus.

PLAYBOY: What about the lifestyle and trappings that go with the job? The material benefits must be a comfort but there are negatives such as failed marriages.

LAWS: The failed marriages have nothing to do with the business. The first time I married too young. I would have called it off

(continued on page 114)

"She believes that oral sex is just talking about it."

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

A Solitary Man

Peter Schneidas tells how our prisons turn minor offenders into hardened crims.

Peter Schneidas has spent most of his life in corrective institutions. In 1979 he was convicted of the killing of a prison guard in the observation section of Sydney's Long Bay Jail. In 1983 he underwent a 57-day hunger strike as a protest against four years of solitary confinement. He is now in the Special Care Unit of Long Bay. Here he tells how and why it all began, with names and places changed for legal reasons.

IT WAS STILL dark when the train pulled in to Kenworth. I was led on to the platform and handed over to two waiting screws from the Kenworth Boys' Home. Our footsteps echoed through the empty station as I was taken to the car.

The only other sounds were those of a small town waking. For the rest of the time we travelled in silence.

To get into the boys' home we had to ring a bell at the main gate that opened with the sigh of heavy metal. The apprehension I felt had turned into a knotted fist in the pit of my stomach.

I could do nothing but allow myself to be dragged helpless from the car and pushed inside. There, confronting me, were three more screws.

"And what's your name?" one asked.

"Peter Schneidas!" I replied. I spat out my name with defiance. I was scared but there was no way I was going to let them know that. Their response was swift and unambiguous. A screw standing behind me punched me in the back of the head. I

turned to face him and was hit again for my troubles.

"Can you read?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

Pointing to a sign hanging above the inside of the archway, he said, "What does that sign say?"

"Silence. No talking in this area." I read the sign aloud and realised immediately that I'd made a grave mistake. I was attacked by four screws. They punched and hit me until I could no longer stand. I fell to the floor but they kept flogging me until I was nearly out of it. I didn't see faces, only fists and boots.

"This is it. These bastards are going to kill me." The thought was one of disbelief. A screw bent over me and gave me a karate chop to the nose. I went out cold and when I came to, I was lying on the floor of a cell, blood from my nose caked all over my face, my body stiff and my head spinning. I tried to get to my feet but fell back to the floor. I crawled across to the cell door. It was locked.

The cell was painted in two colors: the bottom half blue, the top half and the ceiling white, with a red line going all the way around it at chest height. It contained a bed, a square box with a plastic jug of water in it on the bed-head, and a piss-pot on the floor in the left hand corner. There was a small, barred window high in the wall.

I was in jail! There had to be some mistake. Why were they doing this to me? I knew why I'd been sent to the home. I knew why I was being punished but I couldn't understand why I was being treated like this. I couldn't make the connection. I was helpless and I had no control over myself or what happened to me. I wouldn't be able to handle another flogging like that. I drank some water and used some to clean my face. There was no mirror in the cell so I couldn't see what damage had been done. I carefully touched my face. My nose was hurting badly and felt crooked.

For half an hour I waited for something to happen, all the while trying to make sense of what was going on. I couldn't. The cell door flew open and cut through my self-pity like a whiplash.

"Get to the back of your cell with your face to the wall! Move!"

I moved fast. Something was put on the floor and the door slammed shut. I turned around and found a dixie with porridge on it and a spoon stuck into it — like a drumstick. I wasn't hungry so I didn't touch the food. Twenty minutes passed before the door opened again. I didn't need to be told again. I ran to the back of the cell and faced the wall.

"About face," the screw ordered. "When I say run, I mean run like hell. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Right. Run to the front gate and report. Go! Run! Move it!"

I ran as fast as I could and when I reached the front gate I stood at attention and said, "Report to you, gate."

A tall, hefty screw came out of the office and opened the gate. "Come into the office," he said.

I ran into the office and stood at attention in front of his desk.

"Now," he said, "this is Kenworth, not a kindergarten. We make men out of boys in here. You'll come out of here either a man or a broken one. We'll treat you firmly, but fair. The routine is strict but it's supposed to be and you'd better learn it quickly. We have a points system that's different from any other you've experienced. It's called a ladder system and the idea is to get to the top of the ladder.

"There's no talking here. That's a privilege. If you want to talk, you have to earn it by getting to the top of the ladder. If you're in the top seven, there's a 15-minute talk parade every day. The officers here can award you points for good conduct and drill, but they can also deduct points and put you unprivileged by bouncing you six to 10 points. This means you'll be unprivileged until you can earn them back. It's easier to lose points here than it is to gain them. Do you understand all this?"

I was attacked by four screws. They punched and hit me until I could no longer stand. I fell to the floor but they kept flogging me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"I can't hear you," he said. His manner was RSL efficient and I wasn't going to argue with him about his hearing.

"YES, SIR," I shouted as loudly as I could.

"Louder! From now on you're to shout everything. We don't talk like babies here. If you want something, you put up your hand. You stretch it into the air until an officer asks you what you want. Then, and only then, are you to yell out your request so that the whole institution can hear. Understand, Schneidas?"

"YES, SIR,"

"Now, when you leave this office, I want to see you run as fast as you can to the shower block and report. Go!"

I was terrified so I ran as fast and as hard as I could. Over my shoulder the superintendent shouted, "One to you, Mr Tidman."

"Thank you, Mr Grant," Tidman shouted back. And with that exchange I was thrown into the mainstream of Kenworth Boys' Home.

●

I reach Tidman. "REPORT TO YOU, SIR."

I am slapped across the face. "This is the first and last warning you get free. Never get within six feet of an officer. Now get back. Move! I didn't hear you report back."

"REPORT BACK TO YOU, SIR."

"Right. Every time an officer gives you an order to do something, you're to report back as soon as you've done it."

"YES, SIR," I shout at the top of my lungs.

"Right. Fall in behind that boy there," he says, pointing to a line of boys. "Now, Schneidas, we're having an ablution parade. Do you want a stand-up or a three-sheets?"

"NO, SIR."

"This is the last chance until lunch-time. Does anyone else want a three-sheets or a stand-up?"

No one answers.

"Ablution party, ABOUT TURN!"

As we turn, our feet snap into the cement like pistol shots and our minds are empty like spent bullets. I'm the only one a bit behind. They do everything so fast and are all so fit, I doubt my ability to keep up.

"QUICK MARCH! Left, left, left, right, left. Get to the rear of the file, Schneidas. Ablution party, halt! Schneidas, are you a cripple or something?"

"NO, SIR," I shout.

"Then keep up with the rest. Quick march. Left wheel. Ablution party, halt. Right. Break off for your work. Cooper, I want you to show Schneidas how to plait the rope. You're not to talk to him. If you can't understand something, put up your hand and ask for permission to have it explained. Break off!"

I watch how the others do it and I take a pace to the left, stamping my foot down hard into the cement. I feel a spasm of pain shoot up my heel. I turn right again and run to where Cooper is standing. He shows me how to plait the rope. It's a complicated process, not like normal plaiting. They make floor mats out of this rope, the ones that I've used many times outside people's front doors. They actually end up with WELCOME printed on them. I watch Cooper, fearing that I might miss something. I watch him for half an hour and then report that I know how to do it. I'm given the go-ahead and continue on my own. We have a quota of six feet each day. After a few hours I have blisters on my hands and near the elbows where the rope rubs. I pull out my handkerchief and wrap it around my blistered hand.

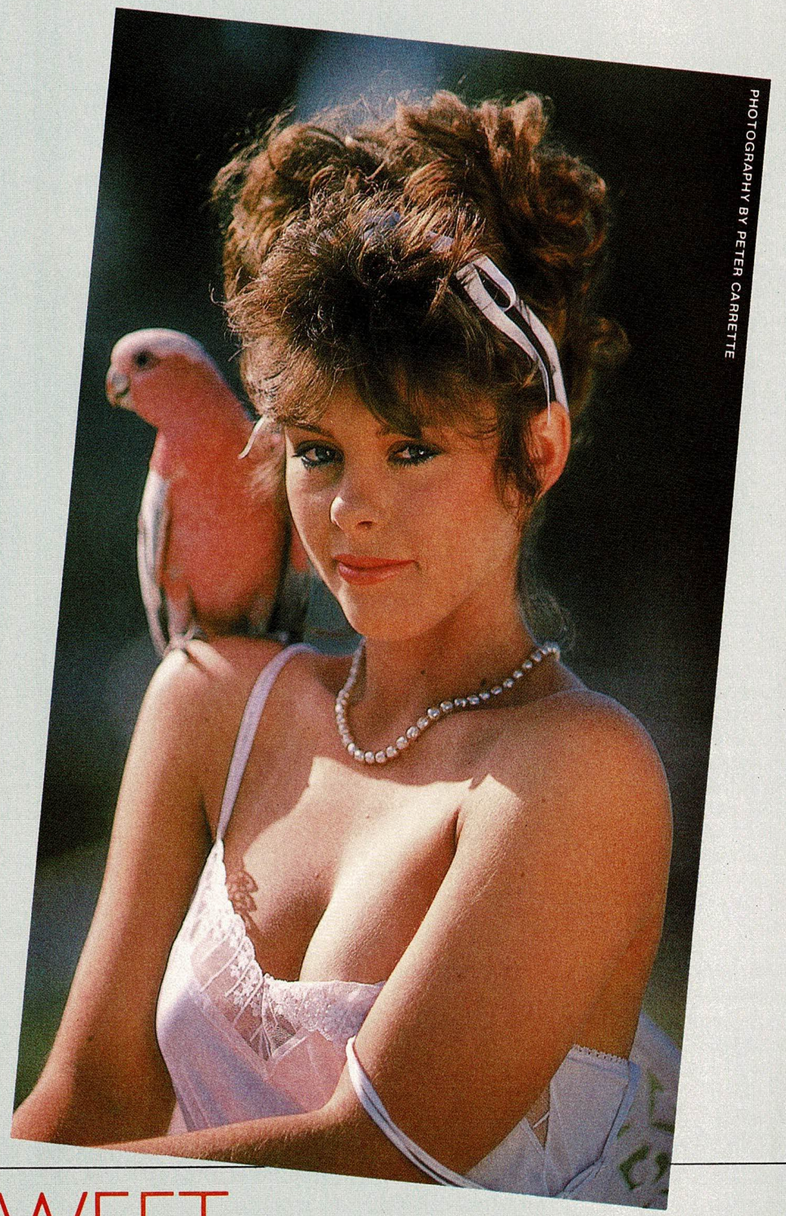
"What do you think you're doing, Schneidas?" comes the shout.

"MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT MY HAND IS BLISTERED AND I HAVE WRAPPED MY HANDKERCHIEF AROUND IT."

"If you want anything at all, you ask permission. That's your last warning."

I feel panic, but it's distant and detached. No one has explained the routine to me so the only way I can learn it is through trial and error. I watch the other boys closely. I don't like all this special attention I'm

(continued on page 92)



SWEET SHEREE

Shy and sensitive Sheree Allbeury from Perth was the last person her friends would expect to see in an Australian PLAYBOY pictorial — but Sheree says she enjoys surprising people.

Copies of Australian PLAYBOY will be moving fast in Perth this month, if Sheree Allbeury's friends and family react as she expects they will to her nude pictorial. "I have always been shy and modest," smiles Sheree, who recently turned 18. "When I told everyone I was flying to Sydney to shoot a PLAYBOY pictorial they were speechless. I am literally the last person anyone would expect to do it, I keep such a low profile. People usually don't get a whisper out of me until I've known them for a little while."

What made Sheree pose for PLAYBOY? "Well, my boyfriend encouraged me. He's always thought I had the face and the figure and he's very proud that I was accepted. I was terribly nervous but it was probably the greatest experience of my life. I had never been out of WA until then. And it has been fantastic for my confidence. I'll stay in Perth though, Sydney is still a bit fast for me." Sheree is the youngest of four children and has two older brothers. Asked how they reacted, she says: "With disbelief at first. Then they started bragging about it!" When she isn't shocking people by suddenly appearing in Australian PLAYBOY Sheree leads a very pleasant and sedate Perth lifestyle. "I ride my bike a lot, Perth is great for that. Every weekend I try to ride to the beach. I love the water and I'm a pretty keen swimmer. Apart from that I enjoy my family. What I like is when we have one of our special big barbies and everybody comes round. With my appearance in the magazine, there'll be plenty to talk about at the next barbie, I reckon."

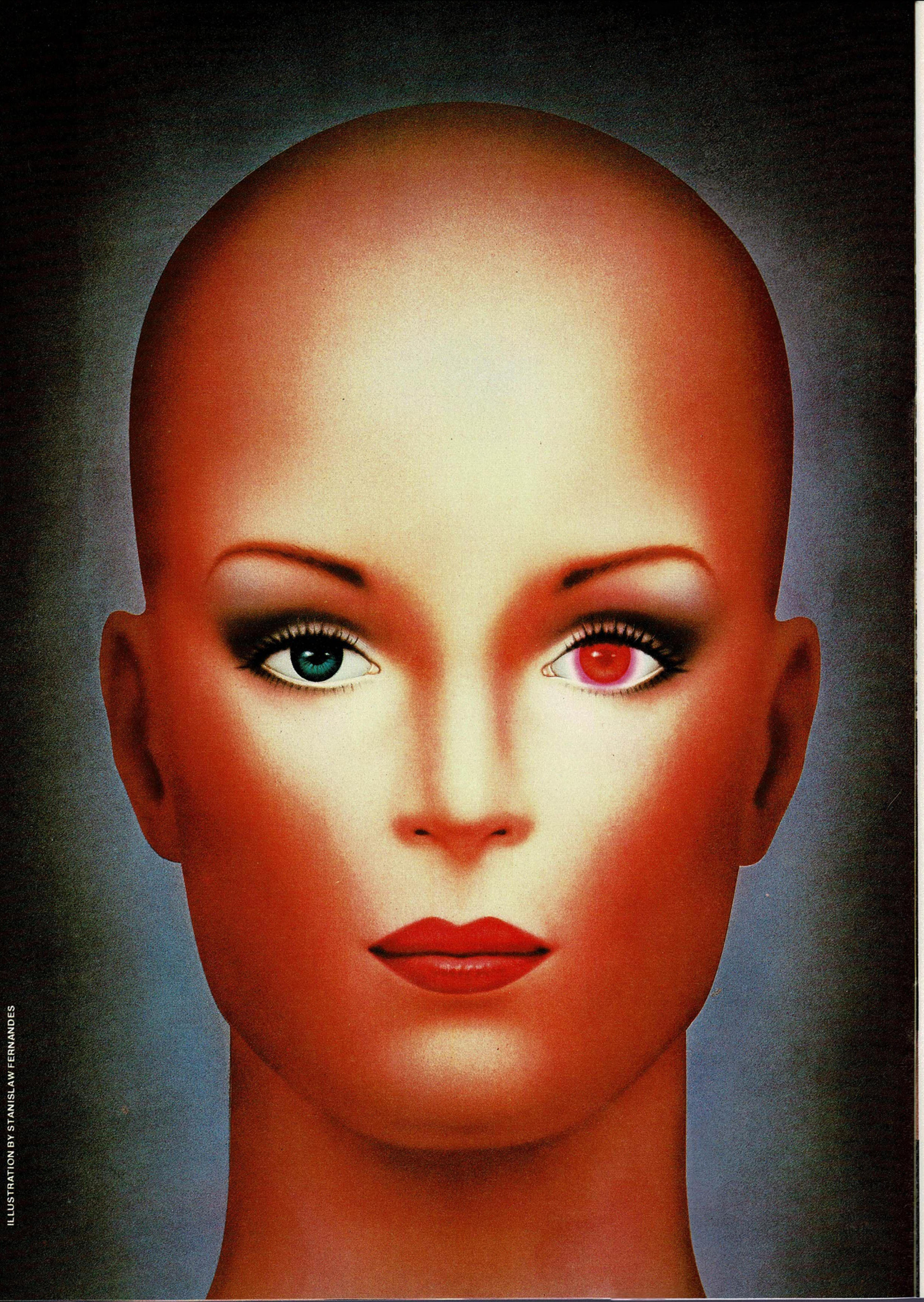


ILLUSTRATION BY STANISLAW FERNANDES

SIGNALS

Does no mean yes?
Does yes mean maybe?
Can a man ever tell?

Essay by
DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

WHEN THEY DON'T want to make love, they talk about their lovers and husbands.

When they don't want to make love, they pay extraordinary attention to their cats and dogs, or horses if you are riding on a clear day in autumn, when trees and clouds are full. of sexual innuendoes. They smoke cigarettes and chew gum so you can't kiss them.

Sometimes they send you on long errands when they don't want you, in search of improbable brand names, pills and salves, elixirs. Sometimes they tell you that you are too big and other times that you are too small. They say you are so handsome they are afraid they might fall in love with you or so ugly they could not possibly fall in love with you. Who knows which is worse?

They may say they have just broken up with their lover and are too sad or bitter to make love. They say their fathers hated them or that their fathers loved them too much. They may say they are queer or have some social disease. They say their mothers frightened them or gave them too much encouragement, expecting the daughter to want to make love as much as the mother wanted to make it. And so you ask to meet the mother, and they say you are rude. How could they ever make love with somebody so rude?

When they want to make love, sometimes they will tell you they don't want to make love, and the no means yes. But usually not, so you have to be careful. No is a rare way for a woman to say yes, and a common vanity is to think they would lie to confuse us. When they want to make love, they never talk about it. I say this with total confidence based on too many conversations that have led to my sleeping alone. Maybe there are some who want to make love *and* discuss it first, but I have never known any, and I suspect this is a sexual perversion.

You must look for other signs. Sometimes heavy breathing, but that might be altitude or terror, or you could even be imagining it. Clothing is helpful. You would think that women in bathing suits want to make love, but that has not been my experience.

When they want to make love, they wear these full white blouses cut low across the breasts, so that leaning toward you over the table, they shine naked. Or they wear light cotton skirts with slits and stand rounded, with a leg peeking, bright as a knife. When they want to make love, they wear dresses that come loose with the single pull of a string and zip off with a shrug and underwear, if any, that presents the least resistance to eye and hand.

But clothes do not make the woman any more than clothes make the man. And besides, she might have dressed for someone else when you came upon her by surprise or just after she had been in bed for hours with someone new.

Do not pay too much attention to women's clothing. Look deeply into their eyes as if they were naked or as if they had on the most outlandish apparel of feathers and patchwork silks and flowing ribbons and none of it mattered to you in the least.

I used to think you could tell when a woman wanted to make love, because suddenly it wouldn't matter so much. But experience has made me wiser. I tried not caring, nonchalance, thinking about other things: football, the stock market, razors, other women, pretending sex was the farthest thing from my mind. But all the women I met in this frame of mind seemed wonderfully satisfied to go on not making love for hours, days and even years, as if this were the happiest game of all, not making love, as if nothing could be more agreeable than desire conquered.

I once knew a woman I thought wanted to make love. I could tell from clothing, silence and the absence of pets. After a dinner of the best *filet mignon*, champagne and strawberries, she told me she had to go and do her laundry. She threw the bag over her shoulder and went out. I waited for hours. I never saw her again.

When they are plump, they eat a great deal at dinner, and when they are thin, they sigh and pick at their food. When they want to make love, they are not interested in gifts or praise. They do not care about age or IQ or fortune. Sometimes you may notice a luxurious drowsiness toward midnight, a stretching languor, low voice; and maybe a hand caresses your cheek and the hem sneaks up around her thighs as she lies carelessly on the couch or carpet. Or the blouse comes loose from the skirt, revealing her skin there. And the wineglass has only a sip left for the two of you...

But never be too sure of anything.

Do not take her hand until there is shy confusion about who is reaching and whose bedroom is waiting there at the end of the hall.

In short, there is no end of false signs, no end of beginnings. And the single end that is shared must be unforeseen.

Sometimes when they don't want to make love, they talk about God instead, and sometimes they talk about God when they do. But always when making love they are talking about God: Oh, God, God, good God, oh, God, good God!

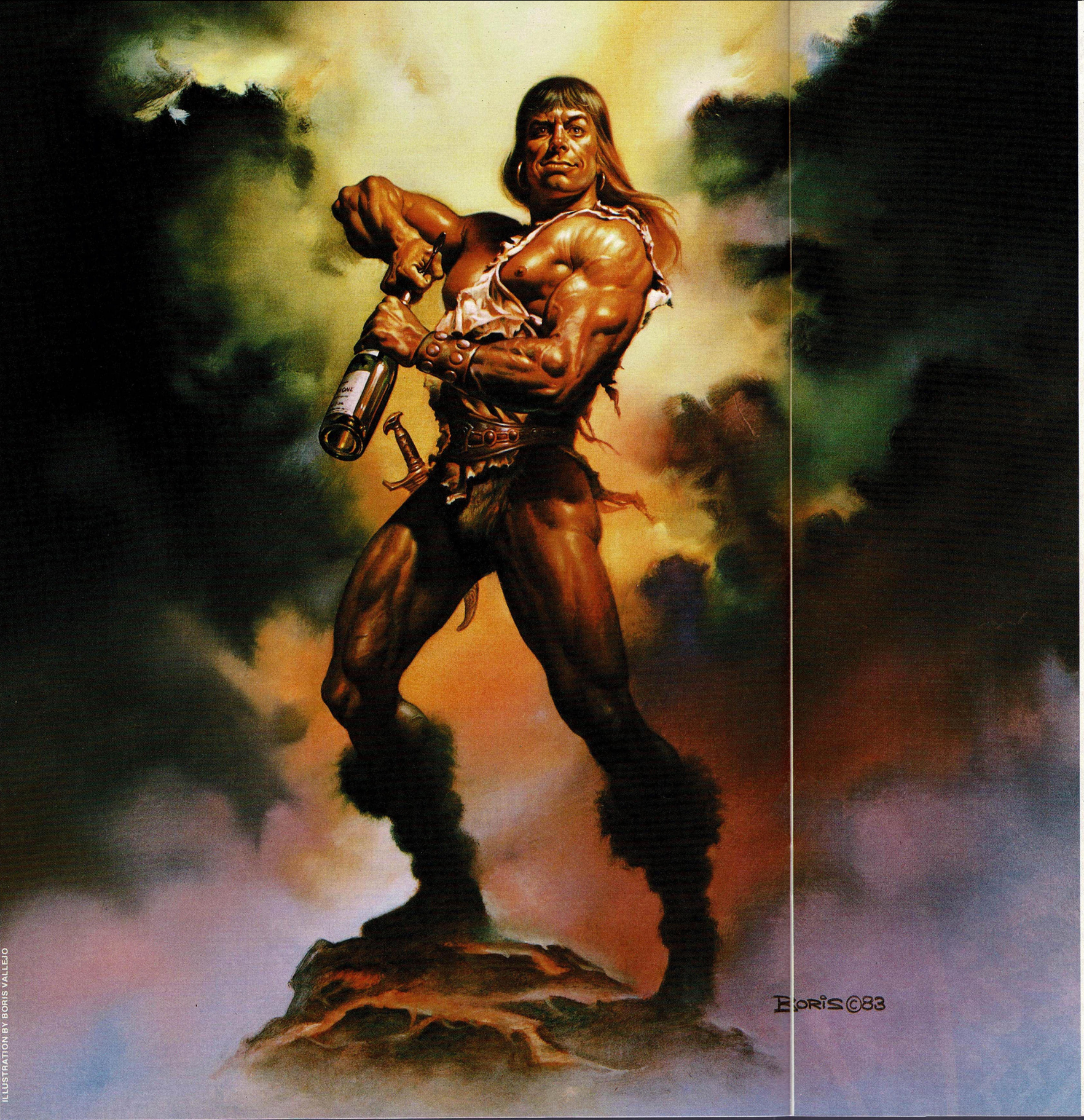


ILLUSTRATION BY BORIS VALLEJO

THE MANLY ARTS

Raise your glasses to those all-important male rites.

LISTEN," my mother has said to me, "you know why men are useful? It's that little inside pocket in their jackets. They can carry a passport. Maybe a packet of Benson and Hedges Extra Mild for you. It's very convenient."

"Is that all?"

"Mmmm. A man has a razor you could borrow for your legs. You can wipe your glasses on his tie. Also, a man is good for screwing. . ."

"Eh, Mother, my therapist told me I shouldn't talk with you about that kind of. . ."

"And unscrewing. Especially light bulbs way up on the ceiling. And taps so they won't drip. And wringing wet laundry out. And jars. I married three times just so I could get jars open. A happy male-female relationship should contain lots of tightening and opening. Otherwise, you need a man as much as you need a spastic colon."

This sort of talk has never jeopardised my self-esteem. See, I know that Mother doesn't consider me a man, she considers me a son — which is something different, possibly genderless. But don't get the wrong slant on her: Mother isn't spermicidal. She appreciates male companionship and will treat all men with the same unfailing, patient grace that she would accord to any slow hotel porter.

Me, I'm not so pessimistic. I think the Manly Arts still exist — each a mysterious and intrinsic act that men alone can bring off, either because women can't, or won't stoop so far, or are afraid their nail polish might flake off while they're doing it. From these our culture, ever since Cro-Magnon man first took mastodon garbage out or bought his mate some cheap wrist corsage, has knit a receiving blanket of obligation and trust that won't change much. After all, there should be something that will distinguish male and female — aside from yeast infections or a handle-bar lip fern. Here, then, is the Manly Art (MA)

(continued on page 86)

Article by **D. KEITH MANO**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

HOW NOT TO LOSE YOUR SHIRT

Know your game, know yourself and, as the song says, know when to walk away.

Advice by **SETH GREGORY**

JUST IN CASE you had any doubt, it has now been conclusively proven that Australians love to gamble. According to the most recent national survey, we spend over $10,000 million per year searching for that elusive winner. That translates to $719 wagered yearly for every man, woman and child in the country. And this figure *excludes* bingo receipts, charity lotteries (art unions), SP bookmaking, illegal casinos and Friday night poker games. Since World War II, we have been doubling the amount we spend gambling every five or six years and this trend appears set to continue for the foreseeable future.

Anyone looking at these figures (which are among the highest in the world) would be entitled to believe that we are a nation of starry-eyed optimists, all expecting to strike it rich without working. Nothing could be further from the truth. A recent survey by *Choice* magazine revealed that around 80 percent of gamblers expect to lose their money in the long run, yet they continue to have a punt. Perhaps it's the news stories about millionaire lottery winners or the thrill of the occasional win. Maybe it's simply the desire to get something for nothing. Whatever the reason, gambling is an intimate part of our national culture and it is also one of our main leisure pursuits. In Australia today, no man is considered sophisticated unless he knows at least a little about gambling.

Understanding gambling and actually having a bet are two different things. The plain truth is that gambling when the odds are stacked permanently against you is not only illogical, it's futile. Nevertheless, no one is logical all the time and sooner or later, we all have a flutter. When we do, we should at least know how the various games work. Such knowledge doesn't guarantee a win, but you can be sure that gambling without understanding makes losing almost certain.

This guide has been prepared to teach you how common forms of gambling work. Entries have been arranged alphabetically, encyclopaedia style; each is self-contained so you can skip around and read them in any order. Except where noted, all the rules, odds and payoffs described are Australian.

BACCARAT

If there is one thing James Bond fans have learned it's that sophisticated casino gamblers (the ones who wear dinner jackets and are accompanied by expensive dames) always play high-stakes baccarat.

Actually, baccarat (*baccara* in Europe) is the general name for several similar card games including *chemin de fer* and *punto banco*. Although there are minor differences, all forms of baccarat are basically the same. The object is always to draw the highest hand possible. Each card's value is indicated on its face (3, 4, 5, and so on) with the exception of the court cards (jacks, queens and kings) which are each worth 10. A hand's point value is calculated by summing the values of the individual cards. However, if the sum exceeds 9, only the last digit of the hand is counted. For example, hands totalling 7 or 17 are both counted as 7. Hand values range from 0 to 9.

A typical baccarat table includes room for nine to 14 players. On the table are a card box called a shoe which contains several decks of cards and a long thin paddle (*palette*) which the croupier uses to transact business. Players must make their bets before the game starts. If a player wants to cover the entire bank, he says *banco* and his bet has precedence over all others. If no one bancos, then bets for amounts less than the total bank are accepted.

The banker deals two cards, face down, to himself and to the active player. The player must examine his cards first. If his hand's value is 8 (or its equivalent, 18) he calls *la petite*, if the total is 9 he says *la grande*. The banker now turns his cards over. If the player's hand exceeds the banker's, all winning players (those who bet against the bank) are paid off. If the banker wins, the croupier collects his winnings for him. A draw is a stand-off; no one wins or loses.

If the active player's hand total is less than 8, he says "pass". The banker then examines his own hand. If his cards total to 8 or 9, he turns them over and the croupier collects all losing bets. If the banker does not have an 8 or 9, the next move is the player's. This doesn't mean the player (or the banker, for that matter) actually has any discretion over what he will do next. He doesn't; play proceeds more or less automatically according to pre-set rules. For example, if the active player's hand value is 4 or less (5 or less in some versions), he must draw a card; if his hand totals to 6 or 7 he cannot draw whether he wants to or not. The playing rules are printed on cards and given to players before the game begins.

In baccarat, the bank and the player continue drawing cards (according to the rules, of course) until someone wins. The main difference between various forms of baccarat is the flexibility given to the players. This varies from very little in *chemin de fer* to none at all in *punto banco*. In the latter game, since all moves are dictated by the rules, the croupier often takes the part of the active player. In Australian *punto banco*, bets against the bank pay even money while wagers with the bank pay 19 for 20. (The five percent deduction from bets with the bank goes to the casino.) Statisticians have calculated the bank's advantage at about one percent.

BINGO, LOTTO AND OTHER NUMBERS GAMES

Long the mainstay of church and club fund-raising, bingo appears to be especially popular among lower-to-middle class women. (A recent poll revealed that 84 percent of bingo players are women.) Despite its numbing monotony, bingo has become big business in Australia. Last year, a single bingo hall in Brisbane's Fortitude Valley raked in more than $9 million and

paid around $7 million in prizes.

Bingo developed from the Italian game "lotto" and its similarities to our various lotto games is obvious. Like lotto, bingo requires the choosing of random numbers. Typically, numbers are printed on separate balls which are mixed up and selected one at a time. The chosen numbers are announced over a public address system. Sometimes the whole procedure is computerised. Each player holds one or more bingo cards and these each contain 25 numbers arranged in rows of five. Whenever a selected number appears on the card, the player covers it with a token or similar device. In the old days, players had to cover every number on their cards to win but today prizes are often awarded for covering a single line of five numbers, or two lines, or some other combination. When the required pattern has been achieved, the player shouts "bingo". The card is checked and, if correct, the prize awarded.

Although the precise figures vary, about 75 percent of bingo takings are returned to players as prizes; the rest goes to charity, governments and the game's organisers. This means that for every dollar invested, players, as a whole, can expect back only 75 cents. This is far less than in many casino games where 95 percent or more of gamblers' money is returned. But it is still better than most government-sponsored lotteries where 60 percent returns are the norm.

Unlike bingo, no one knows whether the various state lotteries and lotto games appeal more to women than men. One thing is certain — there are a lot of players. Up to $17 million has been invested in lotto in a single week in New South Wales alone. In Queensland, $160 million is invested each year in various state-run lotteries. Today's figures are a far cry from Australia's first lottery (actually a sweepstakes) based on the 1881 running of the Sydney Cup. The total stake in that lottery was 2000 pounds; the winner received 900. A few years later, the NSW government legislated against gambling, forcing the organiser, George Adams, to move interstate. Today, of course, state governments encourage gambling because they keep 40 cents for every dollar wagered in the various lotteries.

Lotteries are classic sucker bets. Not only is the return a mere 60 cents in the dollar but the odds against winning a major prize are simply enormous. Take lotto, for example. Although it goes by different names in the various states, the basic idea is exactly the same. Punters must choose six correct numbers from 40. There are exactly 3,838,380 ways to do this (check it yourself if you don't believe me). In probability terms, this means the likelihood of choosing the correct numbers and winning the big payout is 0.0000003. The probability of winning if you don't buy a ticket at all is 0.0000000. In other words, the probability of winning is about the same — to six decimal points anyway — whether you buy a ticket or not. The odds are a bit better with other lotto-type games like the Pools. Since Pools players are required to choose six numbers from 38 rather than 40, they are faced with only 2,760,681 possibilities, or considerably less than in lotto. With these lower odds, anyone who plays seven days a week should win the Pools at least once every 7500 years.

If you *must* play lotto, then at least maximise your winnings by playing unpopular number arrangements (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, for example). Hardly anyone chooses such sequential numbers, so if they come up (remember they are as likely, or unlikely, as any others), you will probably not have to share your prize with anyone else.

BLACKJACK

Blackjack is one of the most popular casino games; there is at least one blackjack table in every casino in the world, more often four or five. Although blackjack is related to the game of *vingt-et-un* which was widely played in France and Italy in the 17th century, the present game was developed in America. The name comes from an early rule that gave a bonus to players holding the ace of spades and a black jack. Although this rule no longer applies, the name has stuck.

Pools players are faced with 2,760,681 possibilities. . . anyone who plays seven days a week should win at least once every 7500 years.

Blackjack is played at a semi-circular table at which up to seven players may be comfortably seated. The dealer stands opposite and plays against each player independently. Marked on the table's surface is important information concerning payoffs and rules. In addition, the minimum and maximum bets are usually indicated. The game itself is deceptively simple. After the cards are mixed and shuffled, players are required to place their bets in the rectangular betting space directly in front of them. Then, beginning with the player on his extreme left, the dealer gives each player and himself one card face up. A second card is then dealt to each player. All cards have their face value (4, 5 and so on) except aces which can be worth 1 or 11 and court cards (jacks, queens and kings) which each count 10. The object is to obtain a hand with a higher total value than the dealer's without exceeding 21. If a player makes 21 on his first two cards, he has a "blackjack" or "natural" and is immediately paid off at odds of 3 to 2. An exception is when the dealer has an ace or a card with a value of 10. When this happens, players holding a blackjack must await the outcome of the dealer's hand.

After the initial round, the dealer asks each player whether he wishes to stand or draw additional cards. Players can attempt to improve the point value of their hand by drawing cards, but if they exceed 21 they lose. After each player has had a turn, the dealer plays out his hand according to preset house rules. Usually these require dealers to draw with a hand of 16 or less or stand with 17 or more. If the dealer exceeds 21, all remaining players receive payoffs at 1 to 1 odds (or, as already mentioned, 3 to 2 for blackjack). If the dealer ends up with a total between 17 and 21, only players whose hands exceed this are paid off. If the player and dealer tie, the player's bet is returned.

This is basically all there is to the game except for three player options. First, players who receive a pair on their first two cards can split them into two separate hands. The player must wager an amount equal to his original bet on each. He then plays his two hands according to the normal rules with two exceptions: he receives only 1 to 1 odds even if one of his hands is a blackjack and, if he splits a pair of aces, he can draw only one card to each ace. A second option, doubling down, allows a player with a two-card total of 9, 10 or 11 to double his initial bet. The catch is that he can only receive one additional card. Finally, when the dealer's first card is an ace, players may make an "insurance" bet against the dealer's making 21. Any player who wishes such insurance must wager an amount equal to half their original bet. If the dealer makes 21, the player is paid off at 2 to 1 odds.

Blackjack gives the players more leeway than any other casino game except poker. They can decide to draw cards, split pairs and so on. What's more, players receive 3 to 2 odds for blackjack whereas the dealer gets only even money (1 to 1) for the same hand. Nevertheless, you probably will not be surprised to learn that the odds still favor the dealer. The reason is simple: the player's choices precede the dealer's. If the player goes bust (exceeds 21) he loses even if the dealer later goes over 21 as well. Because he plays last, the dealer enjoys an average six percent advantage over the player.

This advantage can be reduced in two ways. Players can try to keep track of all cards as they are dealt, adjusting their bets as more or fewer 10-point cards are used, or they can use a card-drawing strategy (or both). Since most of us cannot recall all the cards as they are used (and casinos often use multiple decks just to discourage card counting), we are left with only the strategy option. According to gambling writer Barrie Hughes, the British Gaming Board has recommended the following strategy:

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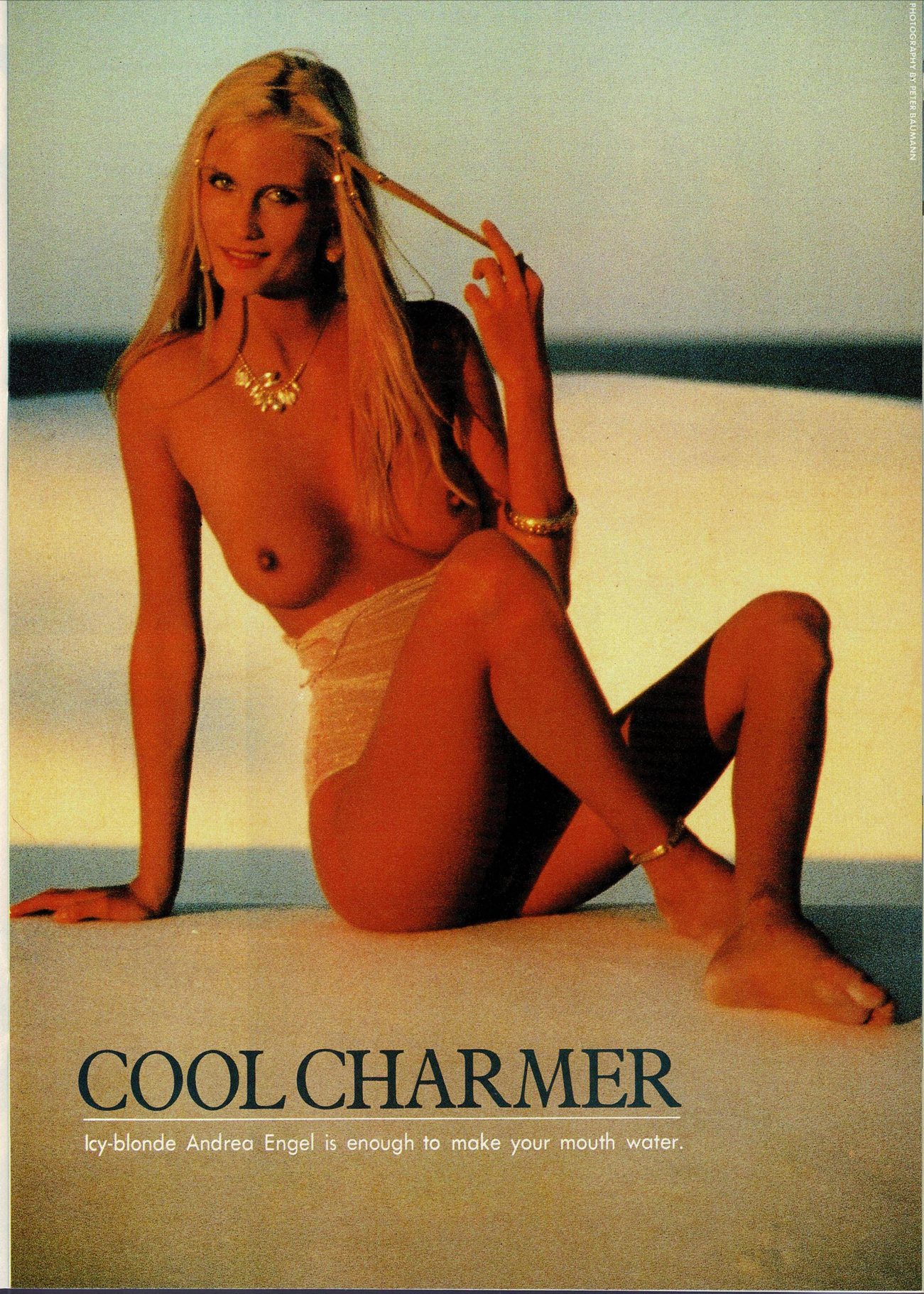


PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BAUMANN

COOL CHARMER

Icy-blonde Andrea Engel is enough to make your mouth water.

When Andrea Engel recently finished university she decided it was about time she let down her long, blonde hair and saw a bit more of the world than her geography books had previously offered.

And for someone who had already explored the best of her local beaches, where else could she go but the South Pacific, a mecca for sun-lovers from around the world.

The tanned Andrea returned looking absolutely perfect for her new-found career as a model for an advertising company. And that golden skin is just the ticket to take any man's mind off long, cold winter nights.

"A man doesn't have to be handsome, but he's got to have personality. He's got to treat me right. When I'm with a special man it gives me a chance to fantasise to my heart's content."

Not that any night with Andrea would be anything less than steamy. "Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night because I've dreamt of spiders and snakes," says Andrea. "I'd rather the dreams were about lions and leopards!"

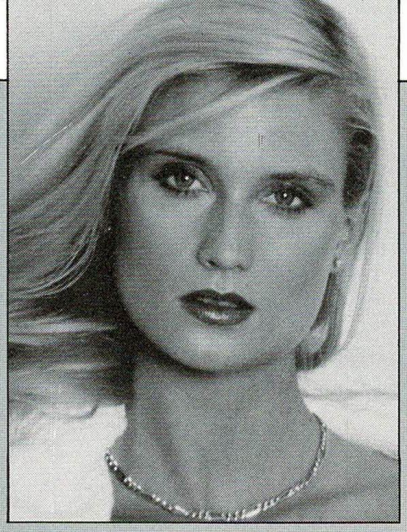
Sounds like a good case for a bit of midnight protection.

And in the morning? Andrea says she is anything but an angel. "I can be really ill-tempered in the morning," she confides. "If someone asks me for anything in the morning I get really upset. Normally I get up about lunch-time and spend half an hour in the bath. When I'm relaxed enough I'm okay."

"I'm at my peak in the evening. If someone fancies his chances with me, his best bet is to shower me with compliments."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Andrea Engel

BUST: 91cm WAIST: 63cm HIPS: 91cm

HEIGHT: 172cm WEIGHT: 60kg SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 11/8/62

AMBITIONS: To succeed in my modelling career to the point where I can dictate my hours.

TURN-ONS: Spending sprees! Buying lots of nice clothes and sunbaking.

TURN-OFFS: Going anywhere that means having my clothes reek of smoke; spiders and snakes.

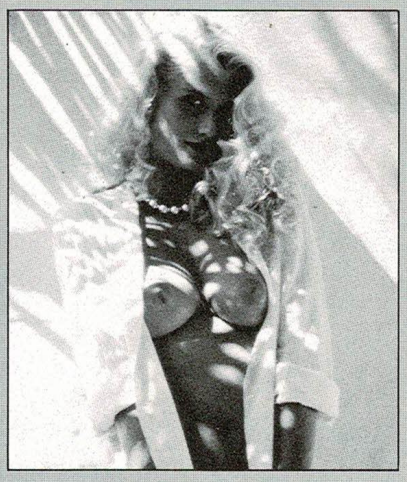
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Thorn Birds, Passage To India and Gorky Park.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Rolling Stones, Michael Jackson and Prince.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skiing, jazz ballet and swimming.

IDEAL MAN: A tall man with an innate desire to spoil and pamper his lady (namely me!)

SECRET FANTASY: To board a learjet with my ideal man and be flown around the world.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A well-known Australian stereo manufacturer is reputedly thinking of sponsoring a Miss Hi-Fi quest. We presume that the girl they'll be looking for will have big tweeters, a certain amount of bass wobble, and will turn on at the press of a button.

Little Joey looked up at his mother and innocently inquired:
"Mummy, why don't trains have little trains the way that people have little babies?"
"Well, son," came the reply, "I think it's because trains pull out on time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *organ grinder* as a girl with chipped front teeth who gives head.

A doctor sent a very jaded executive to a nudist colony for a complete rest. Upon his return, the medico gave him a ring to ask how it had been.
"It wasn't bad at all once I got used to it," the businessman answered. "The first three days were the hardest."

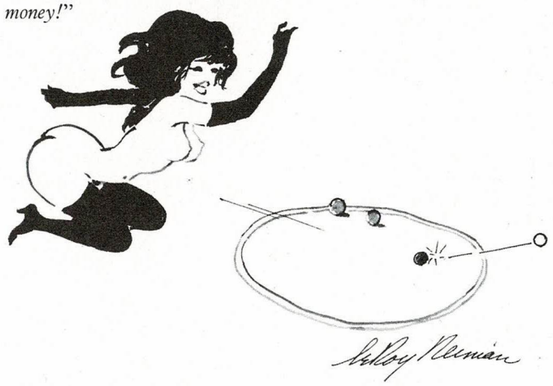
Two women were waiting for a bus and started up a conversation.
"I had such a wonderful time last night," confided one to the other.
"Doing what?" asked her fellow traveller.
"Well, getting laid actually!" came the blushing reply.
"What did he look like?"
"Cute, cuddly, baby blue eyes, blond hair. . . and to think I was paid!" "You're a prostitute!" exclaimed the other woman.
"I am not!" retorted her new friend indignantly. "I'm a babysitter."

A well-known businessman met an absolutely gorgeous call-girl one evening in a bar and after a few drinks and some cosy chatting she invited him back to her penthouse apartment.
The man was astonished by the luxurious premises. The marble bathroom had a huge jacuzzi where they frolicked for an hour or so before jumping into her king-size waterbed. She performed all sorts of amazing stunts and, in the morning, the man confirmed to her that it was the best night of sex he'd ever had.
"I'm so pleased that you enjoyed yourself," she purred. "It will cost you $20."
"Only $20?" he queried. "I thought it would be much more than that. How come you live surrounded by so much luxury if your fee is so ridiculously low?"
"Oh, easy," she grinned. "I sell X-rated videos. Wanna see yours?"

Though at times sex is sin," mused Miss Grillo,
As she eyed the nude guy from her pillow,
"Your equipment's so small
That it's no sin at all —
I would term it a mere peccadillo."

A woman was attempting to push her way through the queue at a crowded theatre.
"Let me through!" she shouted to the usher. "I have a mezzanine box."
"Look, lady," came the reply, "I don't care if you have brass tits, you can just wait your turn!"

The young bride was absolutely exhausted after the first few days of her honeymoon with her 75-year-old husband.
While he was shaving in their hotel room, she staggered downstairs to the coffee shop and ordered some breakfast.
"What's the matter, dear?" the waitress inquired. "Here you are, a pretty young thing with an old husband and it's *you* that's worn out, not him."
"That man double-crossed me," hissed the newly-wed. "He told me he saved up for 60 years and I thought it was *money!*"



While rummaging through his wife's dressing-table drawers, the farmer discovered three soybeans and an envelope containing $24 in cash.
When he questioned his wife about the curious items, she sheepishly confessed that she hadn't been completely faithful to him over the years. "When I did fool around," she explained, "I put a soybean in the drawer to remind myself of my indiscretion."
The farmer then admitted that he hadn't always been faithful, either, and was therefore inclined to forgive and forget a few moments of weakness in his wife.
"I'm curious, though," he said, "about where the $24 came from?"
"Oh, that," she shrugged. "Well, when soybeans hit $8 a bushel, I sold out!"

I met this wild army sergeant on the weekend," the sexpot giggled to her best friend. "He sneaked me into his tank during field manoeuvres and we screwed ourselves silly during the whole exercise."
"That must have been exciting," her friend replied.
"I'll say! I've never been in a tank before!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"He's an illegal immigrant. He does all the jobs around the house I don't want to do."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHS

From the ski resort of Vail, Colorado, Rob Luck reports that not all the snow is on the slopes.

THAT LAST PUFF on the Pickeroon uplift does it — the whole goddam mountain just turns purple in the slanting afternoon sun as I ease out of the Summit station and push the boards over the edge and down. It is a magic run with the skis singing a tune on the dry, packed *piste*.

I am feeling no pain as I pull a couple of phony jet turns off the bottom and slice through the speeders doing their last bombing runs into home base. My boots do their own little schuss along the icy pavement into the village and guide me straight to Cyrano's boozer. Against my will you understand. I pull the bartop under my elbows, take a glazed gaze around me and order a Budweiser beer.

"Hi, honey, that's a cute little accent you've got there. Where y'all from anyways?"

She was two places along, so close I wondered how I'd missed her in my last sweep of the bar. But then I knew — focusing on the middle distance was stiff enough, close-ups were out of the question.

"Here, have one on me," she said as she dived into her bag and came up with a tiny silver spoon full of what looked like talcum powder. For the first time, my fazed optics pulled into close-range focus and I became aware of two things: the silver spoon was attached to a slender silver chain that curled up from between a set of nicely tanned boobs, that were attached to a pretty damned fine-looking blonde, who was attached to the voice that just made the offer; and what was in that there spoon had nothing whatsoever to do with talcum powder.

●

Vail, Colorado (Sin City, USA) is splashed across the Western Rockies like a huge, luscious ice cream bowl — 101 flavors of fun, sun, snort, sex and skiing. Even as I step out of the doors of my quaint-ass aeroplane and pull a Budget Bronco for the hike up Highway I-70 West from Denver, they have announced the new Flavor of the Month: Decadence. I am ahead of the main Aussie contingent who are in for a big lick each year. Around 3000 from Down Under reportedly home in on Vail annually; in fact the town draws more Aussie sportspeople than most places on earth.

If big is beautiful, then Vail has it. Set the speed control on the car at a legal 60

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM GALA

(100km/h) and it will take you around five minutes to drive the freeway from east to west Vail. Bit different to Aussie resorts, which you could easily miss in the middle of one winter sneeze. And then there's still Beaver Creek.

In that eight kilometre sprawl of condos and lodges lies the perfect antidote to topside winter boredom. Around 80 restaurants, dozens of bars and discos, and about 20,000 peak season ski hokies means there's something always going down. Even the free shuttle buses run to 3am, and start again at 5am to pick up the stragglers. What better sign do you need than that?

Then there's the mountain, the reason you came here, remember? Vail Mountain is, like, big. It's 11,000 feet (3400 metres) at the top and even the base starts 2000 feet (600 metres) above where the highest mountain in Australia leaves off. It's nearly 2000 hectares overall with more than a third of that total set down to ski runs. If you added up every resort in NSW and Victoria and junked them together, Vail would be bigger. The mountain network is a cobweb of lifts including a six-passenger gondola, 16 double and triple chairlifts spread over three main mountain areas and two back bowls. Hughie, the great god of snow, smiles on this skiscape with around 10 metres of snow each season and the sun god blesses it with 75 percent clear days. Just in case Hughie throws a tantrum, almost 120 hectares are covered with computer-controlled snow-making (close to Thredbo's total ski area).

For the experts who come here to taste the worst and the toughest, Vail offers 30 percent of the mountain up to black and double-black trails. The powder bowls are a bonus. The rest is the other reason you could go there, even if you'd never skied before — 70 percent beginner and intermediate slopes. There are 500 ski instructors, including some Aussies, to show novices how to use a big section of this big mountain in well under a week.

All of that is reason enough to go to Vail, but none of it is the real reason. The real reason is a scent you can whiff from the deepest underground disco to the head of the highest run. It's an international perfume called atmosphere, and just one sniff of it is enough to make you succumb.

I start badly. I meet Susie, who can't believe her bad luck with such a broken-down ski bum, but she is fast on her feet. Right off she decides Beaver Creek will be an easy start. Wrong. As we motor in, we pass the fluorescent sign above the local grog shop. Would you believe it's called Beaver Liquors. Naturally I point it out. "Yeah," says Susie, "they even tried to stop them callin' it that in court. They lost."

Cruisin' Susan has just two speeds — off the air, and parked at the bar. We'd put one hell of a day in the can, and over a few drinks we run some pretty fantastic instant replays. The truth serum we take doesn't help — the recall jumps get bigger, the verticals get steeper, the powder chokingly deep. The freeze frames blur, dissolve into dinner, and then at The Underground the girls arrive. Susie knows some, gives introductions, and useful hints: "Take this one," she tells Barbara-Ann. "If he does it like he skis you'll never walk again."

Another rough day in paradise: clear skies, crutch-deep powder, non-existent ski-lines, dangerous company. And the girl beside you says she has a pack full of snort.

Today we ski the outer limits. The Never Never of Vail's outreach ski slopes. We have a gang and we have the guides, for out there you can fall off the edge of the world. The guides are the boys from the ski patrol. We have some hot local company, some visitors and some uncertainties. Today we ski the steeps, and that means a little trekking. Out here there are no names on the map, but the locals have every groove pegged. Like just past Seldom and Never is OS (Oh Shit). When you get to the top, and look down through the stands of aspen at the snow clinging to the vertical face, there just ain't another phrase for it. Of course there's WFO, which is further out than Yonder Gully, Yonder, Over Yonder. Yessir, when you get Way The Fuck Over, you know it, 'cause you have to hike back out.

A girl asks two rookies if they've joined the Gondola Club yet. The subscription involves getting one in during the 10-minute cabin ride.

Other trails are called China, Forever and Boo Boo, none of which need too much explaining. Some day they may even make it on to the maps. Not that the marked trails are short on cuteness. Let's take the Game Creek Bowl: Deuces Wild, Showboat and Ouzo provide the vital clues to the outcome of a certain card game which saw this part of the mountain pass over to the village fathers years back. The Lionshead (after an unmistakable rock outcrop) has spawned a whole safari of trail names from Born Free to Cub's Way and Bwana. Still other runs — First Step, Follow Me, Ledges, Over Easy, Tourist Trap and Ski Road — just tell it like it is.

Late in the day, with the mountain behind us cut to ribbons, and trashed out from stooping through the powder all day, we head on down and scratch our way across the Village Courtyard to Purcells. The bar is jammed and we shoulder in.

"Nurse, nurse," someone shouts, and the barmaid comes running, medication already poured. Right alongside, I hear a girl ask two rookies if they've joined the Gondola Club yet. It's about the best opener I have heard and it works. One of the guys just goes all cross-eyed as she outlines the subscription details, which basically involve getting one in during the 10-minute cabin ride to the top. "Now look," she starts to explain, "we have to make lift base by 8am to get a cab to ourselves..." It's going to be a long, hard night.

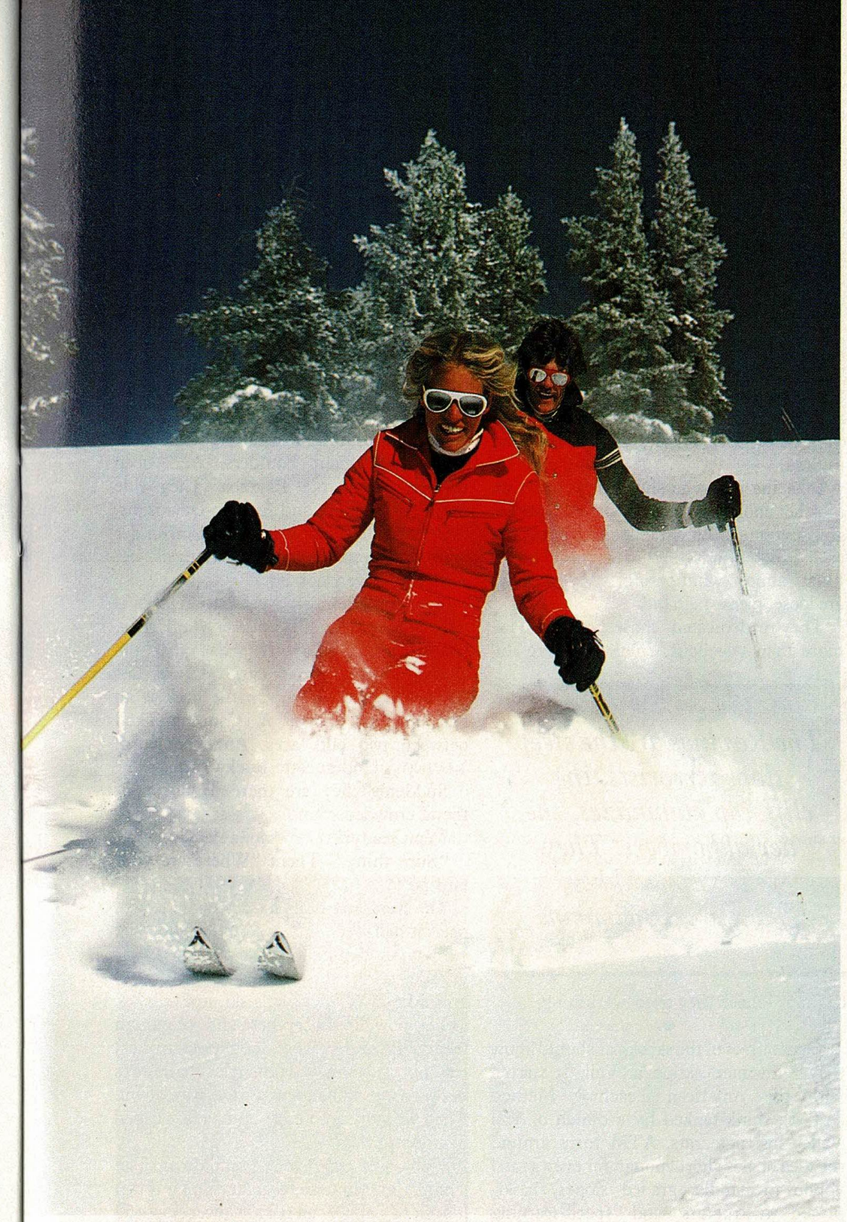
Next day, we pay. We start late, crash early and get worse. Our legs are junked and there's a cerebral short-circuit upstairs. Nothing fits together. We amble over into yesterday's powder and it has curdled. Now it's mashed potatoes. A battalion of skiers has turned the best bumps into cement staircases, or so it feels. Nothing left but to head for the outdoor deck and some intravenous therapy.

Eventually we struggle up and mooch over to Snag Park to pick up on some history. Snag Park is a wilderness of liver-colored dead trunks, spent by fires years ago but preserved like petrified wood by the altitude and cold, bug-free environment. Some say the Ute Indians burned out whole slabs of the White River National Forest in revenge for wanton decimation of the high-country elk-herds by yesteryear's white traders. Those denuded back bowls now provide some of the world's most legendary powder skiing.

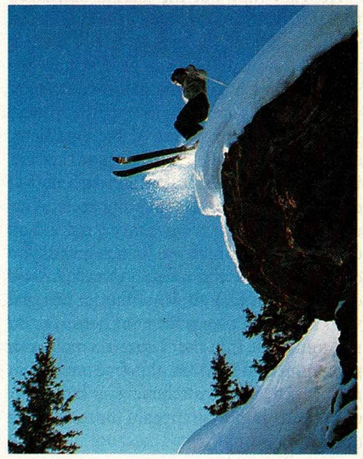
And where fire scoured out the blue spruce and lodgepole pines on the main ridges, aspen trees — slender, deciduous, and shining gold in winter — rapidly rose in their place to give Vail Mountain its unique Rocky Mountain character.

The history of Snag Park is fine, but between the burnt-out hulks is junk snow. We muscle through and head to Riva Ridge to get some more basics. Riva is named after a World War Two battle in which the 10th Mountain Division, trained and based just over at Camp Hale, was almost destroyed. It was named by Peter Seibert, a Camp Hale original who discovered Vail Mountain through Earl Eaton in 1954 and started Vail Corporation. The complete resort, built in one summer, opened in 1962. It has exploded into the biggest single mountain resort in Colorado. Now it has a master plan, a real village, three bases, township facilities, sports stadium, two radio stations (FM/AM), two newspapers and a whole heap of Tex and (these days) Mex money that has turned it into just about the most valuable resort real estate in the world. Sixty-five grand spent 10 years ago gets you 650 grand now. And that's about the bottom line for today's real estate. You can run to millions. Mr Vail put Vail on the map figuratively and literally. He's the man who used laser technology to cut through the granite mountains and forge the Eisenhower tunnel, which dropped Denver-Vail commuting time from 12 hours to two.

Topping its own 100km of trails (the longest is seven kays), Vail has grown



Another rough day in paradise: clear skies, crutch-deep powder, non-existent ski lines, dangerous company.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

Beaver Creek, a newly popular resort with Oz time-share accommodation syndicates. In between is the Avon Stolport which links ski commuters with Denver and, for Aussies, LA or Frisco, the gateway ports from Down Under. Getting there is no big deal. Sure it involves alienating your bank manager for life, incurring the wrath of your employer, eliminating a host of local lovers (whatever you do, don't take it with you, it's superfluous). But it may be worth it. Consider how cost effective it is. Where else can you get 24-hour-a-day decadence for the money. Ahah, the money. You can lob across the Pacific with Qantas on an Apex low season fare of $1250, through shoulder season, $1570, to high, $1740. Peak skiing is in low and shoulder zones. North American gateways are Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver. Colorado doorstep is Denver, cheaply reached by plane, coach or car from 'Frisco or LA (attractive options through Las Vegas en route but you'll need an early warning system against plastic fatigue in your wallet).

Vail condos cost from $US388 per week (share-twin including five-day lifts). You can go all the way up to a coupla grand a week and more, and get bathroom-jacuzzis, automated apartments which automatically magnetise certain species of females.

You can run with the bunch, booking escorted tours through Steins and Value Tours, with group departures season-through from seven days (Vail only) to 18-25 North American, up to 41 days Ski-the-World including Vail. Pack prices ask $2800-$4400 inclusive of airfares, lifts, transfers and accommodation. Flying solo, you can spend more or less, depending on your needs and who you meet. But can you afford not to go?

A thought like that requires some antidote. I drop down to MidVail for some liquid therapy, continue to waste in the afternoon sun, eventually slide into base and make the Vail Athletic Club for a workout. No shit, this place is full-on. Indoor pool and squash, full Nautilus and free weights, and a staggering array of Jane Fonda clones to spice the carpeted playgrounds and pad out the mixed saunas and jacuzzis. My mates and I are picking up already, and we drag an armload of talent to the liquor lounge and on into Maison Creole and mixed supper. Somewhere in the wee-smalls the brain hits overload and the circuit-breaker snaps to "off". I think I remember someone who looked quite like Jennifer Beals crouched over me trying to perform animal acts.

●

"You free skiing?"

"Nah," she says, "I gotta work."

"Oh yeah, so what is it today?"

Linda explains. They've had fresh snow, heaps of it. Over in the back bowls. The cats have been up all night packing down the main runs. And the powder bowls are hip-deep in new stuff too. But there's some

roped-off areas closed down so far because the cover has been too shallow. They want to open them up, so the patrol has to go out and ski them. Every inch of them. Looking for rocks and grass and junk and stuff that might mean it just isn't safe yet.

Imagine that, poor girl. What a rotten job. So she has to just ski up and down all day, right through that new, deep powder. Back and forth, over and over new ground, cutting fresh trails, stuck out on a whole mountain full of virgin snow for the day.

A lot of people at Vail have tough jobs like that. Like Kathy, a mountain hostess. Cop this. Every day, no matter what, she is forced to climb into her free skisuit, clip up her free skis, fasten her free skipass, and ski free all over that great big mountain all day. That's day in, day out, five days a week. And then there's the pressure. Like there's only 20 mates to cover the whole mountain with her. And yet there's about 3000 people all lusting after her job. Imagine performing under that pressure. It's a wonder they don't crack.

Kathy does have to work. Work is helping people. Helping people is giving directions, guiding "losts" to lifts, controlling skier movements on the mountain, keeping "speeders" out of the beginner bowls, stuff like that. She is supposed to smile a lot. With a job like that, who wouldn't?

Yeah, a lot of people in Vail have tough jobs. Like the mountain managers and the ski patrol — all forced to ski all day. Worse, they have to get up early, be first on to that new powder each day. Tough.

Another guy with a tough job is Howard Head. Howard reinvented skiing 20 years ago when he came up with the metal ski. That silly little idea earned him a mere $15 million or so. Then he moved on to tennis racquets and picked up perhaps another 30 or 40 big ones. So right now his job is asset dispersion. And when you've got that much capital it really is hard work. But he's made a good start. He bought a million-dollar condo at the foot of Chair One, then he started right in on a $250,000 refurbishing campaign. He got a new woman, and he flies all over the place all the time. And he skis all day and entertains half the night. So he's spending it pretty fast. Right now he's down to about his last $50 million or so and it's still dropping. So Howard is still skiing. Tough job.

Robby Robinson has a rough life too. He sells real estate out of the Vail main office. By a mere coincidence, the office has been planted about three ski lengths from the Lionshead gondola. And just by chance Robby used to be a ski instructor and ski patrolman and mountain manager. "And," he says, pulling out the mountain map, "let's just cruise over to Golden Peak and I'll show you that new condo. Now, let's see, we can take the gondola up, drop down Born Free, up Lift Nine, coupla quick runs in Game Creek Bowl, back up Seven..." Two arduous hours of skiing later we are in the jacuzzi. But, he says, it's crowded in here, made a big mistake mentioning it to the girls. Specially not mentioning to bring their swimmers...

Dave Lokey does it tough. Almost every day he has to go out on those slopes taking piccies. Finding the best snow, approaching the prettiest women, taking down routine details, names and numbers. Hard, hard work. Like Brian McCartney's. He runs the ski patrol. With other mountain masochists like Steve Clark and Bill Hudson he hangs in on The Hot Seat at the Summit Base, crouched over the Batphone, ready to direct a human St Bernard to a needy skier (injured or lost). There's more needy than injured.

Like the one who shuffled in while we took hot chokky. She slowly peeled back her goggles, shook out some long blonde locks and fixed Briany-boy with those baby-blues, almost whimpering: "My bindings are loose, please help me."

They're dedicated, those boys. In fact, more than two hours later they were still helping. I mean they tried everything.

●

The Ravinos are the steep slope terrorists, the cliff-top kamikazes, the aerial bombers. They take strong likker, and stronger wimmin.

Instaklutzes of the ski slopes should know they reinvented skiing at Vail. It started with the American Teaching Method (ATM), think-tanked by a bunch of Vail Valley instructocrats. ATM turns around the idea of skis short enough for even a total yobbo to handle, graded slopes, hand-picked instructors and speed-learning crafts.

At Vail, they put the learner slopes up the top, so you see the view instead of skidding around in everyone else's slush that slid downhill. Tree glades stop the weather, and huge signs guide your every move. Trails are actually marked, dear Aussie skiers, including name, gradient, and standard. At each major point, lightboards show the lift status (queues) at every main lift base (no wait, green; five minutes, yellow; 15 minutes, red). You don't get to see much red, which means you don't get to see red much. Almost anyone can ski much of Vail Mountain in just one week. You can't learn faster or better, or do it tougher in the dozen mountain restaurants. It's all on the free mountain map which, would you believe, is biodegradable and simply disappears if accidentally dropped.

Shush. This next bit is top secret. Yeah. It's about the Vail "Ski Underground". The Mob. Officially they were squashed years ago. Unofficially they still operate. Mention them and rooms hush. Questions draw blanks. "No, sir, you don't see them folk heres no more." Who are they, anyway? Oh, I see, The Ravinos.

The Ravinos, huh? Like the Hell's Angels, and the Comancheros and the Bandidos. Uhuh. Only these mothers patrol the big white canyons. They're the steep slope terrorists, the cliff-top kamikazes, the aerial bombers. The Ravinos like to "get air". Not over moguls, and little jumps, but over big drop-offs. I mean big. Like cliff-faces. And giant boulders. And deep ravines. Yeah, the Ravinos. They ride Harley-Rossignols and Atomic-Davidsons, they take strong likker, and stronger wimmin. They don't stop fer nuthin', see. And they never look back.

You don't join, you get initiated. It is mid-week and I am topside on Ramshorn, waiting for the Boys to show. Like the Outlaws, they have a uniform. Denims. Jeans and jean jacket. On the back is an embroidered badge. A grinning skull between two cliff-faces. And the word: RAVINOS. Underneath: Rocky Mtn.

Suddenly they are there. A dozen of them, crowded round.

"You ready?"

"Sure thing." Then: "Where are your outfits?"

The head guy pulls his parka zip down, peels it half-back, spins around to show the emblem on denim.

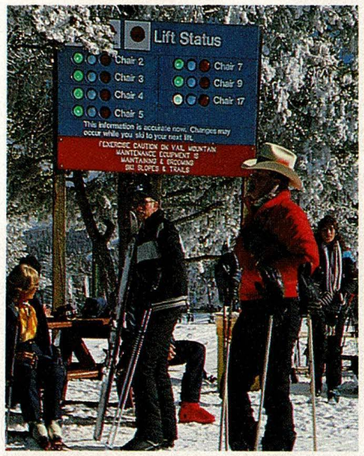
"We don't show, see. We're underground now. C'mon, let's ski, not talk."

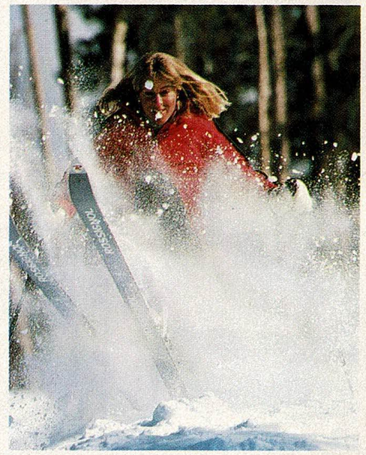
The powder is deep here and we plough trenches under the lodgepole pines, leaving snaking, symmetric signatures between the tall stands all the way down. Then we stop. And edge up to a face called The Dropoff.

I look over and down. . . and down. The landing ground is so far in and so far down it's out of sight. I can see the lower slope, 50 metres below, angling steeply down, rounding out in the valley, then matched by a steep uphill on the far side.

The idea is you pull back 10 paces, push off and drop over. It's around 10 metres straight down. The landing face is nearly vertical so you drop your ski tips, lean back, aim to land smooth. If you get that right, you have a speed ride ahead like a runaway roller-coaster. Before the dip, you just have time to straighten up, balance weight, extend a little and prepare for the compression. Up the other side you have two choices. Choice one is a slideout. If you pull it too late or too early you buy the trees or launch over the top sideways. If you run it straight, you get real big air. I mean big. Record "air" was set by a Ravino originator, who cut needles off a spruce six metres up. And cleared the cat-track 30 metres downhill. And lived. So they reckon. I make

Lightboards show the lift status (queues). You don't get to see much red, which means you don't get to see red much. Anyone can ski Vail Mountain in just one week.





a note to get some of the stuff the Ravinos use.

"Right. You're first." Small words that shatter my casual observation of the jump site.

"Whaaat?"

"That's the rule. Porky, you go around and pull up on the bottom ridge. You can watch his jump from there." Then to me: "Okay, you go when you see him in the trees. You got 30 secs."

By comparison, Hell's Angels initiation rites seem civilised. Sure they chunder on your prize jacket, nugget your balls and onion your woman. But hell, they don't force you to do an Evel Knievel with no practice over a canyon... "Go." I ease forward.

"Go, go, push, hard, go, go," they chant.

I see the snow rim, then nothing. A huge chunk of snow crumbles as I go over, then my guts drop dead away. Down below my tips, way, way down, is a white cliff. My bulging eyes pull focus on the dip ahead when I get clobbered by the clods of snow I dragged off the edge. Shit. The shock shatters my concentration. I bottom out, then the skis race forward from under me and I am streaming off the back, grappling to get forward, a runaway launching for the top of another blind hillcrest. I get forward again, but too late. I am up and over. And as I soar, a whole new world of dramas opens up below. This landing is rougher, and I compress fully, bottoming out on the snow, skidding, almost slewing, somehow straightening. I get back straight, fling into a skid and shudder to a halt a bare handful of metres from the treeline. Yahooo! I made it. I am a Ravino.

There's no rules about the next bit, but we all do it anyway. Get falling-down drunk. And molest wimmin. And tell fibs. Time was when Ravinos could tell real big fibs, based on real big events. Like pulling aerials off the cliff-tops while the Ravino picnic sloshed on below. But over the years the over-administration of preparatory medicines, and pumped-up bravado turned somersaults and twists into some-are-lucky and twisted wrecks. Ravinos got hurt. One got paralysed. Another got dead. The patrols moved in and the club was squashed. Now they've gone underground. Keep the lid on it.

●

It gets to you. Soon enough you find new positions on your pleasure meter. It's addictive. Life in the laser lane. A roller ride you can't get off. You just need another fix... another glass of fix... another ride of fix... another touch of fix... another ski of fix... another fix of fix.

Then it happens — you overdose. Ski OD, snow OD, booze OD, carnal OD... I need a holiday from this holiday.

HARD TIMES

Making an Aussie porn movie is not all it's cracked up to be.

Article by MICK ST JAMES

TELL THE TRUTH, ever wondered what it would be like to make a sex movie filled with erotic carryings-on and gorgeous naked females? Well just settle down because I know intimately what it's like.

Right here in Australia. I did it. And it is one experience I will never forget if I live to be 100!

For legal reasons I can't mention the name of the film or the real names of the actors. Some of the events I'm going to tell you about are a little close to the bone, so to speak. Suffice to say that the film was released both theatrically and on video in most states of Australia last year and has been sold for overseas distribution.

As a serious feature film writer and a film-maker with 15 years' experience doing small films, I had almost despaired of directing and producing a feature length film here. My stint at taxi driving with the Saturday night vomit in the back seat, the endless hours of conveying senile old ladies to bingo had begun to lose its glamor.

I had been involved in writing an embarrassingly awful TV soap and had called around to see a mate called Hughie, another frustrated writer, and it was while we were sharing a glass of cask white that he brought out a two-page scenario he had written.

It was so utterly tasteless it made *Pink Flamingos* look like a Proustian version of a Japanese tea ceremony. I loved it. There was a red-headed nymphomaniac called Flo who, reduced by suburban ennui and the unending flow of the kind of TV garbage I was writing, had begun to

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE McGOWAN

fancy life as a kind of female Portnoy. Every innocent image of *Daze Of Our Lives, The Hung And The Restless* and *Here's Juicy* spurred her on to further masturbatory heights. And the ads. . . she was into food processor sex, cat food sex, vacuum cleaner sex, fruit and vegetable sex. I remember distinctly the image of a zucchini that somehow became involved with an inflatable postman dummy and a tub of melted margarine.

But it had given me an idea. "Let's write a porno," I said to Hughie. He gulped down a mouthful of white. "In Australia? You have to be kidding!"

I went to the white phone on the wall and, without putting the mandatory 20 cents in the bottle, called the number of a film distributor who was familiar with my writing. "If I were to make a dirty film about a bored housewife, could you sell it?" "Well, yes, I believe I could." I turned back to Hughie and grinned: "We're in the blue movie business, pal."

First I had a couple of minor details to settle. Where would I get the money? And where the hell would I get my sex stars? In Australia there's no San Francisco, LA or Copenhagen where there's a hard core of regular screen porno stars, and a large number of volunteers who float in and out of the industry. Where in Australia could I find my cornucopia of carnality, the carloads of copulating couples crazy for cinematic celebrity?

And the script? What was our story really going to be about? The idea of a straight-out porno retreated and in its place arose the idea of a film with sufficient erotic footage for the blue market overseas, and an R-rated version with genuine talent, production values, and humor to appeal to the larger conventional market. Over the next couple of weeks Hughie and I bashed out a script.

I then set out to find my female lead, my star. Since Australians still tend to be sexually conservative and self-conscious about appearing in blue movies, this was a daunting task. Massage parlors, strip joints, acting agencies... where would I begin? Could I print gold-lettered cards and approach beautiful girls in the street? It so happened that my distributor, Sol, had, in the old days, been into sex movies. He used to bring the XXX versions into Australia and a young man (now one of Australia's best feature film editors) would cut the shots considered corrupting for the average Australian. Sol still had his secret file.

As I flipped through the pouting photos my hopes began to fade. Then suddenly I had one in my hand that wasn't bad, not bad at all... a fashion model and she had done some acting. Sol promised to set up a meeting with her in his office the following day.

I put my empty coffee mug on Sol's desk and looked at Rachel. She had striking features, delicately smooth skin, a slender body with good breasts and a cascade of tawny hair. Despite the expensive and flamboyant style in which she dressed, she had a certain housewifely air. Here was our Flo. But would she want to be? Would she want to tear off all her clothes and become a wild beast before the camera? I began explaining what I had in mind.

It turned out she was game. The modelling world had begun to bore her and she was ready to give herself passionately to her new career as an Australian sex goddess.

We had written most of the sex roles so there weren't any extended acting scenes, but there were other roles that needed real actors. I hawked the script around the acting agencies, and although it was rejected as pornographic by one, others were prepared to give it a go. Meanwhile we had decided that the sex goddess's on-screen partner would be her real-life husband, a footy hero who saw himself as a macho stud and was into leather. Hubby had a fund of bizarre tales, wild sexual exploits from his single days. Rachel assured me she could get him to do anything she wanted when it came time for the cameras. However, the formula for a sex movie demands different combinations of action. Rachel and hubby needed a supporting cast.

I put a two-line ad — "Actors wanted for erotic movie" — in a popular morning newspaper under Situations Vacant. I hired a video camera and set it up in a cluttered room in the back of Sol's building, then sat back and waited. To my surprise, we were inundated with telephone calls. I was even more suprised when the aspiring porno movie stars began to show. A more unappealing sample of troubled youth you would be unlikely to see. But we were determined to do the right thing so over a period of about six hours we screen-tested them all, from fat 15-year-old girls to pimply bummed young men with red welts over half their bodies. It wasn't till we were ending our screen test of a semi-naked psoriasis sufferer that the mystery was solved. No, the young man said, he didn't come here to be a porn star. The ad had said "neurotic movie". My God! What were all those neuros thinking as they paraded in front of our camera with its probing zoom lens? Perhaps they thought Sol and I were perverts. Perhaps they thought... Christ knows what they thought. Anyway, if you're looking to make that kind of film we have a small video library of potential neurotic movie stars. I decided to run the ad again. This time it would be EROTIC, in capital letters. Next time was more

RAISING THE HARD CASH

Story and script	$ 2000
Producer/Director fees	4000
Production manager (student)	1000
Accountancy	3000
Camera crew and equipment	6000
Sound crew and equipment	2000
Lighting crew and equipment	4000
Art department's wages	1000
Editing staff	3000
Cast	10,000
Music	2000
Sets, props and locations	4000
Make-up and hairdressing	1000
Film and sound stock (including processing and printing)	19,000
Special effects, optical sound track, matching original	2000
Sound effects, post-dubbing, final sound mix	2000
Hire of editing rooms and projection theatre	3000
Travel and taxis	1000
Catering	1000
Insurances	2000
Finance and legal	500
Auditing	500
Miscellaneous	1000
	$75,000

The payments for writer/producer/director (which can be up to a third of the budget for many Australian features) were deliberately minimised as our "investment" in the film. Many other areas of the budget were way below average either because I took up the slack when money got low (camera and editing, for example) or quickly learned new abilities (such as legal and finance). I also got people to do things for super cheap rates (almost everything, in fact)! The only area in which I didn't skimp was the amount of footage we shot. The distributor advanced another $7000 or so on final prints, video masters and promotion. Shooting the film took 16 days; 16mm film was used, and editing took approximately three months.

rewarding although far fewer hopefuls showed. But there was a sleek young Alain Delon type full of confidence. At that time he was working in a suburban bottle shop. When Sammy took off his leather jacket and fading jeans I saw he had strange oriental designs tattooed over almost all of his body.

Then there were the two strippers whose boss had seen the ad, a spikey-haired blonde gamin of around 20, and a dusky maiden from New Zealand with huge tits, coal-black eyes and a flashing white smile. Her name was Anna. I slid one of her tapes into the portable cassette deck and sat back, real cool, to watch my own personal strip show. Anna was a real find, and she wasn't fazed when I told her the role required a full-on sex scene with Sammy. They'd sat together waiting their turn to be screen-tested and she quite fancied him. Things were beginning to fall into place.

But I had to think about raising the money. By doing most of the work myself and by getting most of the major creative people to accept a slice of the action, I kept the budget minimal. The original figure was $55,000. This grew to around $75,000. I began to hunt for all the rich "dirty old men" I could find. After a while I had enough believers, friends, deviates and dabblers to put up the money. And I had found a number of real actors (some surprisingly well known) who were prepared to appear in the film because the outrageous character cameos gave them a chance to do things some of them had always secretly dreamed of.

The only actor hired on reputation alone was a raving redhead from Noosa. We'll call her Bubbles. I spoke to her on the phone, sent her a script and money for the train fare. She had a wispy, child-like voice. I was curious to meet her. Sol assured me he had seen footage of her on the bonnet of a red T-Bird that was so hot the duco bubbled. On meeting her at the railway station I began to feel less hopeful.

The only possibility on the rapidly clearing platform was a doll-like figure with curly, carrot-colored hair and accompanied by four small children. It was indeed Bubbles. It turned out her children would not tolerate baby-sitters so they had to be on set all the time, plus Bubbles was pregnant to a guy trying to pressure her into having an abortion. She was also in the process of rediscovering her latent religious leanings. Her child-like voice rattled on. It was about this time I began to wonder if, after all, the neurotic movie might not be the better one to do.

I had been working 16 to 18 hours a day over the past few weeks and hadn't seen much of my girlfriend, Julie. The next day she walked into my flat and seeing Bubbles (who had installed herself as my house guest) propped up between the sheets in my bed immediately came to the wrong conclusion. She refused to speak to me for the duration of the shoot, though she was on set every day doing the catering.

We borrowed a fabulous mansion to use as a set for most of the filming. The time soon came for Bubbles to do her thing. But, for someone who claimed to do "absolutely anything", she seemed strangely evasive when it came to talking about her scenes. I could feel there was going to be a problem with Bubbles but I figured if I could persuade her to relax and get into her first nude dancing scene, then the rest of the horny stuff might fall into place.

We were shooting a scene in which a dozen naked girls were cavorting around a three-foot styrofoam dick and Bubbles was upstairs rehearsing her dance steps with our choreographer. She was supposed to be a professional dancer, but it turned out she was as agile as a pregnant cow (the delicate words of the choreographer). Bubbles' kids were backstage destroying $300 of glitter make-up and our make-up lady was threatening to kill them. Around 2am the sound system, the musicians, the light

I was curious to meet Bubbles. Sol assured me he'd seen footage of her on the bonnet of a red T-Bird that was so hot the duco bubbled.

banks, the smoke machines, the camera crew and the dancers were all ready on stage and our choreographer wanted to go home. The music started and Bubbles, in a two-piece white leather jungle suit, hit the stage. Literally. Straight into the mike. Then, curly mane swirling, lurched straight into another dancer. The dancers began to throw off their clothes, but it seemed Bubbles had made up her mind not to strip. I was starting to get a bit apprehensive when a strange thing happened. She heard the *call*. And before we knew it, off came the white leather top, and out burst a pair of huge boobs. She writhed on the floor licking and caressing herself. Then she whipped off her ragged white leather dress and it was all out there. And she was thrusting it at the camera, into the camera, all over the camera. She had found her element, swept away with the naked wickedness of it all. There was only one problem. She couldn't dance. And this sequence was one (perhaps the only one) which had to have some class. We decided to try the second take without her.

Unknown to me, Bubbles, already miffed by the frustrated abuse of the choreographer upstairs, was in a delicate state of mind. Despite the rowdy approval by the crew, her professional pride was hurt. She sat quietly in a front row seat, then, halfway through Take Two, jumped up and flounced off.

The next morning, lying in the sun almost naked, at the back of my flat, she announced that she was going home. She was last seen disappearing down the street, all her possessions in a green garbage bag heaped onto a stolen Safeways trolley, with the four kids in tow.

We had to halt the shooting, do a major rewrite of the script and find someone else to do all of Bubbles' sex scenes. So, the production manager, Percy, a paunchy Midnight Cowboy with a heavy fist of keys dangling from the belt of his stretch jeans, set off with me on a strip joint crawl. But through the kaleidoscope of feathers, ribbons, nipples, fleshy bottoms, angry boyfriends, drunken old men and star-struck girls, no one had the style we were looking for. It was late and in the last joint of the night, the audience was gathered down close to the stage where "The Beautiful Jodie", in her black top hat and tails, was producing white doves from underneath a satin-lined robe as she stripped. Percy was in love. Later backstage we found out that "The Beautiful Jodie" was an illusionist in more ways than one. She was a trans-sexual!

As we made our way out into the empty street, Percy shrugged and waxed philosophical. "God I need a drink!" he muttered.

The next night a small group of us were eating at an inner city restaurant when there was a phone call for me. It was Percy. We had a girl. I was to pick her up at 11am the next day. I went back to the table and ordered an Irish coffee.

The next morning I met Sonia and took her to the recording studio, which was our morning's location. She was a tall, sophisticated beauty from Berlin with good skin and clear blue eyes. As we walked upstairs to the room where the crew had already set up, I was still briefing her on the film and her role in it. I had my doubts. Was this classy lady really going to rip all her clothes off and commit lewd acts on a canvas chair while an office full of people went about their daily duties just outside the door?

Her partner was to be Hector, a stylish young guy who's one of the army of rising young comedians in the country (he needed the money to help buy a car). But Hector had been up all night celebrating his birthday and he was sitting in the canvas chair in a semi-comatose state.

We only had 40 minutes to finish the scene and pack up. Luckily the hangover had left Hector subliminally horny, and when Sonia began to rip all her clothes off and commit lewd acts on the canvas chair on which he reclined wearing only his Y-fronts, he began to slip into automatic pilot. A naked nymph gyrating on his Y-fronts, moaning in ecstasy. . . Hector must have thought all his birthdays had come at once.

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The "Cats". Danielle Spencer, Sharon Millerchip, Deanne Jeffs. Choreography: John Mullins.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON FAIVRE

CATs

Rob Williams unleashes the new breed of Jaguars.

THE FELINES are on the prowl again. These street-smart strays have staked out new territory. The pedigrees are breeding a new litter. Out on the track, there's the growl of the supercats. Broadway even dedicated a musical in this automotive year of the cat.

The new breed of slinks is epitomised by the Tom Walkinshaw cat. It crouches low, covers its track and packs extra muscle tone. There's even a locally cloned special breed that's strayed into the "Tom's" territory.

JRA Limited imports the Jaguar "breed" to Australia. From half a dozen pure strains, it has improved the annual litter by around 20 percent per annum from just 644 in 1982 to more than 1000 last year. This year it's shooting for 1200.

JRA has made a lot of fat from these cats. Last year the rarest breed in its

SPECS: JAGUAR XJS HE COUPE AND CABRIOLET

ENGINE:	Aluminium, 12-cylinder, V-formation (60°) single overhead camshaft per bank, fed by Lucas electronic manifold injection Capacity: 5.3 litres Power: 295 (DIN) bhp @ 5500rpm (217kW) 320 lb/ft torque @ 3250rpm (433 Nm)
TRANSMISSION:	GM400 3-speed automatic Optional (special order) 5-speed Gertrag manual
BRAKES:	Four-wheel disc brakes; 284mm (11.8in) front diameter. 263mm (10.4in) rear diameter
SUSPENSION:	Front: Fully independent, wishbones, coils, anti-roll bar, Monitube dampers, anti-dive geometry Rear: Wishbones, radius arms and driveshaft-upper link, anti-roll bar, twin coil springs and Girling Monitube dampers
WHEELS AND TYRES:	Starfish Alloy 6.5J x 15inch rims with Pirelli P7 215/70VR-15 tyres
STEERING:	Adwest power-assisted rack and pinion, three turns lock to lock.
BODY:	Two-door, four-seater, all-steel monocoque. Five-mph telescopic bumpers.
DIMENSIONS:	Length 4.87m (16ft) Height 1.26m (4ft 1.6in) Width: 1.79m (5ft 8in) Wheelbase 2.59m (8ft 4in) Tracks 1.47m (4ft 10in) Clearance 140mm (5.5in) Weight 1687kg (3710lb)
FEATURES:	Leather interior trim, AM/FM stereo cassette, climate control (auto-dial) air-conditioning, electric windows, central doorlocking, quartz headlamps. Cabriolet: removable roof.
WARRANTY:	Mastercare 2 years/40,000km, transferable, plus third year service/maintenance to 40,000km.
PERFORMANCE:	0-100km/h: 7.8 secs Top speed: 245km/h Fuel consumption: 17.31/100km (16.3mpg) average
PRICE:	XJS HE Coupe: $62,200 XJS HE Cabriolet: $75,000

The Cabriolet: fleshing the range out with a bit of glamor.

line-up contributed as much as a sixth of its $21.8 million coup. Now it aims to plough a little back, expand the breedline, and guarantee the strain.

It will start by unleashing the supercats on Bathurst. JRA wants its hottest pussies (the XJS) to monster this event and is prepared to pump in support by the kilobucks. A three-car team will cost the local company as much as $750,000 to front for Australia's greatest motor race this October.

There is a precedent. Jaguar UK commissioned Walkinshaw, the racing cat specialist, to run Jaguars in the European touring car championship and last year it took the driver's championship and skimmed off 10/12ths of the event victories. That makes it world champion (touring cars), and the first time Jags had climbed to the top of the dais in nearly 20 years since the D-Types won at Le Mans.

This year's Bathurst is the first run for the same kinds of cars in the European championship known as Group A. The A teams will be heavily stocked at Bathurst this year and Jaguar has some hot opposition (including Volvo and the unknown quantity of the new Brock Commodores). And Jaguar has some bad memories of Bathurst. Last year's trial run by Walkinshaw lasted a few seconds and ended in a pile of junk, rammed by another competitor after the Jag failed to move at the start flag.

With bulk freight behind this year's drive, they had better do well. Jaguar UK unplugged its race commitment in Europe after winning last season, and the Aussie marathon is the only event the international champs will contest this year. The world is watching.

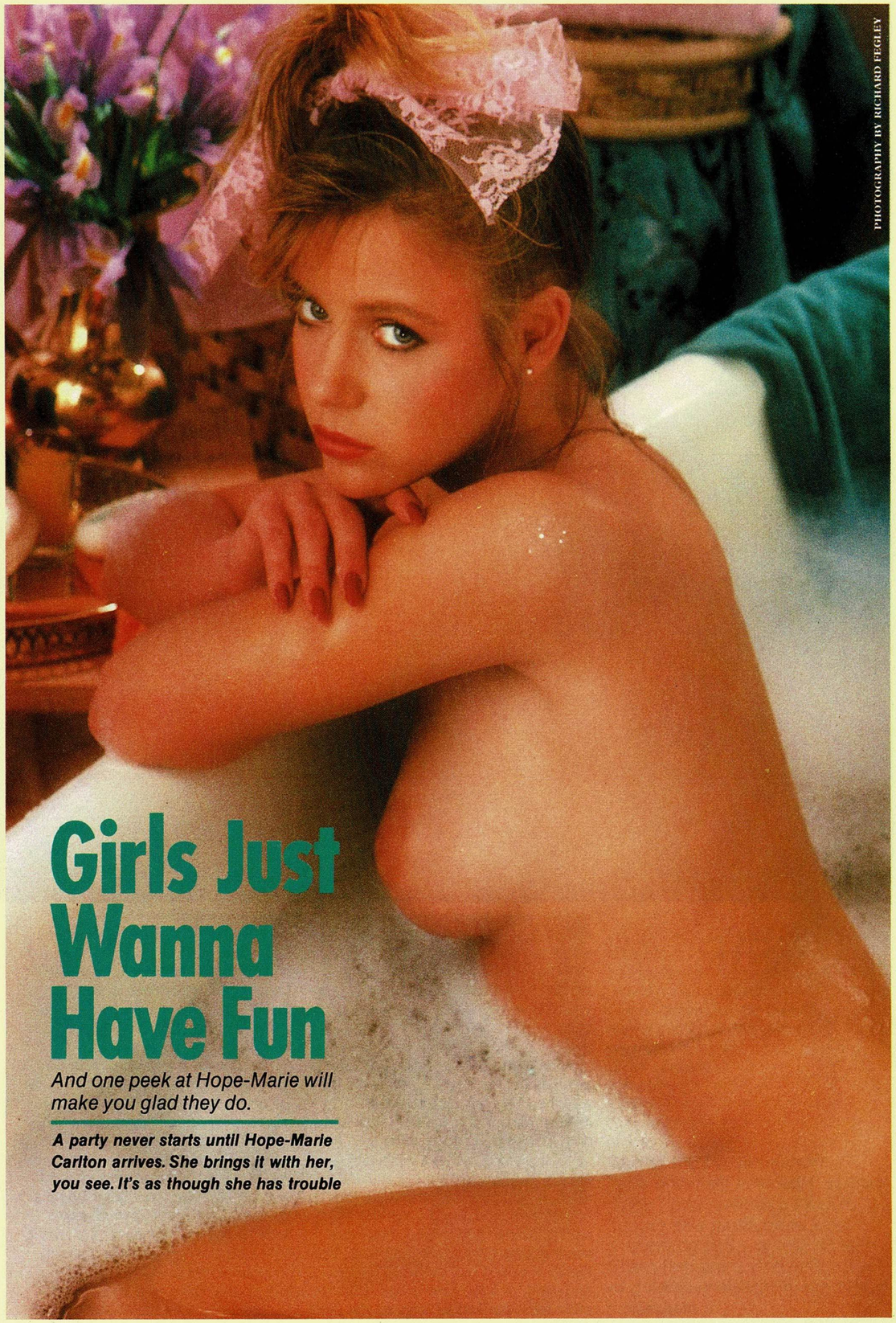
For JRA Limited, the racing Jaguars are leverage to sales success. The just-launched Cabriolet (drop-top) version of the coupe (known as the XJS-C) fleshes out the four-car range with a bit of glamor. The price of fresh air, inflation-affected along with everything else, computes at around $10,000, making the drop-top cat the high-flyer at $70,000 plus. Below it are the coupe (XJS HE at $62,000 plus) and sedans from $49,900 to nearly $63,000.

JRA aims to get its felines into as many households as possible with a kitty-care program designed to eliminate the angst from ownership of one of the world's well-renowned finicky breeds. "Mastercare" is available across the breed range to save maintenance costs. The idea is you take your charge back to the pet vet as often as you like for up to two years (or 40,000 km) free of charge. The breed has also been "cleaned up" (no more oil leaks) which cuts down on the kitty litter bill for the garage floor.

And with claimed breeding improvements, the latest cats need less automotive Snappy Tom and Whiskas to keep them going.

Future model developments will blow out the Jaguar range and open up new motor

(continued on page 116)


PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY
Girls Just Wanna Have Fun
And one peek at Hope-Marie will make you glad they do.
A party never starts until Hope-Marie Carlton arrives. She brings it with her, you see. It's as though she has trouble

"When I'm in front of that camera, I become someone else. It's like a release, and I don't think of anything else except what I'm doing. I just go crazy. I love it. The only thing that really makes me miserable is coming to a standstill."

finding a reason not to be happy and wants to spread the word.

"I'm always out to have fun," she admits. "When people say, 'Hope-Marie, you always look as if you're having a good time,' I say, 'Yeah, I go everywhere with myself.'"

Hope-Marie is determined not to let anything get her down. "I mean it's the way the cards fall, isn't it? It's as if I'm in the middle of a game right now and I don't know what's going to happen next.

"I ran computers for a while and I almost ripped my hair out. I couldn't stand it. I'd go crazy sitting there looking at a screen all day and punching in invoices. One day I got up, threw that stack of papers in the air and said, 'I've had it!' I walked out, got on my horse and went for a four-and-a-half hour ride and I was fine. And as long as you don't put me back in that office, I'll still be fine."

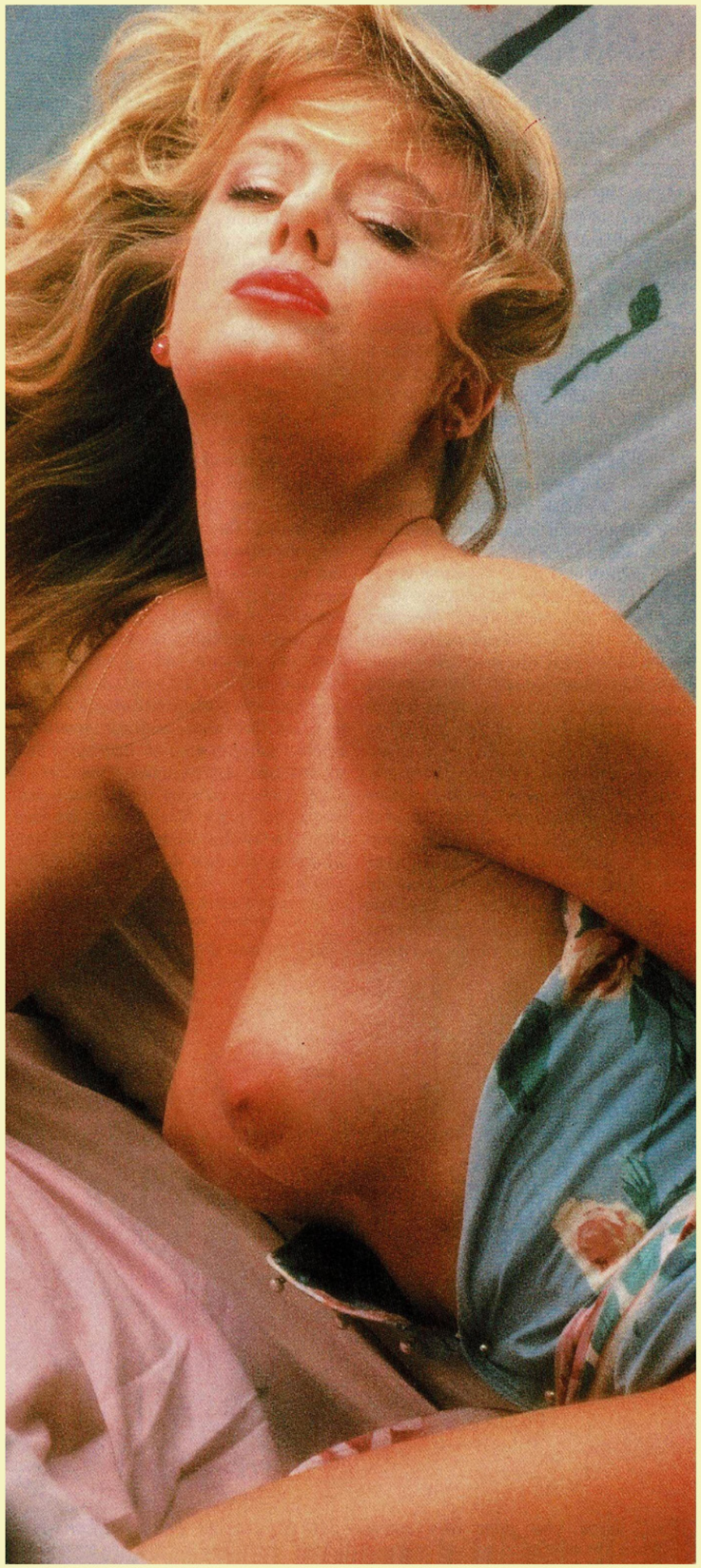
There's not much chance of that happening. Hope-Marie is now firmly established as a model and with six years' experience to her credit, she's always in demand.

"I'm already the big one-nine. I'm getting old," says Hope-Marie only half-joking. "I've been working since I was 13. My mother used to model when I was a baby and I started doing little-girl fashion shows and stuff like that. I was only a child and I was spoiled. But I wasn't spoiled rotten. I got things that I wanted, but I was always expected to save up half the money for something first. That teaches you responsibility.

"When I was going to high school I was also working, and taking care of my horses; that's all I did. At one time I had seven horses, but when my modelling got serious I had to get rid of them. It was costing an arm and a leg to keep them anyway. I always bit off more than I could chew. But that teaches you. It makes you learn. Besides, I deal with pressure really well. I think I'm better under pressure. It keeps me going, like someone kicking me in the bum."

Hope-Marie hardly needs such encouragement. She gets such a charge out of what she's doing that dragging her away from it would seem to be the problem. But there is one other thing that has taken her fancy lately. She's been learning to fly. Aeroplanes, that is. "I'm getting ready to go solo and I'll have my licence soon. Danger? I don't even think about it up there. I think the beauty and the joy and the adrenalin override the fear."

"I'd like to marry when I'm around 24 to 28. That gives you time to cure your itchy feet and see enough so that you're ready to make the commitment. Boys have never really been a problem for me. Sometimes they're a pain, but I don't think I could live without men and I don't think they could live without me either. It goes both ways."



MANLY *(continued from page 49)*

Women prefer the missionary position: you're not their lover, you're their flesh bedspread.

accordion file — rites and talents that seem so innate as to be gene determined. I don't claim proficiency for myself. I'm a son, remember. I have, however, seen other men perform well. Upon these MAs, I suggest, the enduring bond and the native civility that persist between man and woman are grounded. (By all this acoustical cologne I mean: thank God she still needs you to fit that damn thready, flimsy little hook and eye together at the back of her dress.)

LIFE IN THE EXACT-CHANGE LANE

Women can't manipulate anything more complex than a cigarette machine. They get along with mechanical equipment about as well as cockroaches get along with boric acid. You'll think I made this up, but it is down-pure true. See, I'm at a self-serve pump and Ms. Goodwrench has just bought one litre of oil. "Know where to put it?" I ask. Complete snub and heavy, basic indignation. Then *memsahib,* she yanks the bonnet up and, stone the crows, she is now shaking oil *all over her entire engine block,* the way you'd sprinkle vinegar on chips. Women drive off jacks they can't pump down and throw away your birthday-present butane lighter when it has run out of gas. Also, a camera will completely f-stop them, which is why, I guess, so many appear nude in magazines: *someone* has to snap the shutter. Men and machinery, by contrast, have a fine understanding, like that between young children and dirt. Motors and drive shafts and clock escapements have to be dealt with firmly. You catch death adders so: hard, behind the head. Trouble is, women think of metal as male; they try to seduce it. But even if she's so sexy she'd make your *nose* hard, a flooded carburretor won't respond.

CARVE ME ONE WING AND THREE LEGS, PLEASE

My father, now, he could slice a full bladder. He could cut the pope's nose from T-bone steak. Keep your knife sharp as cheap schnapps, he'd tell me, cut along the grain and don't get emotionally involved with dinner. That was my problem: I could anthropomorphise a chicken. I'd feel sorry and end up with all dark meat. Women won't carve, possibly because they don't like to reveal their aggressive nature. And they won't eat, either: women are forever dieting or scared to smudge their lipstick. Perhaps the least understood and most important MA is plain old *eating.* Men have to smack their chops and ask for a third helping and get wind so that our whole social fabric won't unravel. Heartiness is male. There's no such thing as a hearty woman, is there? You wonder we men throw up fat-thrombosed clots and infarct all over by the time we're 39?

YOU'VE NEVER MET A FEMALE SHOE FETISHIST, NOW, HAVE YOU?

No. Because few women get real beef satisfaction from good leather. To them, shoes are just dumb ornament — a kind of coiffure for walking in. Men, even hobos, understand that broken footwear is absolute social death. Women let their toe gear scuff almost at once; it'll look like the Elephant Man's palm by next week. Avoid this foot fault. Work good oil around, ply and squeeze. Insert one finger, then massage gently, with an *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* beat. Educe natural juices. Don't forget the tongue: get in deep with it and stroke to your own peculiar coxswain's call. Shoe care of this kind may be the quintessential Manly Art.

"Well, have you done any commercial voice-overs besides Phone-An-Orgasm?"

C'MON, BABY, LIGHT MAH CHARCOAL GRILL

Ever see women trying to start a wood fire? They'll bend down and look for the pilot light every time. That subtle step up from kindling point (tight newspaper) to higher kindling point (twig and bark) to highest kindling point (major wood with good draw beneath) is less comprehensible than the Theory of Relativity. Their brain waves go flat when they consider fire. Women, moreover, are more impressed by sheer flame than by smooth, even burning, because they're always cold. I've never known a warm woman. That's why women prefer the missionary position: you're not their lover, you're their flesh bedspread. Also why they have to put thermal underwear on right after sex. ("But I'm cold, dear, and you've seen it once already.")

GENEROUS, FULL-BODIED AND WET

It is an MA, utterly thankless, to select that special wine. Women, I think, have just 12 scanning lines on the tongue, somewhat fewer than your cheesiest computer screen. Robust, earthy bordeaux will taste like raw potted plant to them. Better it should smell like a premature dessert. And be white, endlessly, blindingly white. At Milano, she'll say, "A glass of white wine, please," as I'd say, "A double scotch, please," at my neighborhood bar. Barossa still means cheap plonk to women, so buy French anything — *mis en bouteille sous la Place Pigalle* — since French is now cheaper than the Barossa. Hopeless: she'll never admit to enjoying it. If she did, you'd pour more and then she'd vomit on the trip home or, worse, make love spontaneously.

SCREW THAT CORK

My method may be tacky as painting on black velvet, but it's efficient. Work your corkscrew in, then — while you hold it at centre with chin or nose — turn the *bottle.* Aha! An Irish wine waiter. Easier, though, to twist that big, solid bottle straight than to turn that jiggery corkscrew straight. And there is no more testosterone-inhibitive second — I'm impotent for one full week after — than when you catch dry cork and make the gourmet equivalent of foot-sole

parings on her kitchen bench. As for champagne, of course, the trick is not to pop it and waste carbonation. Women, needless to say, love loud sound. Champagne is a big thrill for them — like, oh, taking valium in the afternoon. Practice *tock!* noise against your palate. And let gas out slowly, the way you would a dark fart at 10 Downing Street.

JUST SO I CAN'T TELL THERE'S ANY ALCOHOL IN IT

Women don't tend bar well; their martinis taste worse than ear grease on some old pay-phone receiver. Women want the ideal cocktail to (a) look pretty (ever try swallowing your lava lamp?) and (b) taste like a Red Tulip holiday assortment. My wife has been seen ordering Kahlua mixed with Baileys Original Irish Cream — known among Brisbane bar people as The Final Yoo-Hoo. It is masculine and artful to pour Galliano (over your knife edge) atop a Harvey Wallbanger — so it'll remind her of creaming soda. Even then, she'll nurse it longer than the Fabulous Invalid. Here we may as well discuss a yet more essential MA — pure *drinking.* How else — tell me — are you gonna stay in that nice piano bar? She's got her one half-rotted Wallbanger and Mr Officious Waiter is wiping the table with your hand still on it. Me, I have to order bourbon after bourbon until I belong in a Frozen Embryo Repository. Then, later at home, with my prowess on backward, she'll say, "You sure overdid it tonight, didn't you?"

THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HIGH ON GRASS DOESN'T QUALIFY YOU FOR HANDICAPPED PARKING

Women don't know one loose gram about scoring drugs. So *you* will have to meet Bacciagalupe, with his face like a gangland-style execution, in some dark playground sandbox. One hundred years for possession, life for dealing — you're just fortunate they run consecutively. Even if your Italian connection is Aunt Rose in Roma St, Griffith, try to suggest great personal risk. Come back talking black jive, such as "That half-steppin' ho-daddy splib, cat try and walk on it with Polly-dent, off *him, off* him, he not wrapped too tight, ditty bop an' thuh Motown soun'." This ethnic badinage will thrill her — more than the junk, which is probably half fly ash and half old pocketbook dirt. Either way, no sweat, no threat, because even when women get good stuff, when they're out prone on tiptoe, they say, "I just don't feel it at all, do you? It has no effect on me." Sure, Mildred, but you just ate a dime and now you're dialing my left nostril. But we do need women. Only they can roll a decent tight joint. Mine come out as fat as monarch-butterfly cocoons and burn faster than the Ash Wednesday fire.

BAKSHEESH, OR, FACE IT, KID, WOMEN ARE CHEAP

Hell, they wear perfume and flash inner thigh and retain water in attractive places; why should they tip, too? If your wife is buying, leave an extra five bucks behind. Otherwise, the waiter will sprinkle amoebiasis in your doggy bag. Women actually think they should tip for *good* service — a concept that threatens Western civilisation as we know it. Doing a smooth palm lube is supermanly. Fold your note tight, denomination up, and try to look Middle Eastern when the disco bouncer passes by. Also, recognise your mark. I once slipped a waiter $20 for preferential seating. (Now, wait — he was better dressed than I; it's sometimes hard to tell.) We were put conveniently near a live dumb-waiter, but he did run one of those little crumb carpet sweepers over my suit all night. Massaging the human silk gland may be your most critical MA. If men didn't take women out, cabbies, waiters and mechanics would have little not to report on their collective 10-40. Think of it. The underground economy would get starch blocked and almost nothing would trickle up.

IF IT'S BIGGER THAN AN ANT AND DOESN'T ANSWER TO FIDO, SCREAM

A house spider will make your wife pop her diaphragm. And then she becomes instant Caligula, right? "Kill it, kill it!" she'll yell as you take a cicada back outside. Manliness requires you to bait her hook with the worm, then remove whatever she might have caught. In between, though, she's *fishing.*

And remember Rover? He'd lift his leg on your attache case every am before work and sniff right *there* with that cold nose just when you were coming. Yeah; but now that a front-end loader hit him, Rover is *your* pet. I've conducted more dog obsequies than any RSPCA chaplain. And what about mice? I think women fear mice for the same reason an elephant is supposed to. Only their trunks are shorter.

HER WORK IS NEVER DONE, PROBABLY BECAUSE SHE LOST IT

Extensive aptitude testing has shown that men are twice as lobed to cope with shape and organisation as women. Father could pack our car perfectly (primeval MA that) while Mother was still trying to get channel four on her Dial-a-Lash. The female handbag is one neighborhood that'll never be gentrified. And as for that predictable kitchen "thing" drawer, it must come with her trousseau — old batteries fizzy from acid, string, blank thumbtack cards, art union tickets for some 1974 Roman Catholic automobile, one moving part, one Iran Air stand-by reservation, one cuff-link, one ankle weight, one *ben-wa* ball — this drawer is on a secret list at the Centre for Disease Control. No wonder they don't find women in organised crime. It is an important MA to keep separate emergency supplies hidden somewhere: second flashlight, second tin opener, second car key, second diaphragm, second tube of Ortho-Gynol, second petroleum-jelly jar, second thought about your relationship.

GIRLS THROW LIKE, ER, GIRLS

Women face every sport chest on, as if they were all — tennis, softball, frisbee — a pub dart game. They don't comprehend torque, angle or leverage; they could get fouled in the act of taking a foul shot. Moreover, they presume that just one body part is requisite: arm for throwing— yike!

"Be sure she's home by midnight. That's when her husband gets off work!"

FOR THE MAN WITH A SENSE OF STYLE

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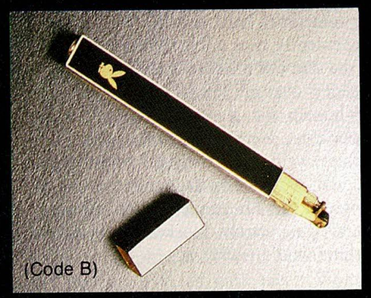

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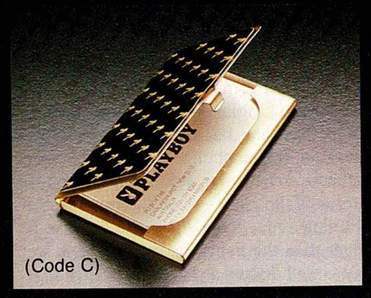

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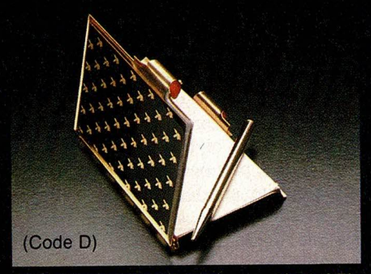

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forgot to open the hand and yow! why did my right foot step on my left toe? Watch her bowl. Exotic approach copied from Laverne on TV. Then — eerrrk! — a dead, shoe-burning stop (which negates the approach completely). Release gutter ball. Stand with hands on hips, body English sent under separate cover. Curse a torn cuticle. Then — follow through. Female movement is serial: she will dive, swing, serve the way committees take up an agenda. It is manly to keep your woman from being killed by her own biofeedback. I know, I know, there are great female athletes. I also hear that some Russian has taught an elephant to speak.

THE ELECTRONIC REVOLUTION, OR, DOES MS PAC-MAN HAVE BULIMIA?

Anything with one plug and three knobs will give a woman an occluded head. She can't even tune her color TV right — Mike Walsh is green and Kermit is high yellow. A vague sense of propriety there, I guess: it isn't nice to adjust someone else's base make-up. Stereo: well, the left speaker is for treble and the right is for her wandering Jew, which could use sunlight, so turn the whole component toward a window. A woman does not, ba-ba-dah-dum, rock on down to Electric Avenue. She is piss awful at Donkey Kong, maybe because the Atari joystick reminds her of a hand job she once knew. But don't explain, do: software for a woman is a silk chemise. If you point at her tone control, she'll watch your fingertip. Women are extremely observant; they just observe the wrong thing. Women have poor sequential logic. Read the service manual, tune or focus or install and offer her warranties of your continual presence.

DO I HAVE TO DRAW YOU A MAP, ETHEL? HA, SO YOU WANNA CONFUSE ME, GEORGE

It's left over from the Fallopian time — this female inability to read a road map. Women won't concentrate: they figure, from their egg POV, if they wait long enough, asphalt will move underneath and a destination will come to them. Men, by comparison, have sperm instinct and hustle. Hang that left at North Utero or you die, Drip Off The Old Block. Thank Saint Stercoraceous for this Manly Art. Without it, civilisation would still be calling the RACQ from a phone booth on some dark, membranous highway.

IF YOU'RE A MAN, CALL THE MAN

Electrician, plumber, landlord, bureaucrat — they all deal with your woman as though her brain had been designed by Hobbyco. If you're home when Mr Man calls, however, he probably won't put an expensive damper pedal on her sewing machine. We do treat women the way corrupt surrogate judges treat minor children. And women think, with too much justification, that a male phone voice or presence will pull down more respect. If she rear-ends the squad car, you and Officer *Macho* can conspire. "Go easy, huh? She's careful driving, but you know how women are — reflexes of a hydrangea." She'll get warned, where male you or I would end up trying to survive freshman week at Long Bay. We are their mouthpieces, agents, managers. Men don't become involved with women; they're sort of retained by them.

PLUG INTO YOUR OUTLET, THEN PLUG INTO YOUR OUTLET

Most sex-aid stores are patronised and run by a kind of human venereal wart. "Pick 'em out," Jabba the Hutt will say, "pick 'em out, this ain't no liberry," while braiding his latest mucoid discharge between thumb and forefinger. One look is enough to send a respectable woman into instant *Mittelschmerz*. No way she can price real simulated Spanish fly or hot Ream Cream. It is manful, then, to get her ring size and fetch plastic gratification home: cheese-grater condoms and Dancing Dingers and purple crank dongs so large you could start a

You snuggle close for sleep, spoon tight against her fertile crescent — and find that God made men and women with one arm too many.

Model T with one. Mechanical adroitness will again be prerequisite — D battery, adjustable screw clamp, rubber gasket — men who are all thumbs can never please their women. On any sexual drive-through jungle tour, moreover, man must be guide and handyman and head fantast. After all, most women approach sex as if they were auditing an elective course: no roll taken, no class participation. A man should mix some warm, some cold, some French, some Greek, some B and D, some Water Sports and some winsome narrative about Goldilocks And The Three Studs. It can be your best MA, but practice, intuition and gentle guile are needed. You don't learn this secret by playing a few cuts of the *White Album* backward.

THAT FOURTH ARM

There you are, after a night of love that really rotated your tyres. You snuggle close for sleep, spoon tight against her fertile crescent and — and find that *God made men and women with one arm too many*. Yours. Yours is the fourth arm. No matter where you hang it — over a headboard, in your crotch, beneath her back — at least one major vein will squinch off and become necrotic. But the night was splendid, so who cares if you look like Kaiser Wilhelm II next morning: you're a man.

IN AN EMERGENCY, CROON

Men — well, certain men at least — have sufficient presence to firebreak panic and pour foam on psychological runways before the crash. Sure, women can kiss and make better, which might be okay local anaesthesia — but not so effective when the Titanic is heading for very uneminent domain. Strong men crowd-control because, by implication, they are themselves at risk. I remember the time my father cut in on two knife-out drunken men at a bar. Their women were screaming. My father simply said, "That'll be enough." And it was — after he had presented his chest as an interloper between. There is sleight of voice and body here (why d'you think there are so few female magicians?). Men, of course have this power partly because they can talk real low. A Barry Crocker sound has about the effect that straight glue would have: human diaphragms are fork tuned to it. Hysteria is a high, thin locust sound. You couldn't imagine Bill Hayden shrieking, could you? A man can say, "Women and children first" and make it stick — except with the Supreme Court, where that would be ruled either discriminatory or male-chauvinist pork.

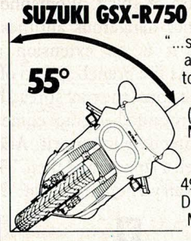
THEN, AS I END THE REFRAIN, THRUST HOME

My father was a powerful man: he could swim across the Gulf of Carpentaria and back or arm-wrestle two firemen down at once. In his time, I suppose, he must've buried three dozen cats with high small honor. He could fix just about anything; what he couldn't fix he built again. He constructed sumptuous fires, got reception where a sound wave had only been under slight surveillance before. Nothing daunted him, neither man nor death adder nor, at last, the carcinoma. He was, I think, somewhat in awe of women and rather glad about that. He and my mother were well wed for more than three decades. And in his so-convenient inside jacket pocket, he carried a heart as big as general delivery.

Manliness, after all, transcends instruction or art. It has to do with a genial, unnuanced availability. Great males can anticipate, as great athletes can, the hair-spring grab of human need. Around them there will be space without condition — and safety that doesn't impede. They defray a general expense of spirit. Womanhood, to them, is neither dangerous antithesis nor client estate: it is an extension and a rounding off. As the branch spread of a tree above soil must equal the root spread below, they are well grounded — grace comes most often from being easy in oneself. And, yes, they screw open a jar now and then. There is becoming chivalry enough in that.

THE SUZUKI SENSATION: MAN & MACHINE WORKING AS A SINGLE MOVING PART...

SUZUKI GSX-R750 HYPER SPORTS



"...smashes all previous limits... a new benchmark in power to weight ratio and outright performance." (Noel Christenson)
Max. hp: 73.5 kW (100PS) at 11,000 r.p.m. (DIN). Max. torque: 66.5 N-m (6.8kg-m, 49.2lbs-ft.) at 10,000 r.p.m.
Dry Mass: 176kg (388.0lbs)
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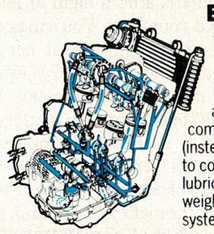
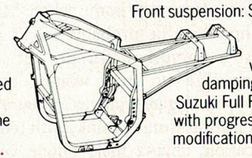


ENGINE

4 cylinder, 4 stroke DOHC. 4 valves per cylinder, with TSCC specially modified to achieve maximum combustion efficiency. Oil (instead of air or water) is used to cool the engine as well as lubricate it. This eliminates the weight of a separate cooling system.

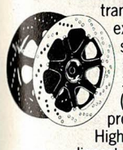
CHASSIS/SUSPENSION

Frame: ultra-strong cast aluminium alloy multi-rib box section. Weighs only 8.1kg.
Front suspension: Suzuki Positive Damping Fork System, with valves to harden damping. Rear suspension: Suzuki Full Floater System with progressive damping modifications.



GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS

Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.



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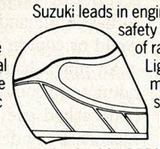
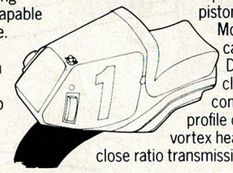


PERFORMANCE OPTIONS

Rear seat cowl. Special cylinder-head, pistons, valves and springs. Modified flat valve carburettors. Dry-sump clutch and clutch cover. Polished connecting rods. Racing profile camshaft. 4 into 1 vortex header/muffler. 6 speed close ratio transmission. Sprocket options.



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SUZUKI AUSTRALIA

SUZ 012

Solitary *(continued from page 38)*

I remembered the flogging and wondered what solitary was like. It began to look like a blessed escape. . .

getting because it seems that, in here, the less notice they take of you, the less likely you are to get into trouble. I try to be invisible and think of elephants trying to hide behind straws. I'm new here, I don't know the routine and I stand out. I watch and watch.

We're marched over to the ablution block again and this time I put my hand up for a three-sheets. I line up with some of the others to receive the three sheets of paper. I go to the cubicle.

"Schneidas, leave the door open with your belt hanging over it and before you flush the toilet, report back to me."

"YES, SIR." When I've finished, I shout, "REPORT BACK TO YOU, SIR."

He comes over, looks into the toilet and says, "Right."

It seems they're very particular about bludgers on the john here. I pull the chain and say, "REPORT BACK TO YOU, SIR."

"Right."

We're marched over to the workshop area and the screw yells, "Those on talk parade, fall out."

A group of boys breaks off noisily and runs and forms a semi-circle around the screw. He tells everyone to sit. We are all sitting cross-legged on the cement floor.

"Commence talking!"

The kitchen boy goes around and gives everyone a piece of fruit for lunch. I sit listening to the others talk while I eat an apple. I haven't earned any points yet, so I'm not allowed to speak. They're not allowed to call each other by their first names. I suppose they think that that sort of familiarity might encourage friendships. They're not allowed to talk about the institution nor about what they do from day to day. I suppose they think that this might encourage discontent. They're not allowed to talk about what they did on the outside. I suppose they think that this might encourage visions of escape.

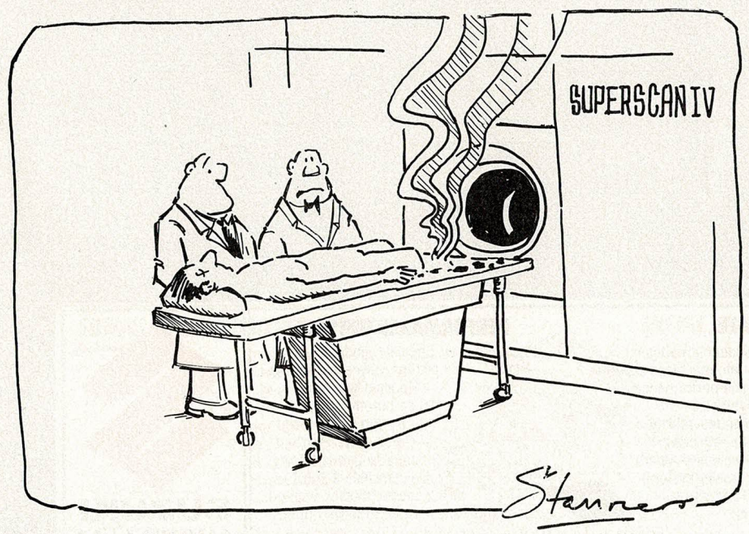
For 10 endless minutes I sit and listen to these guys try to avoid talking about all the things that are most important to them. They talk about the weather, about sport, about the beach, and they have to pretend that their lives don't really exist at all. They have to pretend that nothing unusual is happening to them. Being on talk parade suddenly loses its appeal. It's better to remain silent than to go on with the sort of shit that's imposed on them.

We're back in line and taken back to work. I'm plaiting rope again. I don't fill my quota. The others have been taken to have dinner and I'm still plaiting rope. When I report that I've finished, Cooper is told to measure the rope and to check it for faults. It passes.

I'm in the dining room and told to sit at the front table. There are two of us to a table. The plate of porridge that I didn't eat for breakfast is put in front of me.

"You won't get your meal until you eat that, Schneidas. Everything on your plate has to be eaten. If you leave anything, apart from bones, you'll keep getting it until it's gone. Understand?"

I jump up. "YES, SIR." I sit down.



"Uh Oh. . ."

"When you eat, keep your eyes on your plate and when you've finished eating, keep your eyes on the edge of the other side of the table. If they wander off it, you'll bounce 10. Understand?"

I jump up. "YES, SIR." I sit down.

"Wrap your legs around the table leg and when you're not eating, you'll cross your arms over your chest with your fingers stretched out. No one makes a fist in here. Not ever."

I jump up. "YES, SIR." I sit down.

I'm worried that I won't have enough time to eat the porridge but there's no way that I'm going to get it again for breakfast. I've just scoffed down the last mouthful, cold, like starch, when the shout comes.

"Stop eating! Fold your arms. Harper, collect the utensils. On your feet."

We all jump to our feet and form a line outside the dining room. We move as one, quickly, robotically. Again I doubt my ability to keep up with this for any length of time.

We're taken back to the work area and broken off for the recreation period. We can get a book out of the library or make soft toys sitting on the floor. We're not allowed to talk.

We're taken to change for bed and I'm bounced 10 for not undressing quickly enough. The others have completely undressed and put on their PJs while I'm still fumbling with my shirt buttons. I'm now unprivileged until I can earn the 10 points back. This could take one day or 10 days. I'm not hopeful. I still don't know the routine.

"I'll try," I say to myself. "I'll show these bastards that I can do anything as well, if not better, than anyone else."

We're sent to our cells for the night, on the double, running. I stumble on the stairs.

●

The cell door was locked behind me and for once in my life I felt relief when I heard it close. The cell wrapped around me like a protective cocoon. It shut me off from the madness that I'd fallen into and I was grateful. I began to wonder what would happen to someone who refused to conform or to carry out an order. Every guy in the place reacted like a well-programmed robot and I knew that I wouldn't be able to do the same for very long.

I remembered the morning's flogging and wondered what solitary was like in here. It began to look like a blessed escape and the more I thought through the day that had just passed, the more my cell became my security. It was peace and quiet, with no one to hassle me and no one to tell me what I could or couldn't do.

So much had happened in the past 24 hours and I could understand none of it. My body ached and my hands were raw with blisters. I wondered if this was what Grant had meant when he'd said they'd make a man of me. Measuring manhood in terms of physical discomfort seemed strange to me

but maybe they worked on the idea of all suffering being good for the character and that by making us deny everything we were or would like to be, they were giving us characters of solid gold.

I started looking for angles, for ways of side-stepping the world that I knew I'd have to go back into tomorrow. I couldn't come up with anything. I was sure that it'd all been tried before and that they'd know all the cons by now and have heard every excuse or story there was. Rorting seemed out of the question. But I had to find a way. It was either that, or the place would destroy me.

I had a book called *First Blood* with me in the cell, and I began to read it. It was about a Green Beret home from Vietnam, a guy who had been trained to kill and who couldn't switch off when he got back home. The people after him had drawn first blood and he hit out in the only way he knew. He handled stupid, petty people by killing them. No one had bothered to show him any other way. When his usefulness in war was over, he was left to make his way as best he could. His killing spree was as much revenge against being put on a social scrap-heap as it was against small-minded people. And it was this that made me identify with him as if he were me.

I stopped feeling sorry for myself and began to feel anger, taking comfort in the fact that I wasn't alone in outrage. I convinced myself that someone would pay for what was happening to me because only by believing that could I keep going. If nothing else, some bastard would pay. I fell into an uneasy sleep.

The sound of the morning bell sent me leaping out of bed and into the bitter cold. Today I was determined to keep up with the rest and not to lose any more points. I was already unprivileged, which meant that I would only get half rations of food and no desserts. I'd have to eat my meals standing up and I'd have to stand facing the wall during recreation break. I'd be given extra work to do and I'd only be able to take half a jug of water into the cell with me at night. I'd have to sew up my back pocket so that I couldn't carry anything in it and I'd have to do half an hour's extra exercise every day.

●

Our cell doors are opened and we stand at the doorways waiting for the order to move downstairs. When it comes, we run full pelt down the stairs and stand by our wooden lockers waiting for another command to get dressed. I'm not going to be the last this time so when the order comes, I get out of my PJs and into shorts and shirt as quickly as I can. I'm second last. The boy that comes last is bounced 10 points because he's been beaten by a reception. I haven't got time to feel sorry for him. I'm just glad it isn't me.

We're taken for our morning exercises. By the time I do 30 jump-ups I'm puffing and panting and before I have time to even think about catching my breath, another order comes.

"Push-up position! Move! One. Two. Three. Schneidas, what's wrong with you?"

I jump to my feet, angry that here's another thing I can't do properly. The apprehension in my stomach turns into inadequacy.

"MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT I CAN'T KEEP UP," I shout.

"You'd better start learning," he barks, "or you'll be exercising while the others are eating."

I do the push-ups as best I can and by the time we've done 50, everyone is groaning. I hope that this is the end of the session but we haven't even started. It isn't until we've run on the spot, done sit-ups, co-ordination exercises, run on the spot again, more push-ups, deep breathing, more sit-ups and more jump-ups, that we can start to think about breakfast.

Even exercising, something I normally love, is turned into an ordeal, one more form of unnecessary punishment.

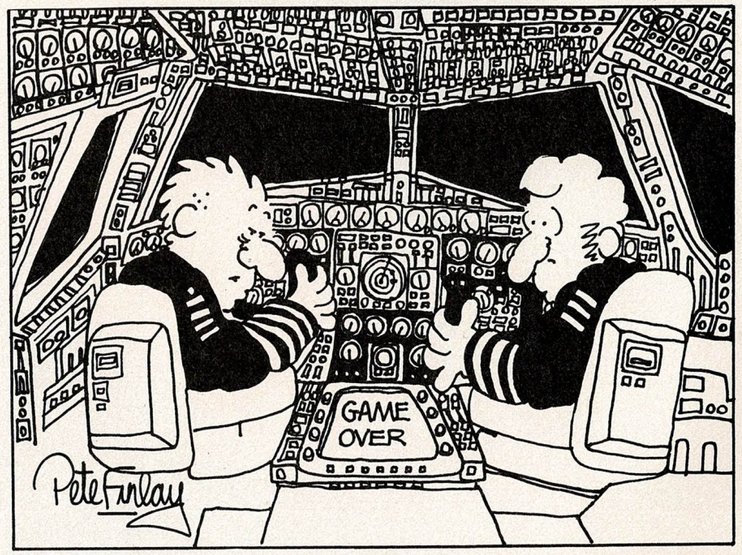
We're handed over to another screw who takes us to the ablution block for the three-sheets and stand-up routine, after which we're broken up into groups of six to have our showers.

I'm in the last group and after getting undressed on the double, we wait, with our towels around our waists and cold sweat from the exercising running down our bodies, for the order to change over. When it comes, we get under the shower trying to draw some warmth from the tepid water.

The shower shed is an open-air one with no partitions for privacy.

We stand facing the wall while a screw on an observation platform looks down at our naked bodies.

"Soap up!" the screw orders, and we all rub away with the soap to drive out the cold that whistles through the shed.



". . .Shit. . ."

"Soap off! Showers off! Dry off!" I put on a clean set of clothes with my number, 6, on them. We have the toothbrush parade, brushing our teeth and combing our hair with the communal comb.

This daily ritual completed, we're marched into the dining room where we must stand at attention behind our permanently consigned table places until ordered to sit down. When I sit, I make sure that my legs are wrapped around the table leg, that my eyes don't stray from the far edge of the table and that my hands are stretched out across my chest. I want to make a fist and pound it into the table but I don't, knowing that it would do nothing but bounce me 10.

I finish eating and sit with my arms folded in the regulation way waiting for new orders.

While I wait, I think.

●

In spite of the apprehension, I resisted the mechanical role that had been assigned to me. I kept looking for a way out and since escape seemed impossible, I had to find a way to beat the system. I was afraid but it was not fear of punishment or of pain. It was the fear of losing my being, my identity, that had gripped my guts with a tension I couldn't get away from. From my first encounter with Kenworth I knew that unless I fought with any and every device I could find, this place and the effects of relentless, unyielding regimentation would break me.

The superintendent's words echoed through my brain. "You'll come out of here a man or a broken one. . . a broken one. . . a broken one." His words told me that if I didn't conform, I was finished, but just as it was their goal to break me, so it was mine to survive, to protect myself from mental and physical pain. But to conform was to surrender to abuse and to fight was to invite

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destruction. This was the bind I found myself in. I refused to be turned into a mindless, unthinking automaton. I had to think of something, but what?

•

The question remains unanswered because as I'm thinking, my eyes have strayed from the edge of the table. I'm hit on the back of the head by a screw.

"Did you have a good look around, Schneidas? Be my guest! Would you like a personal tour around the place?"

"NO, SIR," I shout. "MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT I WASN'T INTENTIONALLY LOOKING AROUND, SIR. I WAS JUST THINKING."

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"NO, SIR. IF I WAS LOOKING AROUND, SIR, I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE."

"Don't argue back," he snaps.

Another screw who's sitting at a table a short distance away shouts, "Schneidas, report to the grill! Move!"

I run to the front gate with a screw running behind me yelling at me to run faster. "Move! Move! Move!" he keeps shouting.

At the grill I stamp my right foot down to attention and shout, "REPORT TO YOU, GATE." The screw behind me opens it and disappears into the superintendent's office long enough to tell Grant what has happened. They both emerge.

"So, you want to look around in the dining room and back-chat my officers?" Grant asks.

"NO, SIR," I answer, but it's the wrong thing to say. Again I'm slapped around the face and head.

"You can start your sightseeing in solitary confinement." They drag me to the cell block and into a strange and ugly looking cell. They open the external, solid metal door and throw me into a barred, cage-front isolation cell, a true cell within a cell. When Kenworth was used as a jail, this was the death cell. I'm just a kid, I'm in a boys' home and I'm doing punishment in a death cell.

•

The solid steel door locked behind them. There was a piece of steel eight inches long and an inch round that I had to scrape the bars with until I was told to stop. I sat on the cement floor and started scraping the bars. The cell was empty except for a shit-tub and was painted a cold, ice blue. The color made me shiver and the term, the cooler, took on a whole new meaning. I focused back on to what had just happened. My second day and in pound. What a fantastic start. I wondered if every new reception was put through the same thing. I asked myself how long they'd keep it up and my only answer was, "As long as I let them."

I scraped the bars and the sound of steel on steel began to grate on my nerves. All the bars were freshly painted and looked as if they were repainted for every new victim. The blue became overwhelmingly cold and I began to shiver. Even the ceiling and floor were the same steel-cold, ice-cold blue.

Once more I was in the position of trying to make some sense of events and once more I had to give up. What I really couldn't understand was why this place was allowed to exist at all. There must have been hundreds of kids my age going through the same thing. I looked at my position and tried to pull it apart. After all, it was only a cell I was in, nothing more, nothing less. A mere man-made structure designed to break resistance through isolation. Even if I couldn't make myself like this environment, perhaps I could live in harmony with it.

My anger wasn't directed at the physical structure of Kenworth, at the bricks and concrete, but at the people who designed it, who built it and who ran it. How I hated the people who ran it. They were trying to strip me of all resistance, to make me crave to see another face, some sort of movement, the sky, trees, green grass, to make my hands want to feel the warmth of another human being rather than steel and concrete, to make my ears want to hear something other than the grating sound of my scraping the bars. If only I could hear a human voice that wasn't aggressive or impatient. In the same way that I was scraping the paint off the bars, so were they hell-bent on stripping me, and anyone else who came here, of all the qualities that made us individuals.

Fear made my will stronger. I was going to show them that I was neither a robot nor an animal that they could do with as they liked.

I blamed society, in the end, for letting a place like this exist. People outside must all know, understand and condone this institution's operation. I became bitter with the other inmates as well. They were responsible because they did nothing about it. They did nothing to say, "Enough!" Did they realise how much they looked like robots? What had happened to their self-respect? Did they think so little of themselves that they had begun to believe that they were inadequate, that they were less than human? The day before, at the morning fruit break, I'd seen a boy submit to the kind of humiliation that would leave him one of the broken ones. He'd farted, and instead of jumping up and yelling, "Excuse me, please," so that everyone could share his blunder, he'd said nothing, hoping that it'd be overlooked.

"Who did that?" the screw yelled. "Unless the revolting character who did that owns up, everyone'll be unprivileged for the rest of the day!"

No one answered but Harper jumped to his feet. "MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT IT WAS JOHNSON, SIR."

"Thank you, Harper. Johnson, pick up that deck-scrubber and report to me."

Armed with the deck-scrubber Johnson reported, keeping well out of the six feet no man's land around the screw.

"Get back!" the screw ordered. "You still stink."

He made Johnson scrub the air above his head and he kept scrubbing it for two hours, waving the scrubber in the air, cleaning it so the screw couldn't smell the fart. He was being made to feel unclean. That he'd been dobbed in by one of his fellows added to his degradation and let us all know that, in here, you're on your own. Each guy's self-respect was in his own hands and no one could be relied on to help out.

I'd become so preoccupied with these thoughts that I'd stopped scraping the bars and was staring towards the window, fixed on it as if I could see out. It was completely covered from the inside by a wooden board and the only light came from a small, caged light fixture high up on the wall on the outside of the barred grill enclosure.

I threw down the piece of steel, breaking a large chunk of cement out of the floor and I started to pace the cell; five paces, turn, five paces, turn. I knew that I'd be in for it when the screws realised that I'd stopped scraping but that seemed unimportant. Compared to the enormity of my situation, everything seemed unimportant. I couldn't understand why everyone — people outside, screws, inmates — were doing the things they were. I recognised all of them for what they were, just as a beast recognises the unsprung trap that threatens its life.

Despite the bashing I was likely to get, I was going to make a stand. I would not bend to this treatment. I was scared, so scared that I thought even death wasn't out of the question, and fear made my will stronger, turning it into the one unbreakable weapon I could use. I was going to show them that I was neither a robot nor an animal that they could do with as they liked.

•

The outer cell door crashes open. Grant and a screw look at me in disbelief. "What do you think you're doing?"

I say nothing.

"Face the wall and stand to attention!"

I don't move.

The screw leaves for reinforcements and three of them burst through the inner grill door, swinging punches, kicking, kneeing, yelling at me to start scraping the bars again. I'll not cry out or show pain. I double over to protect my groin and for the second time in two days, I pass out.

END PART ONE

A Solitary Man will be concluded next month. Both instalments have been excerpted from the forthcoming book of the same name by Peter Schneidas.

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HARD

(continued from page 75)

Anna's black hair was swirling, the shadows caressed her body, her huge tits were swaying. . .

It was sufficient to give evidence of his rising stature in show business. He did the scene like a real pro, appearing not to notice the camera at all. We finished the scene with about a minute to spare. Sonia looked at her watch, her boyfriend was due downstairs to chauffeur her to a stripping job up country. Hector was trying to button up his shirt and drink a cup of black coffee. I took Sonia aside and slipped her the fee.

Ultimately I had to film my first real, genuine, no faking rooting sequence. Anna had failed to appear at any of the meetings and, although she always had an excuse, I had begun to lose confidence in her. I managed to get someone else for the sex scene with Sammy. Karen was a stripper with a great body and a certain style that I hoped made up for her unexceptional looks. But then, lying in bed one night with her fiance, she let slip more than she intended about her upcoming acting job. The fiance became passionately jealous and refused to let her do it.

After meeting me he agreed to let her do it on the condition that he was to be the stud. Reluctantly I agreed. Rob was dark and had fine features vaguely similar to Sammy's but he was a little overweight and Sammy had more sex appeal. Finally we agreed that the three of them would do the scene but Sammy would let Rob do it his way. I costumed Rob and Sammy exactly the same, as wizards in long black capes, flowing robes and black G-strings.

We were to shoot the scene in the room at the back of Sol's building, the one we used for the screen tests, but it was to appear as if it were happening in some cosmic nether-world. I had a NASA transparency of the Milky Way projected on to a white wall which curved into the white floor. While we were setting up, Rob and Karen decided to slip over to the pub and down a couple of beers to relax themselves. By the time we were ready they were hot to trot — but both were incoherently drunk.

Luckily we still had Sammy. He was sober and confident. But what were we going to do, have a one-wizard masturbation sequence in space? Knowing it was hopeless I called the last number I had for Anna. The time was approaching midnight. We had begun at 9am. Miraculously, Anna answered the phone. She was just leaving for a strip job in the city and wouldn't be finished till 2.30am, but she was willing. I had no choice, we would wait. Fearing her usual unreliability I arranged to pick her up from the club. We then sat down to rewrite the scene.

I had commissioned Percy to get a gram of coke to help the actors get into the sex scenes. But when he got around to picking it up from his friend, the friend had had a heavy domestic with his wife and, to help make amends, they had snorted the lot themselves. All we had left was a little speed and some grass. Sammy wasn't daunted. On speed, he said, he was a great stick man. It was his trip. By the time Anna arrived at 3am, we had everything ready, the scene, the set, the stud, the dope.

I thought Sammy and Anna should try the scene straight at first. We dimmed the lights and turned on the outer space. I put a Tangerine Dream tape on to help get them in the mood, and to cover the very uncosmic sounds of feet shuffling on the wooden floor and the scraping of moving light stands.

By this time we had lost track of time. Sol was out in his office mainlining black coffee and visibly ageing. The crew had gone home except for myself and Bruce, my moon-faced, respectably married, lolly-sucking, cardigan-wearing, college-lecturing, ever-enthusiastic cameraman.

Sammy and Anna were not really letting go so I decided it was time to give Sammy his number. Sammy was instantly high. Bruce popped another lolly into his mouth and looked the other way. Next time was better but Anna was still tenuous. As inconspicuously as possible I lit a joint and passed it to her. It worked. Her passivity began to flower into languid sensuality. But Sammy! The stick man's stick wasn't working. Bruce stopped his resolute circling and, with the camera still on his shoulder, raised his eyes to the heavens, beyond outer space, then back questioningly to me. There was nothing for it. I slipped over to the old piano in the corner, laid out a big line of speed, snorted it, took a long hit on what was left of the joint and then gave it to Sammy.

Anna's black hair was swirling in the air, the shadows caressed her supple body, her huge tits were swaying in front of Sammy and still he wasn't responding in the one vital area. But I was. My knees were tingling and the tingling was moving upwards. It was up to me to get them together.

I moved closer, totally immersed in their feelings. I whispered to them how beautiful they were, how sensual, how sexual, how loving, how high. . . my cameraman just kept right on in there. Then stick man climaxed. Just like that.

I thought I might have to stand in for the close-ups, but in the end they did get it sufficiently together. By the time we had shot the last scene it was afternoon. My cameraman and I had been working for nearly 30 hours straight.

On the Monday, Rachel, Bruce, and myself were back at the fabulous mansion. I had promised Rachel a closed set, this was to be the big masturbation sequence. Bruce was shooting from a mezzanine level that hung above the white-carpeted living area. Rachel's naked and tanned body was draped, a trifle stiffly, over a white damask couch reflected in the huge circular mirror. Slowly she began to move her hips, her breathing became a little sharper. But the feeling wasn't quite coming across. "Get into yourself, feel yourself," I urged. "Touch yourself, touch your clitoris, make the feeling real." Her whole body began to move to the rhythm of an unseen music, building and building, moving toward crescendo. I felt instinctively that something wasn't right. Yet she was coming. When she came it seemed somehow fake.

Afterwards when I asked her about it, she looked at me a little lost. "When you said touch your clitoris. . . I didn't know what you meant," she told me. It turned out that Rachel and her co-star hubby always made love in the dark, in the missionary position and in bed. She had never been into exotic sex and oral sex was unthinkable to her. So much for sex goddesses, I thought. What about macho studs?

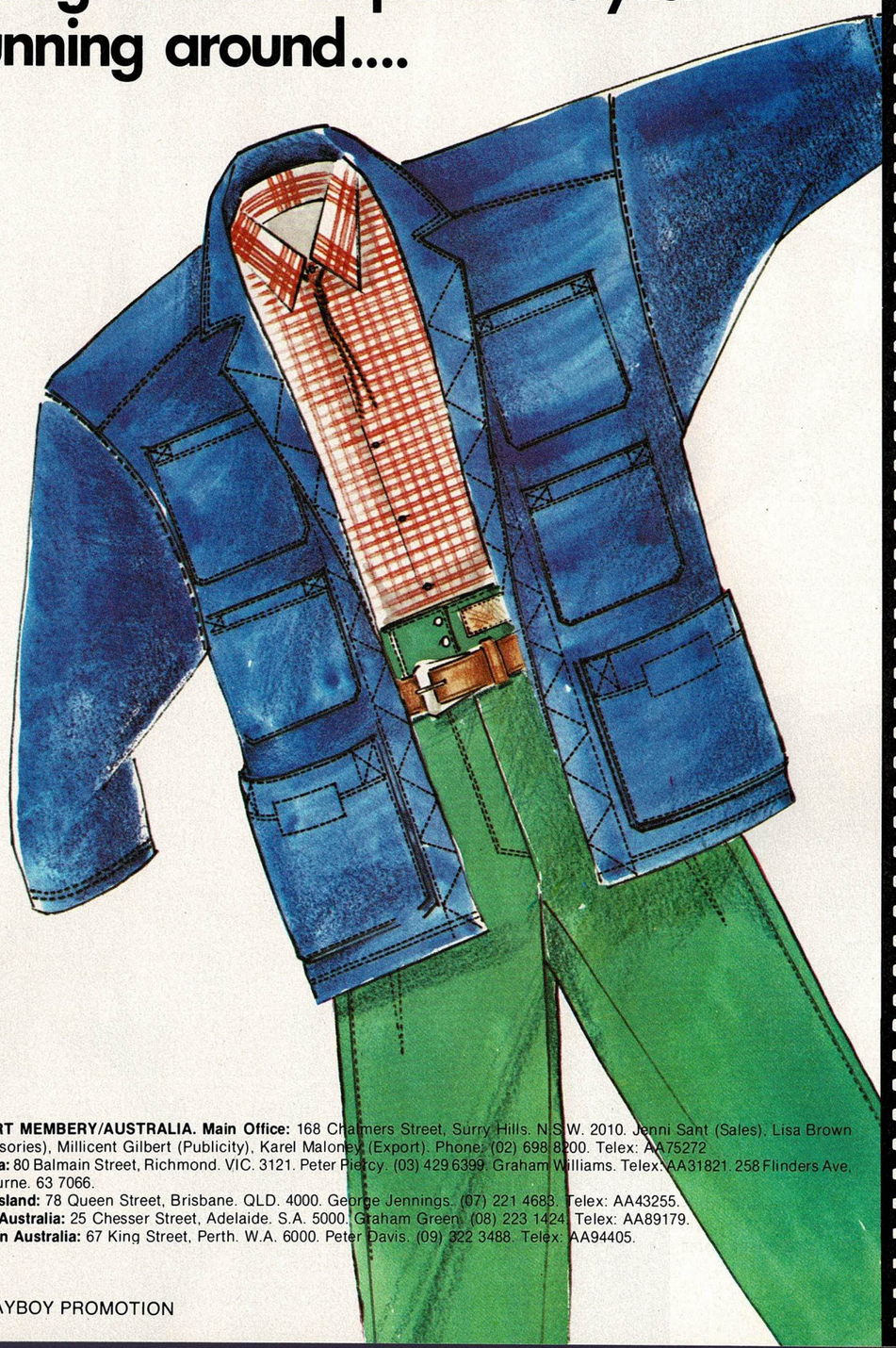
When it came time for the big bang, the grand finale of the movie, for husband and wife to do their thing and give us back our chance for an overseas X version, hubby strutted on to the set, turned on a lusty sneer, and announced: "I think I'll really give her one." But it seemed that Rachel's boast that she could get the macho man to do anything she wanted would not, or could not, hold up.

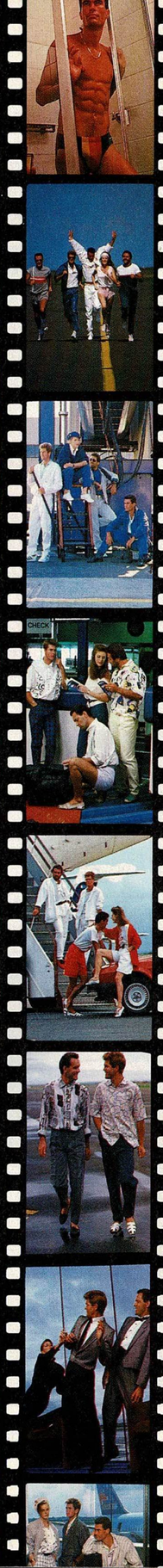
The wild footy star of the macho stories of pack rape and bizarre sexual exploits couldn't come to the party either. When it came time to do it he fizzled. When she tried to help him inside her he smacked her hand away and, protected by a voluminous flowing robe, he avoided the confrontation. Eventually I had to allow them to reach a simulated climax.

And that left me with the soundtrack. When you film someone rooting and they move their bodies all over the place it doesn't necessarily mean it sounds like much. I was left with five hot sex scenes with no convincing sounds. It was up to me and my girlfriend, Julie (conveniently back together again), to cover that.

After I had edited the film I got a tape recorder and put it next to our bed. She, unlike most of the people in the film, could have a real orgasm. And so could I. The sounds on the film are ours. I gave my all for free. After we did split up, I gave my girlfriend $50 for each time she came. Each time it was a different sound, it had a different quality, a different feeling. Funny, I'd never noticed that before.

summer
FORECAST
A collection of fashion alternatives. Designed for simple but stylish running around....





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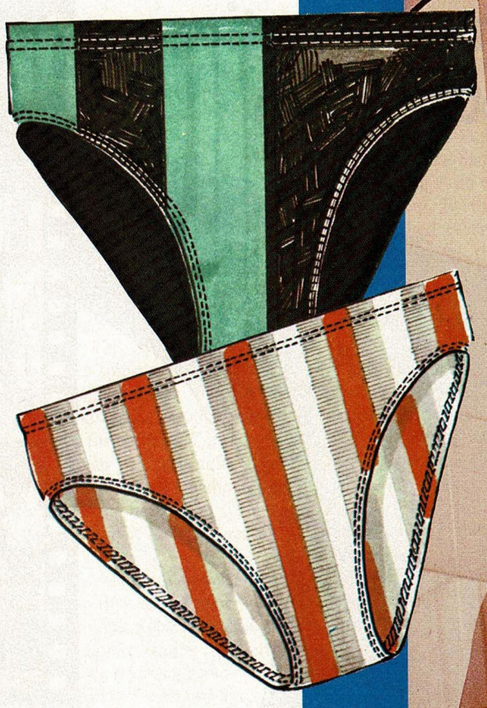

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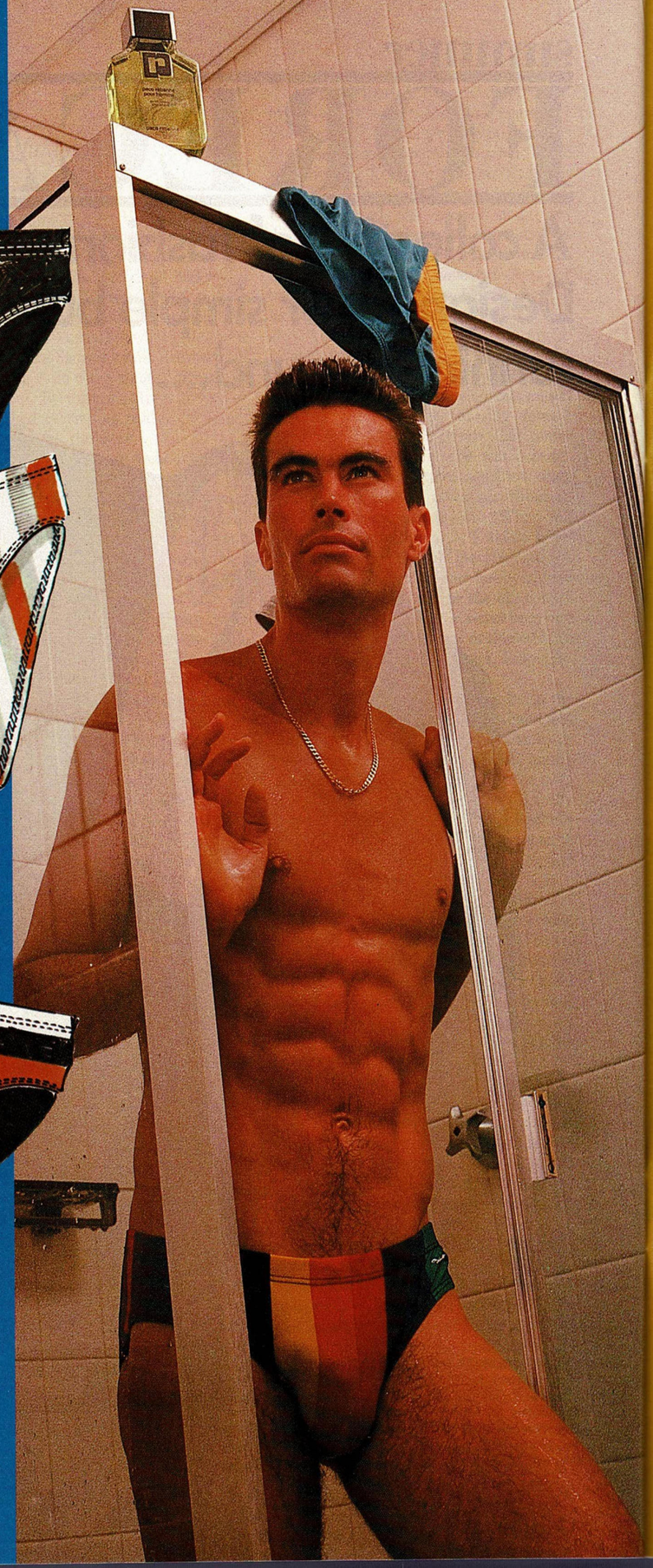

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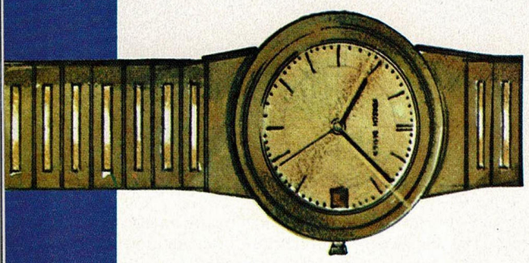

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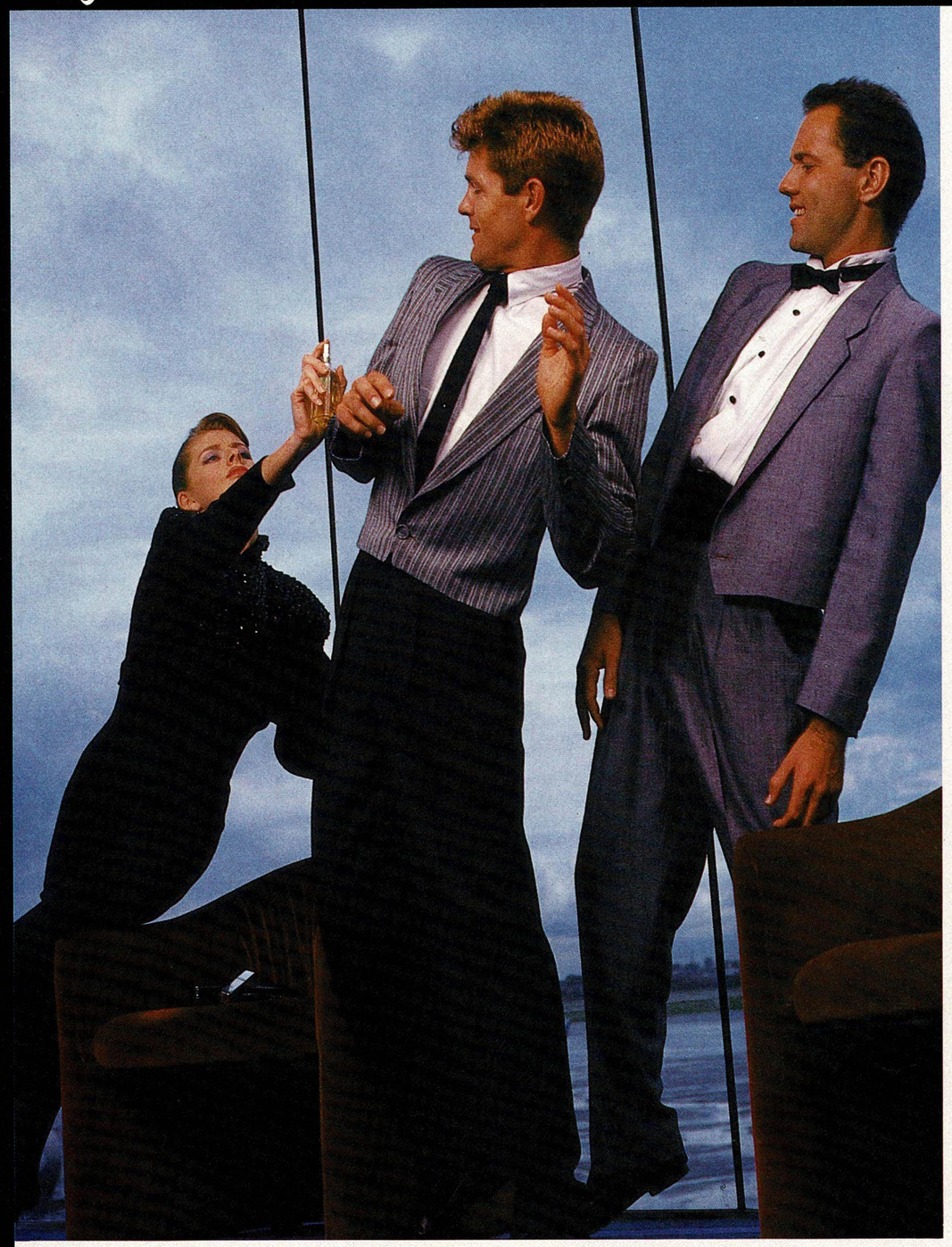

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paco rabanne pour homme

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GAMBLING (continued from page 52)

Sophisticated punters know that a horse's final time is not as important as its fractional times.

1. Stand with a hand of 12 or more if the dealer has 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6.
2. Stand with 17 or more if the dealer has 7, 8, 9, 10 or ace.
3. Stand with 18 or more.
4. Double down only when the dealer's card is 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 or 7.
5. Split aces or 8s always. Split other pairs only when the dealer's up card is 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 or 7.

Following this strategy reduces the dealer's advantages to less than one percent. Of course, even this will not turn habitual players into winners.

CRAPS

Craps began in the back alleys of New Orleans last century. The name comes from the 18th century term "crabs-eyes", meaning a dice toss of two. (Today's term is "snake-eyes".) Although there have been other dice games, none has captured players' imaginations in the same way as craps. Its main attraction, in addition to winning money of course, is the opportunity for players to become actively involved in the game.

Craps is played on a rectangular table with high sides. Three players control the game: the "boxman", who is in charge of the bank, is aided by two "stickmen", who use narrow "sticks" to manipulate the dice and bets around the table. The player holding the dice is known as the "shooter". The shooter must throw the dice hard enough to hit the opposite end of the table; a failure to do so invalidates the throw. The shooter's first throw is called the "come-out". If his come-out results in a 7 or 11, the shooter wins; if he throws 2, 3, or 12, he loses. A shooter can wager that he will win or lose. In either case, he must maintain one or the other bet at all times. If the come-out results in a 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, this number becomes the shooter's "point". He must continue shooting until he either "makes" his point again and wins or throws a 7 and loses. This is the whole game.

Although the play is simple, betting can get fairly complicated. The most straightforward wager is a bet to win. That is, the shooter will either throw a 7 or 11 on his come-out or make his point. Successful bets are paid $1 for every dollar wagered. A don't-win (lose) wager (the shooter will either throw a 2, 3, or 12 on his come-out or miss his point) is also an even money bet, but with one complication. In most casinos, the 2 is "barred"; nothing happens when this number comes up, the dice are just tossed again. Come and don't-come bets are identical to win and don't-win bets except that they are placed after the come-out.

In addition to these basic wagers, bets can also be placed on specific points. For example, if a shooter's point is 10, players can bet that he will either make the 10 or not. These bets are paid off at fair odds determined solely by the probability of various numbers turning up and without any house deduction. Such bets are the best deals found in casinos.

There are a variety of other bets which carry poor odds and should be avoided. For instance, players can bet that a specific even-numbered point (2, 4, 6, 8 or 10) will be made the "hard way" (with two dice of the same number). Players may also bet on the outcome of a single roll of the dice without reference to the rest of the game. That is, they can bet that a 2 or 12 will come up next or that an 8 will be thrown before the next 7.

HORSE-RACING

According to Banjo Paterson, "Every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of horse-racing." And pursue it we do. Australian bookmakers and the TAB turn over hundreds of millions yearly; in 1984, the Melbourne Cup alone was good for $80 million. State governments get their cut, of course, but there is plenty left for those lucky enough to pick winners.

Class. Breeding and heredity make a difference to a horse's performance but the most important determiner of a thoroughbred's class is its performance against horses of similar worth and ability. Some potentially talented horses rarely win a race whereas others with equal potential win fairly consistently. Wise punters soon learn never to bet on potential alone but to always rely on performance as a guide. Some amateurs try to shortcut the tedious process of studying past performance by using a horse's monetary value as an indirect index of its class. According to this logic, a horse valued at, say, $30,000, is a better bet than one worth only $15,000. The flaw in this logic is that a $30,000 horse would not be up against a $15,000 horse in the first place unless something was wrong with it. Using a horse's monetary value as a measure of its class is a good way to give your money to the TAB.

Condition. Even the classiest horse will not win races if it is out of condition. Experts favor horses that race often and consistently produce fast morning workouts. To keep up such a pace, a horse must be in better condition than the glue factory rejects that comprise the field in most races.

Speed. No one has to be told that a fast racehorse is a better bet than a slow one. The problem is there is more than one way to measure speed. Say you fancy a horse that recently covered 1200 metres in one minute and 13 seconds. This is not bad, but sophisticated punters know that a horse's final time is not as important as its fractional times. That is, the horse may have taken 22.25 seconds to run the first 300 metres and 50.75 seconds to cover the remaining 900 metres. These fractional times can serve as a guide to how a horse will run different races. A horse fast out of the gates, for instance, may get out in front from the beginning and gain control of the field. This may be useful in short races.

In addition to class, condition and skill, an inside post position often helps as the horse has less ground to cover to reach the finish line. Track condition is also relevant. Some horses like boggy tracks better than others. Even age may matter. Young horses often lack consistency while old horses may lack stamina. Of course even the best handicappers are not correct all the time. Anything can happen in horse-racing, but by sticking to races where the choice is relatively clear and by avoiding long shots, experts manage small but consistent wins.

POKER

Perhaps because it is one of the few activities in our increasingly civilised world where unbridled aggression and ruthlessness are not only permitted but encouraged, poker is the most popular card game in the world today. As all expert poker players know, the true object of the game is to destroy your opposition; the money is simply a way of keeping score.

Poker is a complicated game with numerous variations. Successful playing requires a combination of luck and great skill. It is not possible in the space available to turn a novice into an expert. Fortunately, there are many books available for this purpose. In addition, just about anyone who has ever played the game is ready to give new players advice. Thanks to Kenny Rogers, most of us are now aware that "you have got to know when to hold 'em and know when to fold 'em," but there is a little more to poker than that.

Although there are many types of poker, hands are ranked similarly in all of them. The most difficult hands to get (the rarest) are ranked highest; the easier hands are ranked lower. The highest ranking poker hand is the "royal flush" which consists of the 10, jack, queen, king and ace of a single suit. Any other continuous string of five cards from a single suit is known as a "straight flush". Directly below the straight flush is four of anything (four aces, four twos) followed by a "full house" (three of a kind plus a pair). Next is a "flush" which is made up of any five cards of a single suit; this is followed by a "straight" — five cards in sequence but not from a single suit. Three of a kind comes next followed by a pair. If no player has even one pair then the hand with the highest card wins. The odds against making a royal flush on the first five cards dealt are 649,740 to 1; for a pair, the odds are 2.4 to 1. All the other hands fall somewhere in between.

The most commonly played variation is draw poker. Each of six or seven players receives five cards face down. After a round of betting, players can discard from one to three cards and receive new ones. After the new cards are distributed, another round of betting takes place. At its conclusion, hands are displayed and the winner determined. Since betting begins to the dealer's left and proceeds clockwise, the dealer can wait to see who drops out or continues before having to commit himself. This advantage is distributed among the players by rotating the deal. Some games permit four cards to be discarded but anyone who stays in a game with a hand that bad is not much of a poker player.

Five-card stud is almost as common as draw poker. In this game, players receive one open and one closed card. In order to receive more cards a player must "stay in" by betting on each round. Since all cards but one are opened, stud poker leaves little to the imagination. Two cards are dealt face down and one open. Betting then proceeds as for five-card stud with all remaining cards dealt face up except the last. Each player picks the best five cards from his hand for a final betting round. Pots can be big and money lost and won quickly.

There are some games where certain cards are designated "wild" and used to represent any card its owner prefers. Wild cards drastically alter the odds and introduce a random aspect to the game reducing the importance of skill. For this reason, experienced players avoid such games.

While knowledge of the game is crucial, self-knowledge is also an important part of poker playing. It never pays to get too cocky. New York gambling writer Damon Runyon expressed it this way: "Someday, somewhere... a guy is going to offer to bet you that the jack of spades will jump out of his deck and squirt cider in your ear. But son... do not bet him, for as sure as you do you are going to get an earful of cider."

POKER MACHINES

The lure of poker machines is positively hypnotic. Even people who would not dream of playing roulette, poker or craps cannot resist inserting a coin and pulling the handle. Addicts can spend hours watching the wheels spin and the coins jingle. Even the tyranny of distance is no bar to the dedicated. Several bus companies in Queensland — where poker machines are not yet permitted — owe their profitability to running players down to Tweed Heads in NSW where they are legal.

There is nothing one needs to learn to play the pokies — no rules, no betting

strategies and no odds. If you can get a coin into the slot (pokies are called slot machines in America) and pull the handle, you can play. On some machines even the handle has been eliminated. Unlike other casino games, the pokies provide no social contact nor do they encourage conversation.

Poker machines have changed very little since the first one was invented in 1895. The player inserts a coin, pulls the handle and watches the wheels spin. If the symbols in the window match any of the winning combinations, coins are dispensed through a chute. If the prize is especially large, the money will be paid by an attendant.

There is no certain way to know the odds being paid by poker machines as they can be set to just about anything. In any event, the odds are irrelevant because in the long run all compulsive players must lose. The reason is the house advantage. A machine that pays 90 cents back for every dollar it collects (a very generous payout) will turn $10 into $9 in no time at all. Continued play will reduce the $9 to $8.10 and so on. It is impossible to make money by investing 100 percent and getting back 90.

TWO-UP: AN OZ WINNER

In addition to roulette, poker, racing and all other forms of gambling, Australians play two-up, our own distinctly national game. Although some have said its origins are in China, most historians trace two-up back to the old English game of pitch-and-toss in which players pitch pennies at a wall. The player whose coin lands nearest the wall without touching it tosses all the remaining coins in the air and keeps those that land heads. Pitch-and-toss seems to have come over with the First Fleet although in those days only the guards and governor actually had any coins.

In a few short years, coins became more common and so did gambling. As early as 1804, a *Sydney Gazette* editorial writer called for "the dispersion of the... chuck-farthing mob that generally assembles at one of the wharves in the course of an afternoon". Although chuck-farthing soon faded into oblivion, tossing coins remained popular. By the middle of the century, two-up games (known as schools) could be found in every city, town and outback property in the country. Naturally, there were also cheaters. In 1867, in the first case of its kind, four men were prosecuted and acquitted in Melbourne for using a two-headed penny in a game. A similar penny (a double header) was used in the two-up game featured in one of Australia's first movies, *The Sentimental Bloke*, filmed in 1919.

The traditional game of two-up or swy (from the German *zwei*) consists simply of two pennies and a flat stick called the kip. The coins are placed on the kip and tossed high into the air. If the player tosses two heads on three tries, he wins; two tails and he loses. One head and one tail is a stand-off and the coins are tossed again. As the game has always been illegal (and still is except in casinos), two-up did not develop any of the elegant traditions of roulette or baccarat. Instead of plush casinos, the game was played in dark alleys (that's why the head side of the coins was polished — so they could be seen). Cockatoos (sentries) were posted at either end of the alley to warn players of the police.

Although two-up schools were often harassed by the police, some managed very long lives. One school, the legendary Thommo's, began in the early 1900s and was still going strong during World War II. The Victorian two-up school run by Lionel "Nappy" Ollington was still raking in money in the 1970s despite Nappy's 60 arrests over the years. Nappy viewed two-up as a national institution. He had a dream of making two-up legal and seeing it played in large football stadiums. His vision included hundreds of players, hostesses dressed in VFL colors and even spectators. Nappy's vision was never entirely fulfilled, but part of it has come true. It is now possible to play two-up legally in Australian casinos, although it is not quite the same game our forefathers knew.

At Wrest Point, for example, the game is played in a "pit" surrounded by a circular table upon which appear betting spaces marked H and T (heads and tails). Each player takes a turn as the coin-spinner. If the spinner tosses two heads, he receives 7.5 to 1 odds for his wager. If he spins tails or if he manages five consecutive tosses in which the coins disagree (called odds), another player becomes spinner. Players bet on heads or tails and receive even money for a win. Odds are stand-offs unless they occur five times in a row in which case the house wins.

Unlike some other casino games, there really is no strategy to learn nor anything much to think about when playing two-up. Its main appeal is that it is uniquely Australian: you can't play it in casinos anywhere else in the world.

ROULETTE

There is not a casino in the world that does not include a roulette wheel among its attractions. Over the years, mathematicians, psychologists and physicists have studied it but its mysterious lure remains undiscovered.

The roulette wheel consists of two main parts: a dish which is fixed in place and a revolving core. Arranged along the edge of the core are 37 small indentations numbered from 0 to 36. Situated nearby is a betting table containing the details of the various bets. The croupier starts the central core spinning and spins the ball in the opposite direction. As the wheel slows, the ball comes to rest in one of the indentations. The number of this indentation determines how bets are decided.

Roulette bets can be placed on a single number (including 0), a group of numbers, red or black or on odd or even. In any case, players place their bets at and wait for the outcome of the next spin of the wheel. Payoffs vary depending on the bet but in every case, the house has the advantage. This advantage derives from the way roulette winners are paid off. Since the wheel has 37 numbers, any single number has a one in 36 chance of coming up. Now, if casinos were completely fair, winning bets on a single number should receive payoffs of 36 to one. But they don't. Casinos actually pay winners 35 to one. The difference between the fair odds and the actual payoff is the source of the casino's profit. To calculate the casino's percent profit, imagine that 37 players enter a roulette game and each bets one dollar on a different single number. Obviously one player must win. The lucky punter will get $35 plus his dollar back; the other 36 will each lose a dollar. The casino takes in $37 and pays back $36 — a profit of just under three percent. This house advantage is small compared with other games, but it adds up.

Winning bets on colors pay even money. The house advantage here lies in the wheel's design. There are 18 red numbers, 18 black ones and one, the 0, is green. Players can only bet on red or black, but once in every 37 spins (on average) green comes up and the house wins. (Some casinos permit players to retain half their bet for the next spin whenever green turns up. This reduces the house advantage.) Many roulette wheels have double as well as single zeros which greatly increases the house advantage. Whenever you have a choice, play on wheels with only one 0.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
FASHION
FORECAST
limited edition

We're hitting the streets!
Australian PLAYBOY is putting its foot down.
We think it's about time men's fashion truly reflected a genuine Aussie male lifestyle: stylish, comfortable and functional. Don't you?
During August we're touring the eastern states with a fashion show featuring gear worn in this issue. We'll show you that men's fashion can work for you.
Come along and check out what the Australian man will be wearing. This summer you may never look better.

VENUES

SYDNEY
Martin Place — Amphitheatre — Tuesday 6/8
Westfield Miranda — Wednesday 7/8
Westfield Parramatta — Thursday 8/8
Westfield Burwood — Friday 9/8
Knox Street — Double Bay — Saturday 10/8
Westfield Liverpool — Monday 12/8
Chatswood Chase — Tuesday 13/8

MELBOURNE
Westfield Doncaster — Thursday 15/8
Westfield Southland — Friday 16/8
Chadstone — Saturday 17/8

BRISBANE
Brisbane City Mall — Brisbane — Monday 19/8
Westfield Indooroopilly — Tuesday 20/8
Westfield Strathpine — Wednesday 21/8
Garden City — Thursday 22/8
Pacific Fair — Friday 23/8
Paradise Centre — Cavill Avenue — Saturday 24/8

LAWS *(continued from page 34)*

Malcolm Fraser and I always got on very well. I know that his intentions were honorable.

before the wedding, had I not had that strict private school upbringing.

PLAYBOY: So those first two marriages would have failed if you had been selling insurance rather than being a radio star?

LAWS: Yes, the difference being that nobody would have noticed.

PLAYBOY: A previous employer hired a jet and gave you a day out and an in-flight party with some of your faithful listeners. What happens when John Laws confronts those people?

LAWS: Everybody gets shy and nothing really happens.

PLAYBOY: You get shy?

LAWS: Sure. I have no idea what they look like before I meet them and most are too shy to say, "I'm the one who phoned about such-and-such." Nonetheless, that jet party was a fabulous idea. It was to celebrate my 30 years in broadcasting and was courtesy of 2UE. Very generous, because it must have cost them an arm and a leg.

PLAYBOY: *The John Laws Show*, because of its ratings, has become a favorite forum for politicians, particularly during election campaigns. Do you mind?

LAWS: Not at all. I enjoy talking to them. They're interesting people in positions of power. That's why they're politicians: because they like the power.

PLAYBOY: Is power a motivating force for you?

LAWS: Not a motivating force, more a reward. It's really nice to ring up people in positions of immense power and say, "Can we have lunch on Thursday?"

PLAYBOY: Do you have private meetings with politicians?

LAWS: Not formal ones, usually a beer or lunch. I used to do that often with Paul Landa [*the NSW Attorney General who died suddenly last year of a heart ailment*]. He was a marvellous man and we had many, many close talks. It was lovely. When I had a worry I'd ring him up and we'd sneak off somewhere together to have lunch. I'd find he had similar worries.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you interviewed Bob Hawke?

LAWS: More times than I can remember. I think he is an exceptional man, not necessarily for his political beliefs or leanings, but for his remarkable brain. He has a tremendous facility to get to the roots of a subject. John Singleton is the same: they don't mess around at the peripheral level, they go straight to the roots of a problem. Hawke has a very clear, concise mind and I've found him to be one of the most compassionate politicians I have known and probably one of the most reliable.

PLAYBOY: Why do you cite compassion and reliability?

LAWS: When I've spoken with him privately and publicly he has displayed a softness that many people don't know exists and along with that is the ability to think clearly. In many cases, when one becomes emotional in a passionate situation, you tend to lose the ability to think clearly. But Hawke can still put the tragedy aside and work out the answers. He's unique and I like him very much. As a friend I enjoy talking to him, although the chances these days are too rare.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he has fulfilled his promise to unite the country when it had previously been polarised?

LAWS: I think he's displayed some genuine arse. He admits it, he was arsey with The America's Cup, Davis Cup and all those sporting triumphs coming just at the right time. But it was his genuine intention to cement the relations within this country and he was given freakish opportunity to achieve that. The drought broke and he's the first to tell you that he was so arsey that it didn't matter. But saying that, I don't feel he has done it as well as he would have liked to. He has been frustrated greatly by the Left and I think he will be frustrated even more so by the combination of the Left and the Centre. And sadly, we might slowly see the demise of a unique politician because of his party.

PLAYBOY: Does that pose a genuine threat to the Accord?

LAWS: Well, he's saying the sensible thing and calling for a united front from his party. But Labor has never been able to do that. Whitlam, who is one of the great minds of the 20th century — a giant of a man in every way — wasn't allowed to hold it together.

PLAYBOY: Are there some elements within Labor's ranks who would rather be in opposition and have their own way, rather than being in government and not getting exactly what they want?

LAWS: No, I don't even feel they think like that. You see, there are some Labor politicians who are so coarse and common that they cannot allow anyone to excel. And that's the thinking they're starting to apply to Hawke. The "Thou shalt not excel" syndrome finds its way into the Labor Party and can destroy the party from inside. I see the Centre and the Left looking at Hawke and saying, "Oh yeah, Mr 75 percent Popularity, let's pull him down." The same way as they say, "Look at Sir Ian Potter flying around in an aeroplane, or look at Kerry Packer." Thou shalt not excel.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a high regard for politicians other than Hawke?

LAWS: I have a very high regard for Andrew Peacock. He displayed exceptional courage running up to the last election when most others would have hidden their heads. He'd stand up and they'd knock him down again, but he kept at it. Don Chipp is a delightful, eccentric personality and I have a great deal of time for him. Malcolm Fraser and I always got on very well. I know that his intentions were honorable. Strangely enough, if you could have perhaps blended the minds of Fraser and Hawke, you would have found something quite extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: Some would say they are diametrically opposed.

LAWS: Not so; they are not diametrically opposed.

PLAYBOY: Do you envisage Malcolm Fraser making a return to mainstream politics?

LAWS: I don't know. I hope not, because I wouldn't like to see him get hurt again. See, that's the awful thing about politics and, I suppose, the sort of industry we're in — if you headed a huge multinational and got fired for knocking off your secretary, everybody in the company would say, "Oh, what a terrible thing." But if it happens to a politician or someone in the public domain, the degradation becomes very public.

PLAYBOY: We've had force-fed nationalism in various advertising packages. Is that a worthwhile way of making Aussies respect their country?

LAWS: It's up to anybody who can wield any authority to do something about it. That's where broadcasting stations come into it. You drive up this valley and what do you see besides beautiful scenery? The wrecks of car bodies dumped just off the road. Local radio stations can mount campaigns to do something about that sort of thing. That's where you should have 2UE organising community tidiness awards instead of running around worrying about their station being bugged. [*This comment was in response to a newspaper story that the station's decision-making process had sprung a leak.*]

PLAYBOY: Are you still mates with John Singleton?

LAWS: Yeah. It's better that I don't see him as much as I did. He never did me any harm; it's just that people wanted to speculate about this unholy alliance that existed between us. I believe John Singleton is as honest as the day is long, I would trust him with anything and I think he has one of the most compact minds I've ever encountered.

PLAYBOY: What's his strength?

LAWS: That ability I explained earlier — to go straight to the root of the issue. Excessive logic.

PLAYBOY: Do people misinterpret the man?

LAWS: I think that's likely. Our lives head in different directions now.

PLAYBOY: What about your ill-fated collaboration whereby you and Singleton attempted to promote a return bout for the former boxing champion, Rocky Gattellari, against Paul Ferreri?

LAWS: It was done for the best of intentions — to raise some money for Gattellari. Singleton and I were in Gattellari's restaurant one night — drunk, believe it or not — when Gattellari told us that he had to sell the restaurant, he was broke and needed $25,000. John and I said, "Can you still fight?" He said yes, so I said we'll get you the $25,000. We'll get you $50,000 but we don't want anything out of it. In other words, we offered to promote a fight. We said, "Let's not talk about it now. Get yourself in shape and in four weeks we'll think about it."

He trained, looked good and he was hitting hard, so we went and saw a few boxing promoters. So, at our cost, which from memory was about $200,000, we promoted a fight at the Hordern Pavilion. We said we'd take what we put into it and anything over and above that went to Gattellari.

PLAYBOY: Rumor had it that he and Ferreri fought in the showers after. Is that true?

LAWS: No, certainly not.

PLAYBOY: Did you speak to Rocky after the fight?

LAWS: Yes. Later that night. Very little was said because everybody was very disappointed. We'd expected more. John and I had stuck our heads on the chopping block when we stood to make nothing out of it.

PLAYBOY: Was that the most disastrous promotion with which you've been associated?

LAWS: Disappointing. Nothing's disastrous. But if you want to move from the realms of disappointment to disaster, one of the great disasters is to be disappointed by a friend.

PLAYBOY: Was there a bad odor about the whole affair?

LAWS: Not from our viewpoint. We stated clearly what had happened. The promotion had been well done and there were some good fights on before the main bout. But I'm not into that sort of thing. I don't know anything about boxing. It all happened because we were drunk and thought we could help someone out of a tight spot. To me, boxing is like racehorses. I've never bet in my life.

PLAYBOY: What are your hopes for 2GB?

LAWS: I hope to get better at what I do. That's why I've joined 2GB. The station was rating seven in Sydney when I joined which means I'll have to work hard to be good. If I'm good, it will work and the ratings will improve.

PLAYBOY: What happens to radio announcers who fall by the wayside? Do they become like the morning deejay in the Harry Chapin song *W.O.L.D.*?

LAWS: Yeah. But I don't speculate too much about people falling by the wayside. The ones that do usually end up doing something in promotion.

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CATS (continued from page 78)

The "modern E-Type" will take up where the XJS never quite made it, and open sports horizons.

sport possibilities. Jaguar UK will front the new saloons (code-named XJ40) in late '86, and float them across the water to Australia in early 1987. Not that they're strangers here: the experimental cats have already run a million development kilometres Down Under, with a million more to go before release. It's Jaguar's way of recognising the contribution Australia's horror roads can make to future model development.

The XJ40 will acquire the much-acclaimed 3.6 litre, 24-valve AJ6 engine, and give the smooth-riding, safe-handling Jaguar sedans a new strong-performance image in the luxury market.

There's a "modern E-Type" just off the drawing boards, into prototype flesh and aimed at world markets by 1988. This machine will take up where the XJS never quite made it, and open motor sport horizons to this particular marque of Jaguar.

Meantime, the Jaguar image will ride along on the flashy pants of the Walkinshaw-modded road cars. Tom Walkinshaw Racing's consumer division markets engine mods and smart body bits for UK and US enthusiasts. The under-the-hood components boost power more than 10 percent turning the XJS from mean to lethal, especially considering that a standard road car will run down a zero to 100km/h time in less than seven seconds (nearly as good as a Porsche Turbo) and climb up to 240+km/h (150mph).

Walkinshaw-equipped machines not only do it quicker, but they're safer, neater, and quieter with their aerodynamic body sculptures. Similar to the equipment currently voguish for Mercedes' range of vehicles and produced by the German performance houses of AMG (Bob Jane in Australia) and Lorinser, the Walkinshaw componentry is imported by enthusiast dealers with the condescension of JRA Limited, which stands aloof from what it estimates is something like a hot-rodder's version of the sacred cats.

This has opened the door for specialists such as Fabio Zafarti, who supplied our photo/test car and who excels in outrageous and thoroughly executed body modifications. His adaptation of the Walkinshaw face-lift for the classic cat is gloriously executed, and tied to sensible performance and luxury modifications covering engine, suspension, brakes, road gear (wheels/tyres) and interior (including special wood facings, and stereo).

Zafarti will build you one at something considerably less than the $35,000 it cost to develop his own special car over the top of the normal XJS HE price of $62,000.

You don't have to be a millionaire to drive one of these things, but it helps. At least Jaguar prices have dropped markedly after adjustments made by the falling pound sterling. With the fluctuating Aussie dollar, it will be interesting to follow the prices into the future.

By comparison with rival Benz, they are cheap. At a snitch under $50,000 for the baseliner, Jaguar XJ6 comes in at almost 20 grand under a comparable Merc, and even the top-range Vanden Plas model is nine cheaper.

Mercedes, which have held doggedly to their resale value (around 98 percent claimed for four to six years) are getting hotter competition from a stronger Jaguar-retained value, and greater lease-company support (lease companies are no longer condemning Jaguar's second-hand market performance).

And for those who think anyone should be able to afford to drive "the world's best riding sedan", you can. Both Budget and Hertz have Jags on their fleet and are expanding the numbers.

Pussy power lives.

SPECS: FMF JAGUAR XJS COUPE

Specifications as for Jaguar XJS HE models except for:		Price
ENGINE:	Hi-lift camshafts, revised ignition timing and fuel injection, providing additional 30 horsepower. Power: 315 (DIN) bhp @ 5800rpm	$2000
TRANSMISSION:	Revised GM4000, expanded gearshift range, revised torque converter, valving, additional oil-cooler and cooling-fan,	$1800
	plus modified final drive/differential and limited-slip differential, modified and strengthened tailshaft	$2000
BRAKES:	Girlock ventilated discs with drilled hubs, Girlock four-spot racing calipers	$3500
SUSPENSION:	Lowered 2-inch reset springs, Koni dampers	$1200
WHEELS AND TYRES:	Symmons three-piece alloy wheels, 15 x 10 inch front and 15 x 11 inch rear	$1240
	Pirelli P7 285.40 x 15 tyres front and rear	$1140
BODY:	FMF-built glass-reinforced plastic (GRP) components: Integrated front bumper/airdam-spoiler; integrated rear bumper/apron; two side skirts; rear wing.	
	Total, all components color-coded	$4000
	Wheelarch flares	$2500
	Total respray	$3500
EXHAUST:	Complete stainless steel 2¼ inch system front-rear with quad-pipe outlet	$1200
PERFORMANCE:	0-100km/h: 6.3 secs	
	Top speed: 270km/h	$24,080

This performance Jaguar equipment is only available from FMF Automotive Engineering Pty Ltd, 19-21 Bellevue Road, Bellevue Hill, NSW 2023. Phone (02) 327 5466.
Performance equipment listed may be ordered individually, in "packs" or complete. For example, total body kit including flared wheel arches, all panelwork, total respray $11,000. All prices nominated to be added to cost of original car, new retail values shown above bringing maximum (Cabriolet) complete price to around $99,000. However, all work can be completed at the same cost on secondhand XJS Coupe models, which are available from as low as $16,000 for a 1976 model in average condition.

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

For quite some time my husband has been suffering pain each time we have sex. A large vein has developed on the top of his penis and the older he gets the worse it seems to become. He is 28 and we have been married six years.

His penis is just under eight inches in length but is very thick and, when he has an erection it really becomes enormous with lots of veins sticking out and a very big one on the top. It looks like it could burst.

Unfortunately I am quite tight and he often has trouble entering me because of the pain caused from this vein. To add to the problem, I have just been put off the Pill and he has been trying to use condoms. But because of his enormous size and this protruding vein, I have trouble rolling them on to him and again it hurts. Can anything be done?

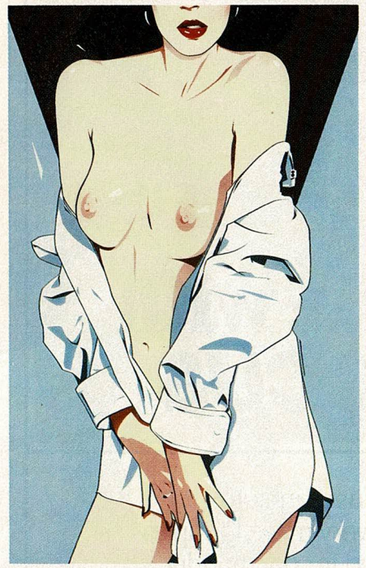
— J.L., Vic.

It is common for the veins in the penis to swell and protrude when engorged with blood during erection. The veins are far more obvious in some men but usually do not cause any problems. Very rarely it is possible for a vein to become "thrombosed", whereby the blood is clotted and hard, causing pain and swelling. Although this condition may disappear of its own accord, it's worth having a check-up (a urologist would be a suitable specialist to see) and treatment could be necessary to reduce the inflammation. This is a rare condition and there could be other explanations but any pain in the genital system should be investigated.

To reassure other readers, your husband's eight inch penis *is* on the large side and, as you say, it seems exceptionally wide on erection. Many men don't realise that bigger isn't necessarily better as a longer penis can cause problems. The use of condoms is just one example and, once you have investigated the pain problem, it may be worth contacting a sex mail-order company to investigate the possibility of condoms in large sizes. Some standard brands do come in larger sizes, and condoms manufactured in different countries do vary in size (for instance, Japanese condoms tend to be smaller and may be more suitable for the compact man). You should also make sure you use a lubricated condom plus extra lubrication such as KY Jelly to allow the condom to slide on more easily. Given the difficulties you have been experiencing, he may prefer to put the condom on himself.

You must also make sure you are fully aroused and well lubricated prior to intercourse to allow the penis to slide in more easily. Use extra lubrication if necessary but it is crucial you are fully aroused because excitement causes the vaginal entrance to widen. You should also try to relax your vaginal muscles, rhythmically contracting and relaxing as he tries to enter you. The movement of your muscles will widen the opening and help to suck the penis inside. A gradual approach is best, inserting the penis a little, then just lying together (a side-to-side position may be best), relaxing and allowing the vagina to expand and accommodate the penis. (The vagina is a wonderfully flexible organ capable of extraordinary expansion — think of the size of a baby's head. So provided you approach it in the right way, a vagina can adapt to even the largest of penises.)

I am a young man with quite an embarrassing problem. When I was going through my adolescence, my nipples enlarged and swelled.



I had read that this wasn't an isolated problem, in fact it was quite common, and that it would only be temporary.

I am now 22 and the problem remains. I enjoy the beach and other sports, but I find myself acutely embarrassed at having to remove my shirt. I can't even wear T-shirts now, in case I might be noticed (it is quite prominent).

I find that if I squeeze my nipples, or alternatively, make them cold, they return to normal size. But this is only temporary and they soon grow back to haunt me. It has got to the stage that I really do have quite a complex about it.

I have two questions relating to this problem. Firstly, will my continuous squeezing cause me any medical problems? Secondly, will they ever become normal so that I can feel like a man again?

— D.M., Qld.

Many boys experience some breast growth and changes in nipple size as part of normal adolescent development. The swollen nipples you describe are typical of the changes that can occur. They are quite normal and usually disappear by the time a young man reaches his late teens, though they can linger on longer.

Since you are now 22 and still worried by swollen nipples, it would be worth having a chat to a specialist who can check if you may have some slight hormonal problem. The specialist will definitely be able to give you some treatment to get rid of the problem if it doesn't show signs of disappearing by itself. Squeezing the nipples probably won't hurt you, but as you say, it is a temporary solution and you must eventually come in out of the cold. So do seek help from your doctor to refer you to a specialist. (If you have any difficulty finding a sympathetic person, please write back.)

Could you help me with a serious problem that is affecting my sex life and relationships with girls? I masturbated for three to four years in my early teens and I am 18 years old. I'm now suffering from effects such as premature ejaculation and spurts of clear liquid before ejaculation (known, I think, as split ejaculation).

Who should I contact for help?

— P.P., NSW.

Masturbation has *not* caused the problems you mention (nor does it cause hair to grow on the palms, blindness, mental illness, infertility or any of the many other ill-effects often blamed on this innocent practice). Self-stimulation is a perfectly normal and pleasurable activity which is practised by the majority of healthy adults throughout their lives. It is the ideal sexual outlet for young teenage boys as it provides them with relief at a time when their adolescent hormones are exciting all sorts of carnal desires; it carries no risk of unwanted pregnancy, nor of sexually transmitted disease.

Most young males are plagued by premature ejaculation. Sex is *very* exciting, particularly when you first sample its delights, and it's hardly surprising that control isn't easy in such circumstances. It is particularly difficult to stop ejaculating if you have denied yourself the relief of masturbation and directed all your sexual energy toward the brief bliss of a Saturday night grope. Far from being the cause of the problem, masturbation may provide some of the solutions. What you must do is use

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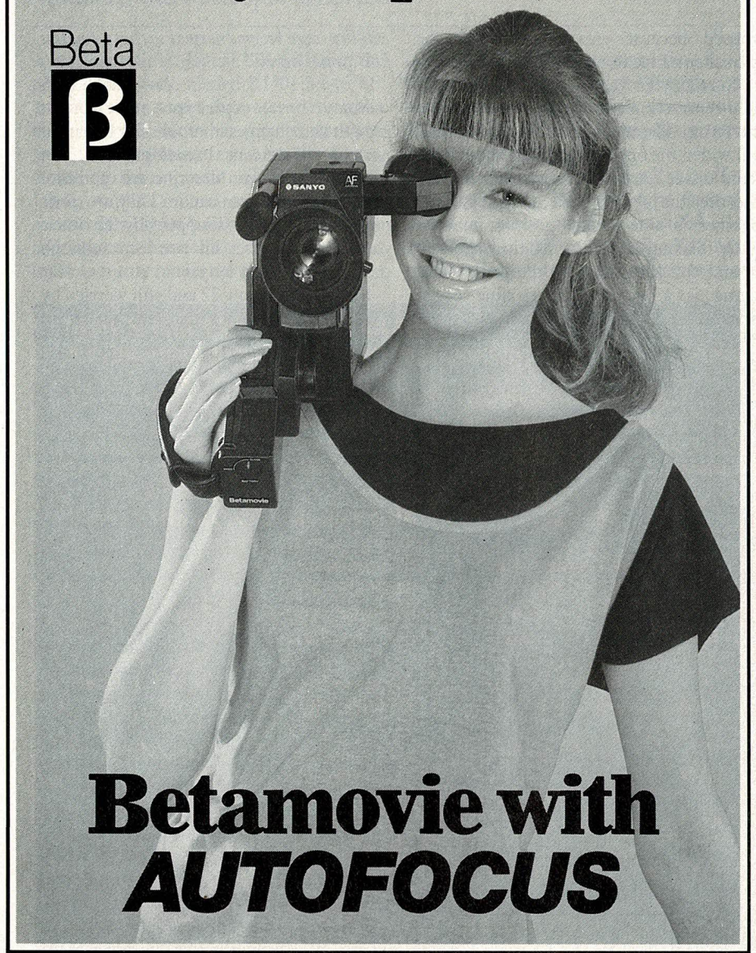

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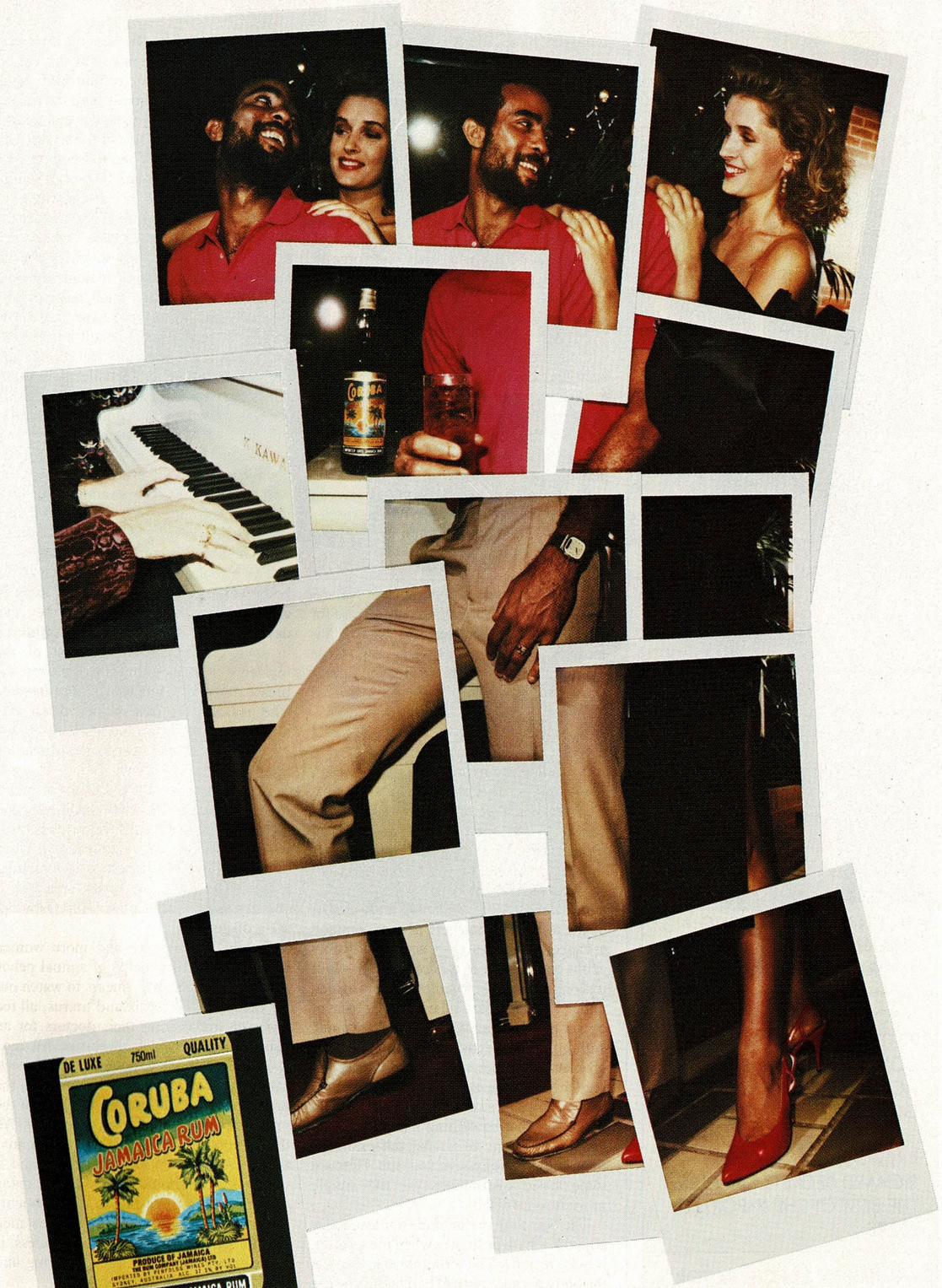
masturbation to teach yourself to slow down, to be highly aroused for long periods without ejaculating, learning to identify the sensations associated with impending orgasm and experimenting with different methods to prevent ejaculation (try squeezing your pelvic muscles, changing breathing patterns or thinking non-sexual thoughts).

It is possible that rushed masturbation may contribute to premature ejaculation problems by teaching the male to ejaculate quickly — but in your case you seem to have been avoiding self-stimulation altogether in the past few years so that can't be a contributing factor. Your self-restraint may be adding to your present problem.

The split ejaculation you refer to is quite normal. What you are experiencing is the early release of pre-ejaculatory or pre-seminal fluid, which consists of secretions from the Cowper's (bulbourethral) glands and the glands of Littre. It is believed that the fluid released from those glands prepares the urethra for receiving the ejaculate by lubricating the urethra and neutralising the acidity of any urine present before the semen and sperm flow through. For some men the only sign of pre-ejaculatory fluid is a trickle of clear liquid at the top of the penis prior to ejaculation. Others experience spurts or gushes of liquid. Ejaculation, when it occurs, usually involves spurts of ejaculate, with each spurt containing different combinations of the various secretions which combine to form the ejaculate. First the secretions of the Cowper's glands and glands of Littre (some of which may have been released prior to ejaculation), next the secretion of the prostate, followed by the sperm-bearing discharges (which travel from the testicles via a tube called the vas deferens) and finally the bulk of the secretion from the seminal vesicles. Not only is there significant variation between males in the release of pre-ejaculatory fluid, but men differ greatly in the force of ejaculation. Some come with a bang, others more of a trickle and most show variation from one occasion to the next. So your ejaculation pattern is nothing to be concerned about and certainly is quite unrelated to your masturbation experiences.

MALE SURVEY

There is very little published information about the different patterns of ejaculation and the new research on multiple orgasms in males makes it particularly interesting to look at some of the individual differences between men in their patterns of ejaculation and orgasm. We would welcome letters from readers focusing on the following questions: 1. Are you aware of the release of pre-ejaculatory fluid? Is it released in spurts or simply a trickle of fluid? If you remain at a high level of arousal for a long time, is more fluid released? Have you noticed changes in this pattern as you have grown older (ie you



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THE EMPTY BEACH: ACTOR BOB BARRETT RECALLS HOW REAL PUNCHES FLEW ON THE SET OF BRYAN BROWN'S LATEST MOVIE.

released more fluid when you were younger)?
2. Have you noticed changes in your pattern of ejaculation as you have become older? Do you ejaculate with less force than you used to? Is more/less fluid released?
3. Is the force or amount of ejaculate related to the amount of pleasure you experience at orgasm?
4. Have you experienced orgasm without ejaculation? Have you experienced multiple orgasms? When you have an orgasm without ejaculation, is any fluid released at all (ie a trickle of fluid without any ejaculatory contractions)?
5. Have you experienced ejaculation without the sensations of orgasm? Describe what happened.
6. Have you experienced orgasm/ejaculation without a full erection? Can you climax with a partial erection? If you don't have a full erection, do you experience less pleasure?

By describing your experiences you can help us understand the male of the species a little better.

BOTTOMS UP!

Male bodies are sadly neglected. No, not spare tyres and beer bellies, nor the case for more erotic stimulation for men. This month's discussion concerns the male unwillingness to monitor his own well-being, and particularly the health of his vital genital system.

It is not entirely his fault. Whereas women are constantly bombarded with information about preserving their health — examining the breasts, having annual pap smears and so on — it is very rare for anything to hit the press encouraging men to take care of their bodies. It's highly unlikely we'd ever see an item on the news showing men how to examine their testicles. Yet it wouldn't be such a bad idea. Cancer of the testicles is nowhere near as common as cancer of the breast — it accounts for only about one percent of cancers in men — but it is one of the most common cancers in men under 35. It is a particularly deadly form of cancer but the chances of survival are much higher *if* it is detected early. And that's the problem. Few men are aware of the need to regularly examine their testicles, learning to detect lumps or swelling which could be an indication that something nasty is lurking inside. Frequent testicular self-examinations could literally save your life. Here are some basic instructions on the simple procedure involved:

The best time to examine your testicles is after a hot bath or shower when the scrotum is most relaxed. The scrotum hangs outside the body because normal body temperature is a bit too hot for the manufacture of sperm. The scrotum regulates the temperature of the testes for optimum sperm production. When the testes are cold, the scrotum pulls closer to the body for warmth. When the testes are warm, the scrotum relaxes and hangs loose. The looser the scrotum hangs, the easier it is to examine your testicles.

Cancer specialists recommend each testicle be examined gently with the fingers of both hands. Place your index and middle fingers on the under side of the testicle and your thumb on top. Then roll your testicle between your thumb and fingers. It should feel firm but not hard, like an ear lobe, with some give to it. You should also feel for the epididymis, the storage tube behind each testicle. The epididymis should feel a bit spongier. What you are looking for (and hoping not to find) is a small, hard, usually painless lump or swelling in a testicle. If you feel anything unusual, consult a urologist.

At first, it will probably feel strange and perhaps a bit uncomfortable to examine your testicles. You may feel as if you don't really know what you're doing. That kind of self-doubt is perfectly normal. Give it time, get used to the idea and don't give up. After a while you will get to know your testes as well as you know, for example, the little idiosyncratic noises in your car. Testicular self-examination is pretty easy, and after a while it should become second nature.

The testicles aren't the only part of the body worth keeping an eye on. Most men aren't aware of the fact that they can develop breast cancer. It *is* a rare condition in men (less than one percent of the incidence in women) but the death rate for breast cancer is somewhat higher in men. The reasons for that higher death rate include later detection and less breast tissue to act as a buffer between the spreading tumor and the chest wall.

The average age for discovery of breast cancer in men is about 60, but it is a good idea for younger men to develop the habit of regular breast self-examination when bathing. Move the fingertips in a circular motion, feel the entire breast area and, if you detect a solid, painless lump or bump, see a doctor.

Finally, while more and more women have realised the benefits of annual pelvic examinations and pap smears to watch out for cancer of the cervix and uterus, all too few men are visiting their doctors for an equally vital medical check-up. All men over 35 are advised to have an annual rectal examination to check for enlargement of the prostate (which can be due to cancer of the prostate), rectal or lower bowel tumors. All that is involved is a single finger examination of the rectum, it's not painful and it only takes a minute or two. Yet many doctors are embarrassed to offer patients this simple procedure and all too few men ask for it. This male squeamishness is contributing to unnecessary suffering and even death. Think about it.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't reply to each reader.

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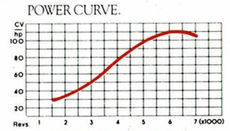

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